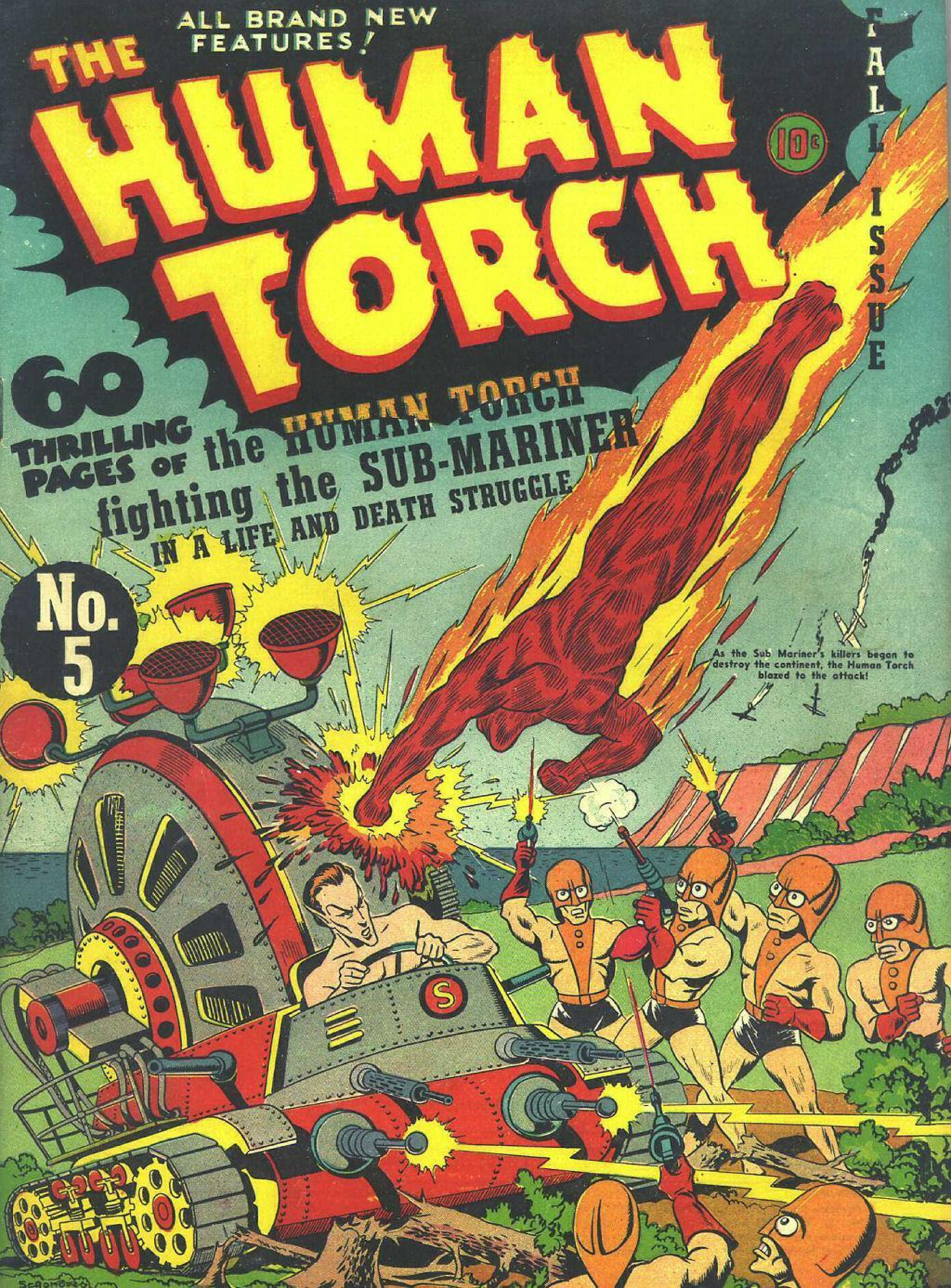
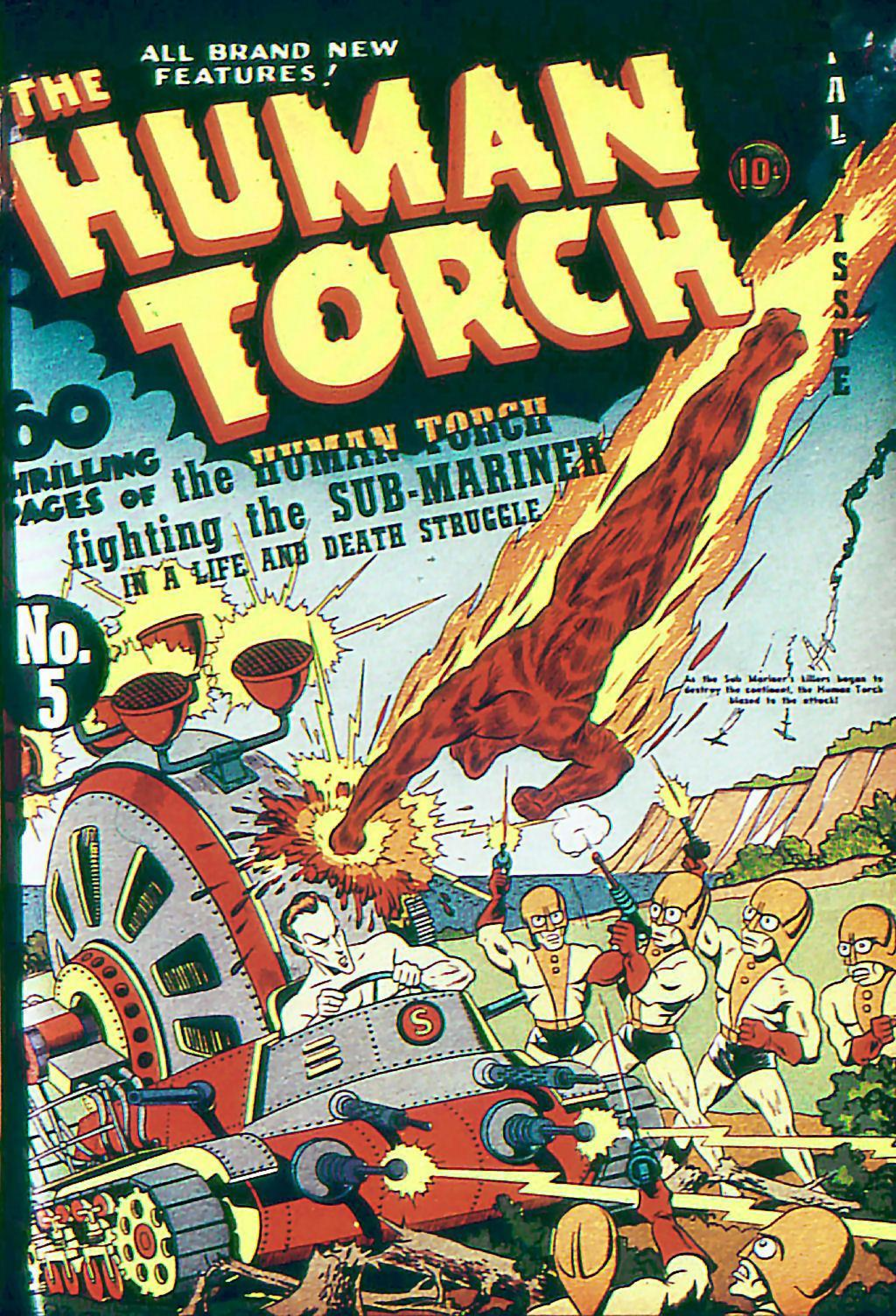

ALL BRAND NEW FEATURES!
THE HUMAN TORCH
10¢
FALL ISSUE
60 THRILLING PAGES OF the HUMAN TORCH fighting the SUB-MARINER IN A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE
No. 5
S
SCHOMBURG

As the Sub Mariner's killers began to destroy the continent, the Human Torch blazed to the attack!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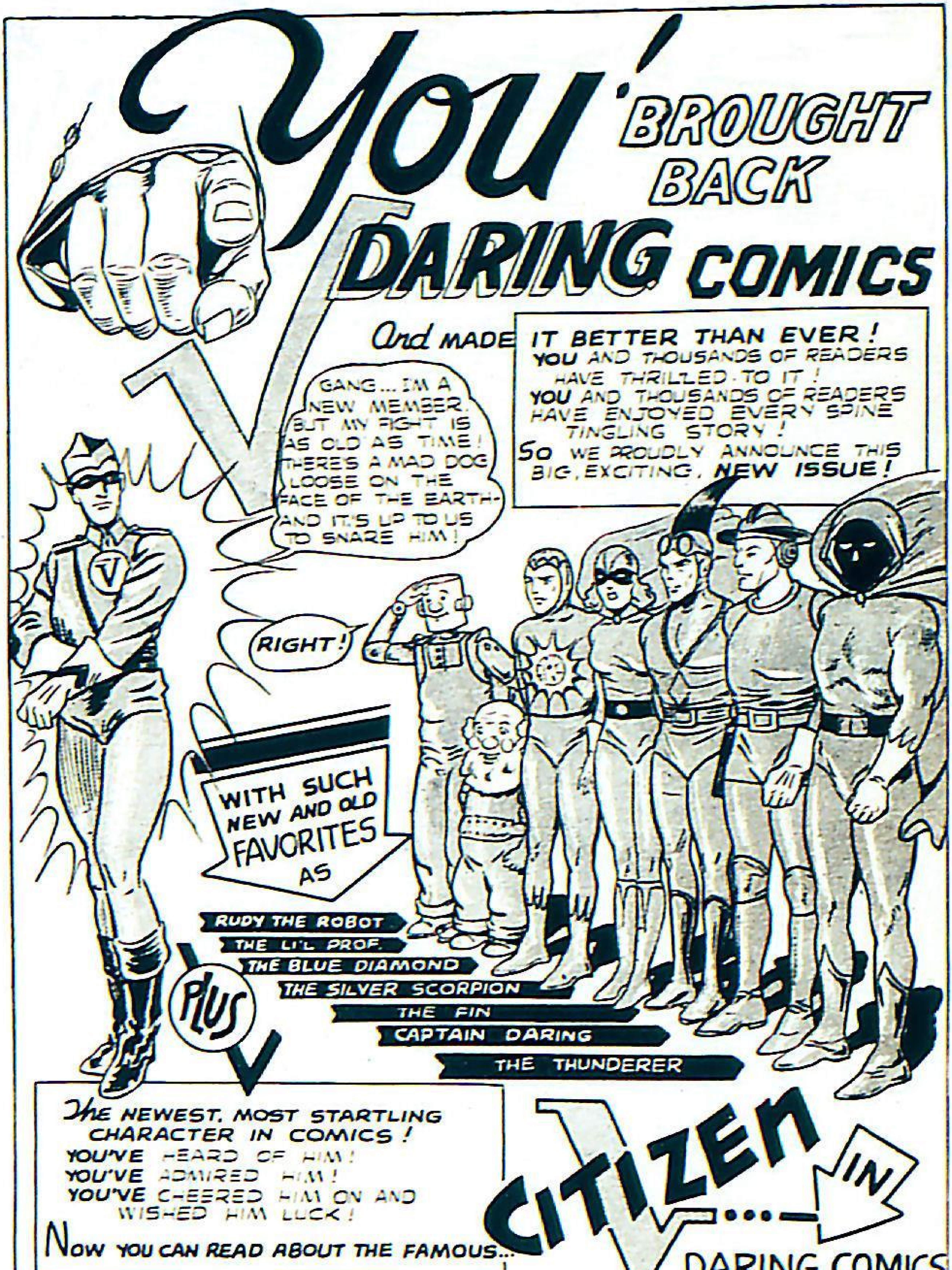

You! BROUGHT BACK DARING COMICS

And MADE IT BETTER THAN EVER!
YOU AND THOUSANDS OF READERS HAVE THRILLED TO IT!
YOU AND THOUSANDS OF READERS HAVE ENJOYED EVERY SPINE TINGLING STORY!
SO WE PROUDLY ANNOUNCE THIS BIG, EXCITING, NEW ISSUE!

WITH SUCH NEW AND OLD FAVORITES AS

- RUDY THE ROBOT
- THE LI'L PROF.
- THE BLUE DIAMOND
- THE SILVER SCORPION
- THE FIN
- CAPTAIN DARING
- THE THUNDERER

PLUS

The NEWEST, MOST STARTLING CHARACTER IN COMICS!
YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM!
YOU'VE ADMIRED HIM!
YOU'VE CHEERED HIM ON AND WISHED HIM LUCK!
NOW YOU CAN READ ABOUT THE FAMOUS... CITIZEN V... IN DARING COMICS

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

GANG... I'M A NEW MEMBER. BUT MY FIGHT IS AS OLD AS TIME! THERE'S A MAD DOG LOOSE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH— AND IT'S UP TO US TO SNARE HIM!
RIGHT!
V

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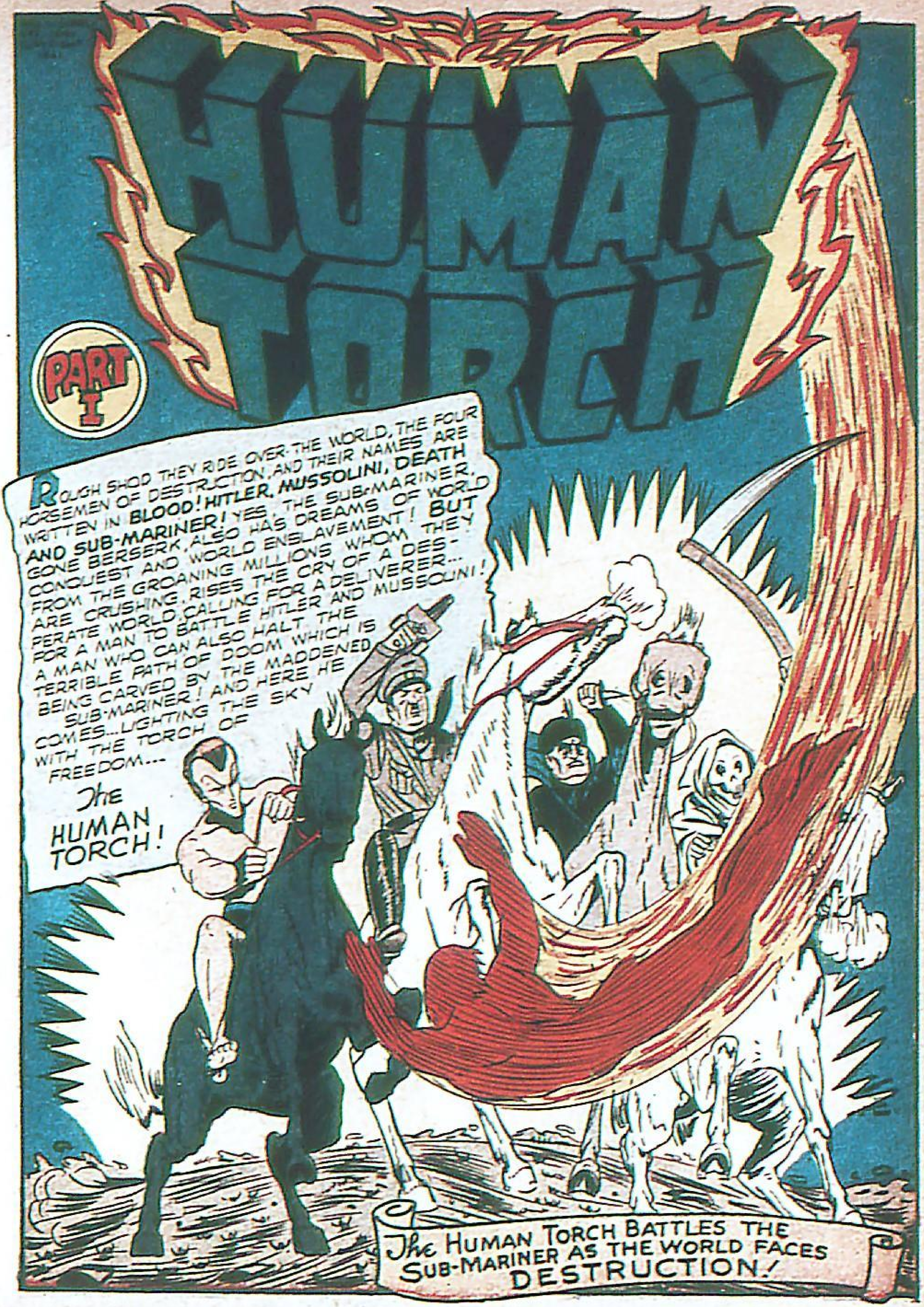
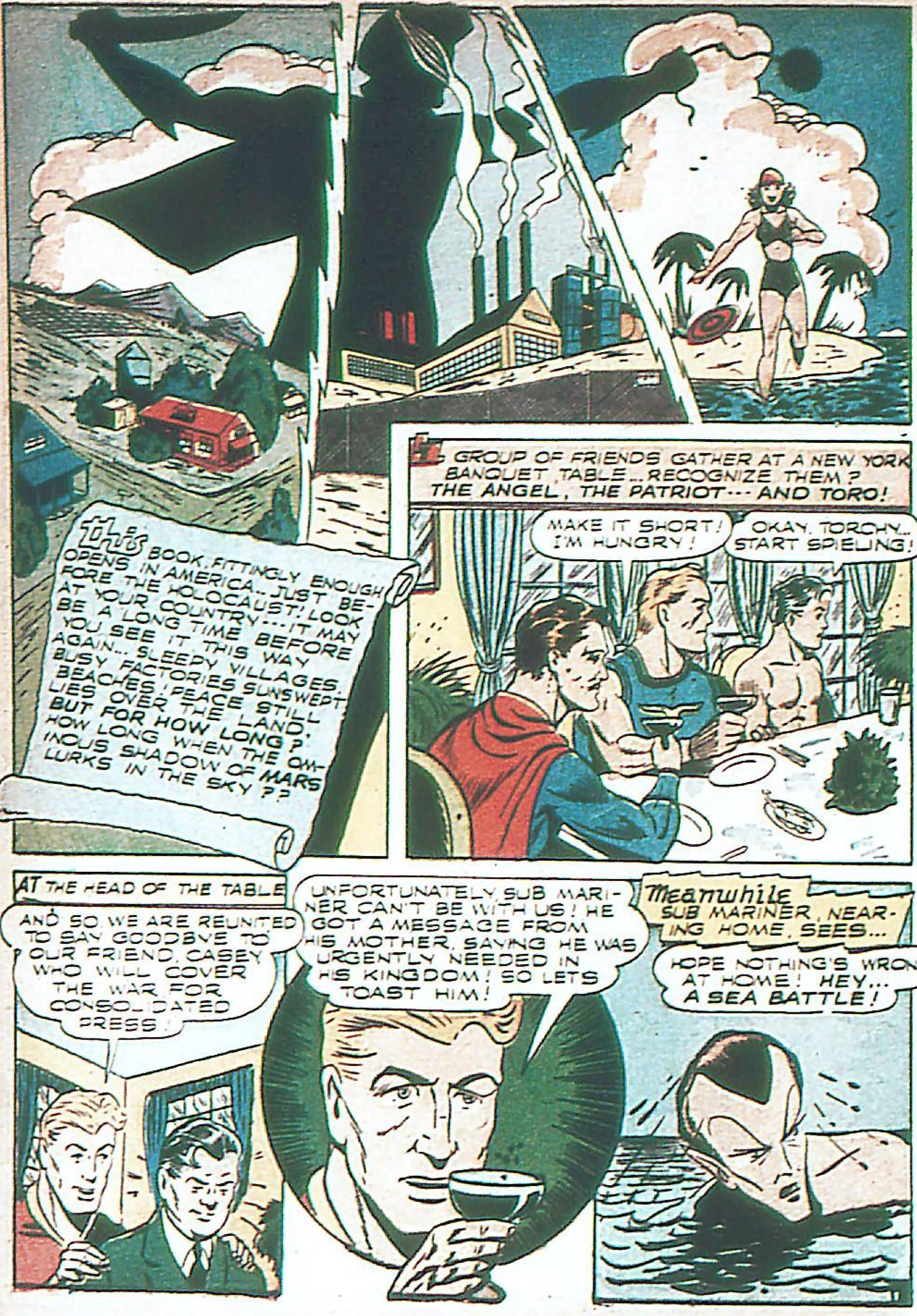
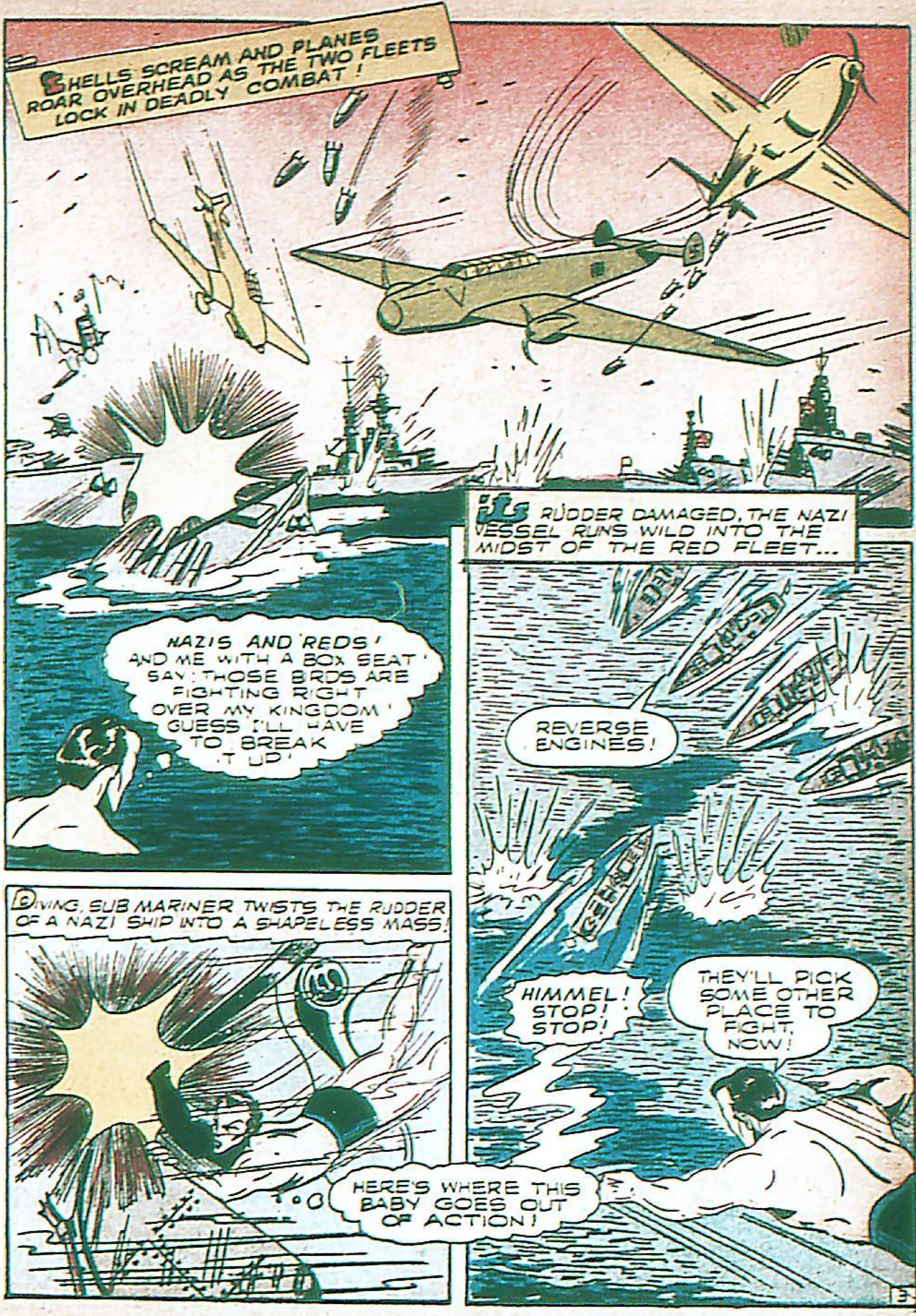
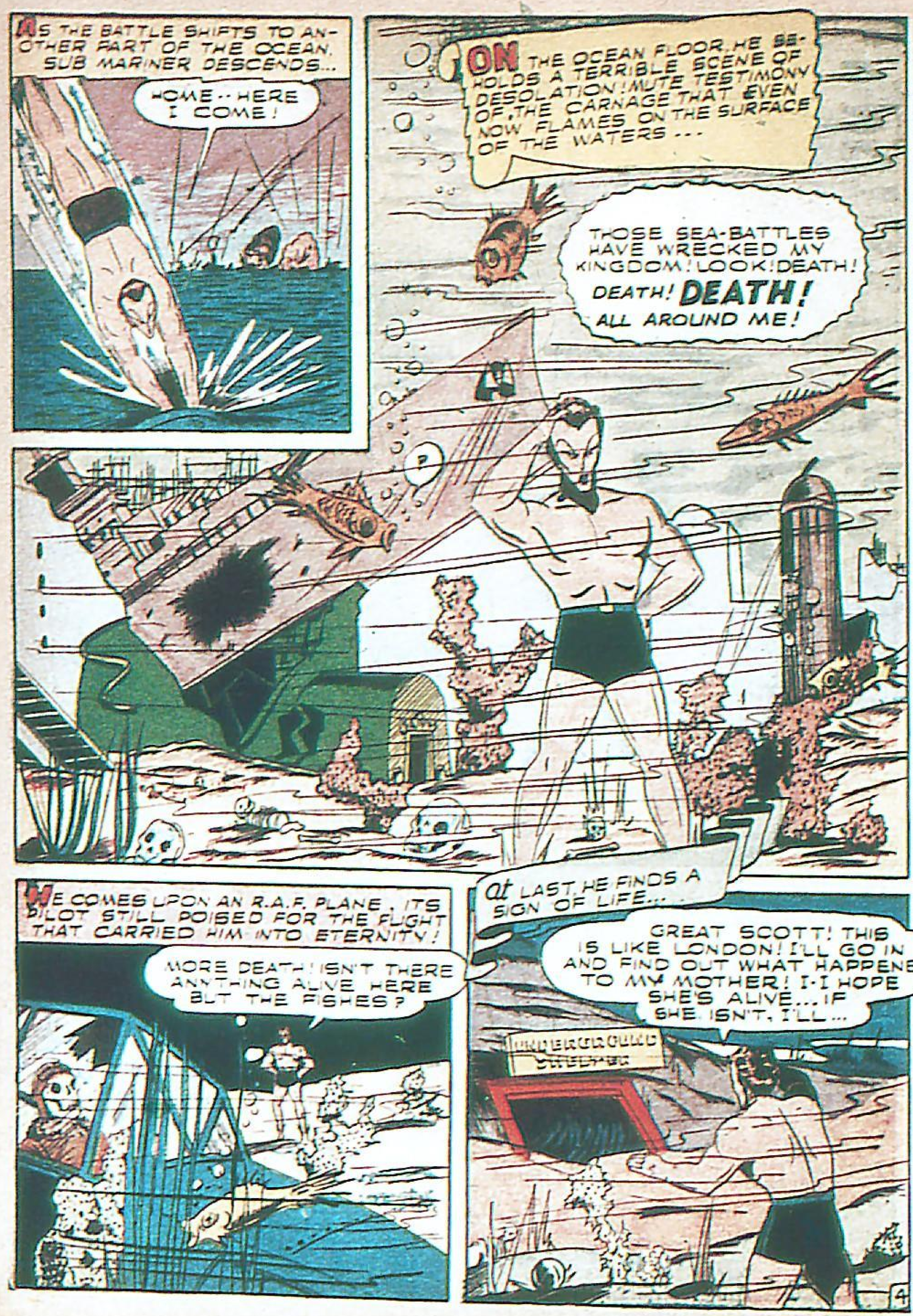
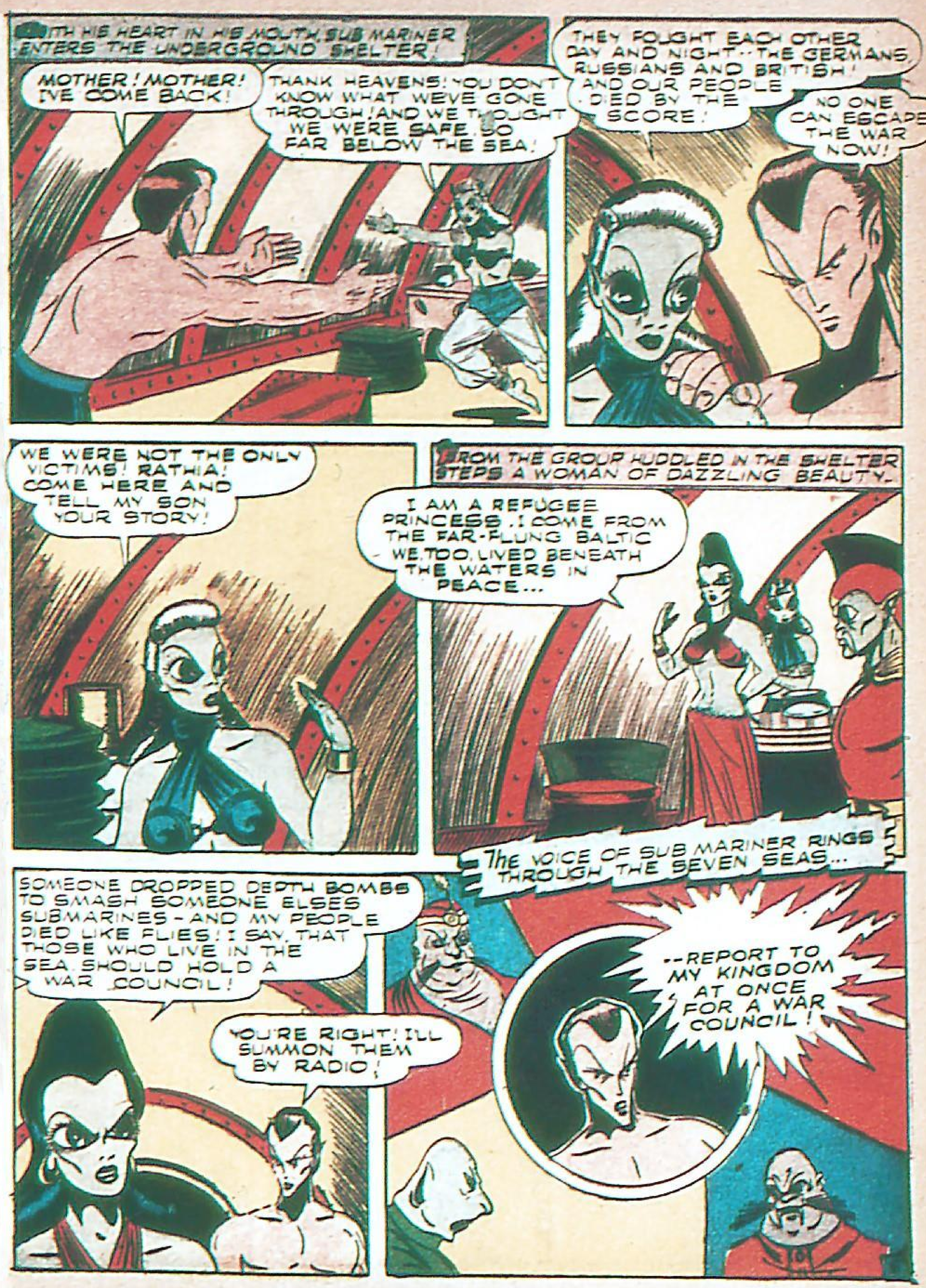
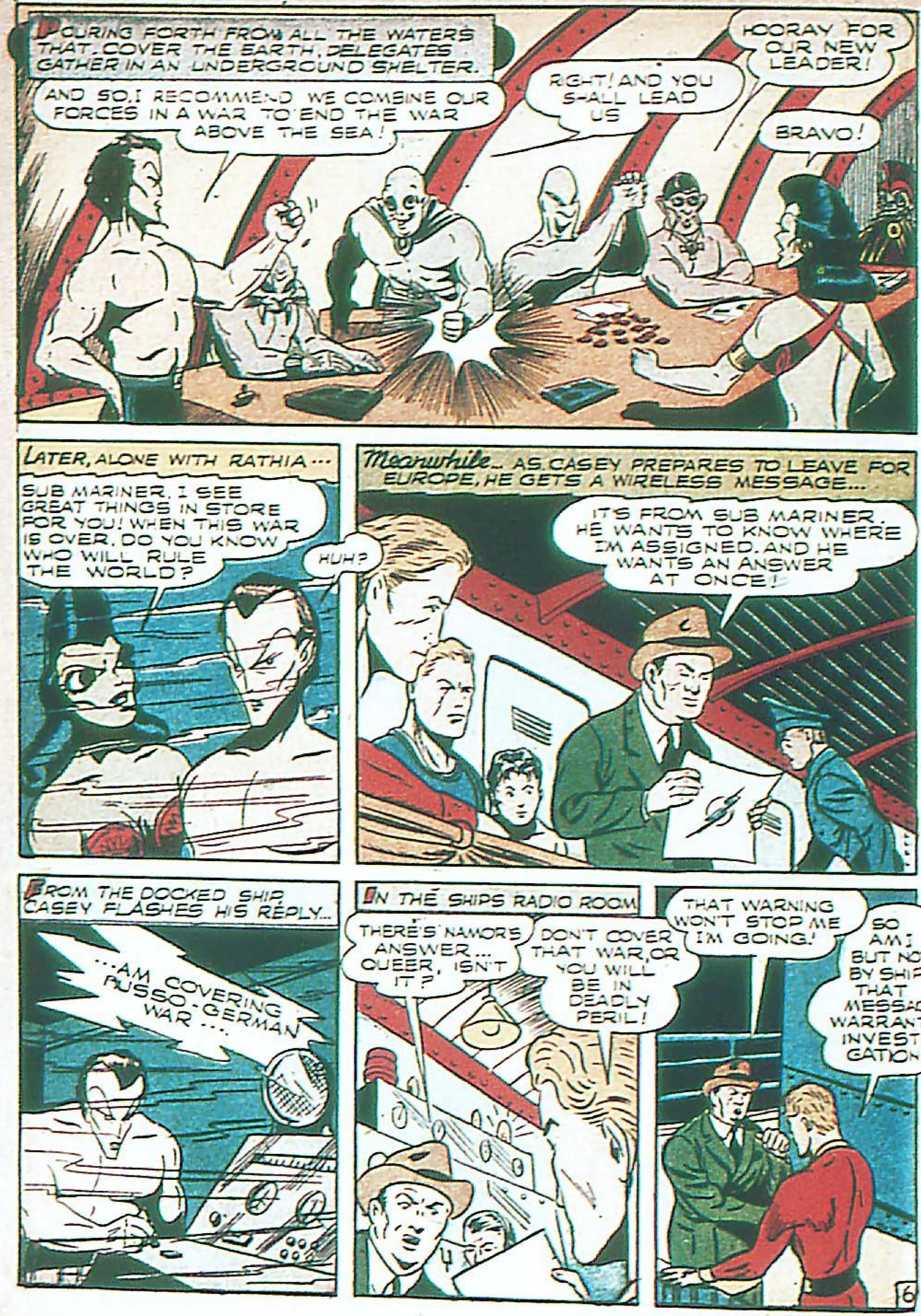

HUMAN TORCH
PART I
ROUGH SHOD THEY RIDE OVER THE WORLD, THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF DESTRUCTION, AND THEIR NAMES ARE WRITTEN IN BLOOD! HITLER, MUSSOLINI, DEATH AND SUB-MARINER! YES, THE SUB-MARINER, GONE BERSERK, ALSO HAS DREAMS OF WORLD CONQUEST AND WORLD ENSLAVEMENT! BUT FROM THE GROANING MILLIONS WHOM THEY ARE CRUSHING, RISES THE CRY OF A DESPERATE WORLD, CALLING FOR A DELIVERER... FOR A MAN TO BATTLE HITLER AND MUSSOLINI! A MAN WHO CAN ALSO HALT THE TERRIBLE PATH OF DOOM WHICH IS BEING CARVED BY THE MADDENED SUB-MARINER! AND HERE HE COMES... LIGHTING THE SKY WITH THE TORCH OF FREEDOM... The HUMAN TORCH!
The HUMAN TORCH BATTLES THE SUB-MARINER AS THE WORLD FACES DESTRUCTION!

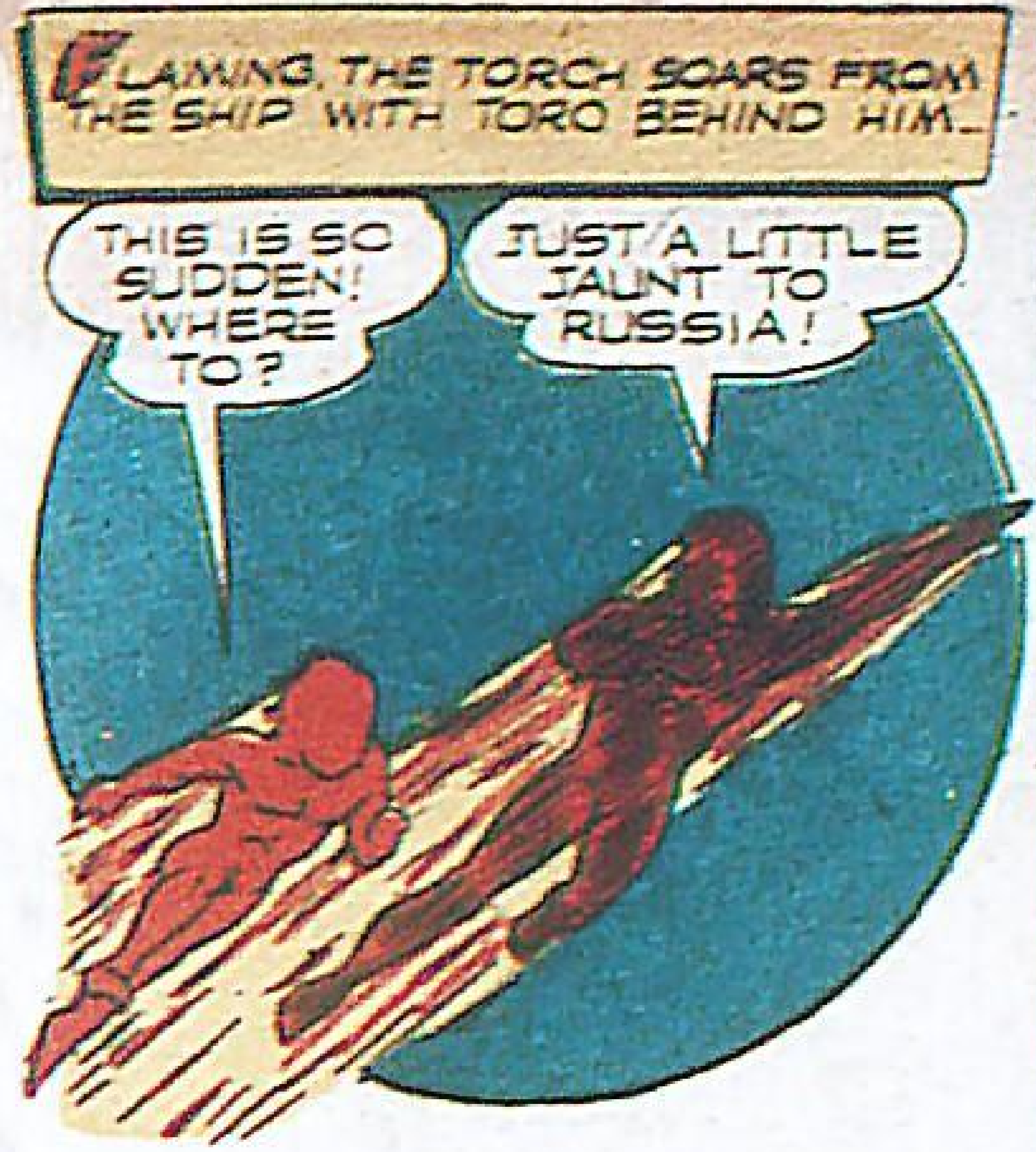

THIS BOOK, FITTINGLY ENOUGH OPENS IN AMERICA...JUST BEFORE THE HOLOCAUST! LOOK AT YOUR COUNTRY...IT MAY BE A LONG TIME BEFORE YOU SEE IT THIS WAY AGAIN... SLEEPY VILLAGES, BUSY FACTORIES SUNSWEPT BEACHES! PEACE STILL LIES OVER THE LAND. BUT FOR HOW LONG? HOW LONG WHEN THE OMINOUS SHADOW OF MARS LURKS IN THE SKY??
A GROUP OF FRIENDS GATHER AT A NEW YORK BANQUET TABLE...RECOGNIZE THEM? THE ANGEL, THE PATRIOT--- AND TORO!
MAKE IT SHORT! I'M HUNGRY!
OKAY, TORCHY... START SPIELING!
AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE
AND SO WE ARE REUNITED TO SAY GOODBYE TO OUR FRIEND, CASEY WHO WILL COVER THE WAR FOR CONSOLIDATED PRESS!
UNFORTUNATELY SUB MARINER CAN'T BE WITH US! HE GOT A MESSAGE FROM HIS MOTHER, SAYING HE WAS URGENTLY NEEDED IN HIS KINGDOM! SO LETS TOAST HIM!
Meanwhile SUB MARINER, NEARING HOME, SEES...
HOPE NOTHING'S WRONG AT HOME! HEY... A SEA BATTLE!

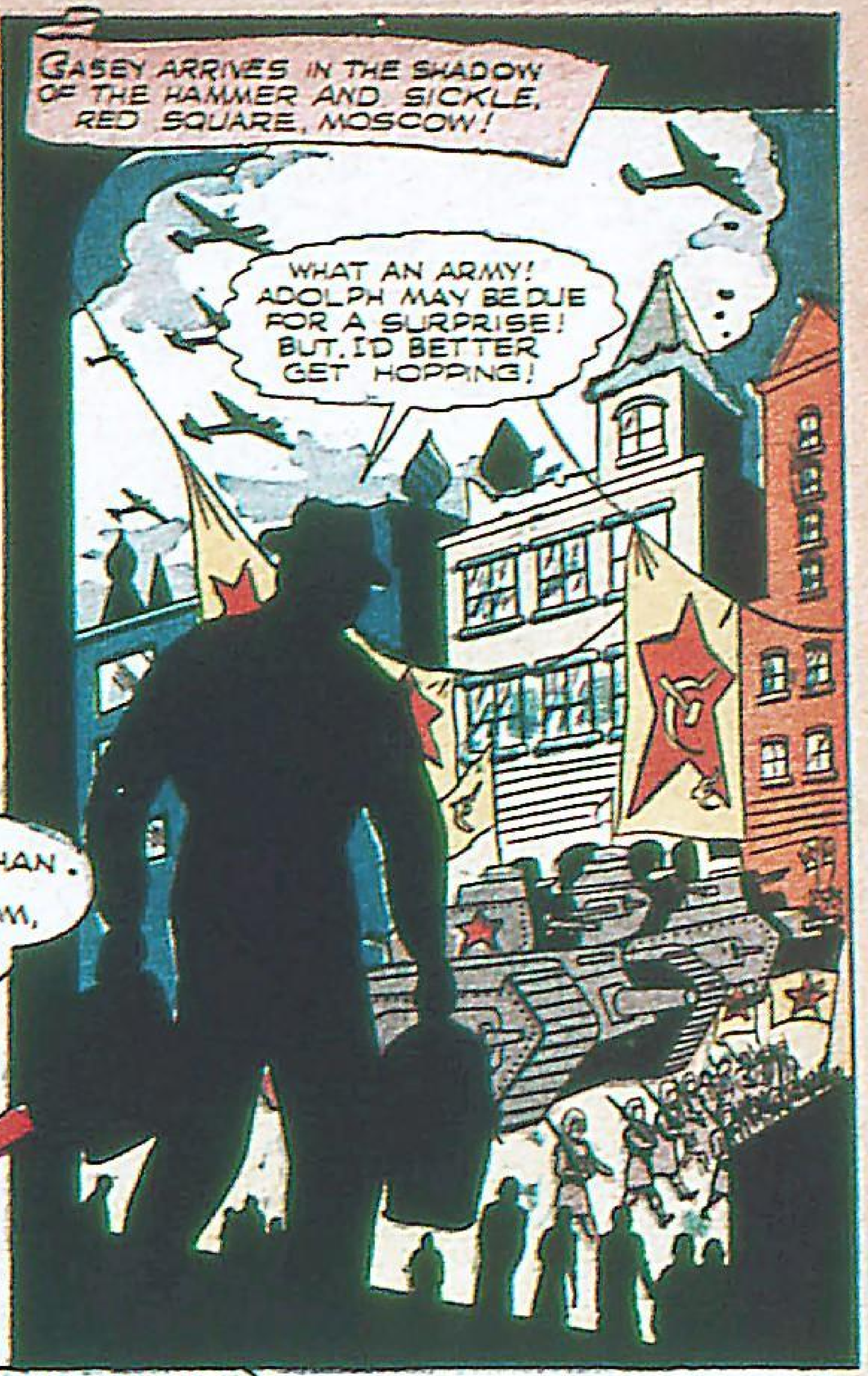

SHELLS SCREAM AND PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD AS THE TWO FLEETS LOCK IN DEADLY COMBAT!
NAZIS AND 'REDS'! AND ME WITH A BOX SEAT! SAY! THOSE BIRDS ARE FIGHTING RIGHT OVER MY KINGDOM! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BREAK IT UP!
DIVING, SUB MARINER TWISTS THE RUDDER OF A NAZI SHIP INTO A SHAPELESS MASS!
HERE'S WHERE THIS BABY GOES OUT OF ACTION!
ITS RUDDER DAMAGED, THE NAZI VESSEL RUNS WILD INTO THE MIDST OF THE RED FLEET...
REVERSE ENGINES!
HIMMEL! STOP! STOP!
THEY'LL PICK SOME OTHER PLACE TO FIGHT, NOW!

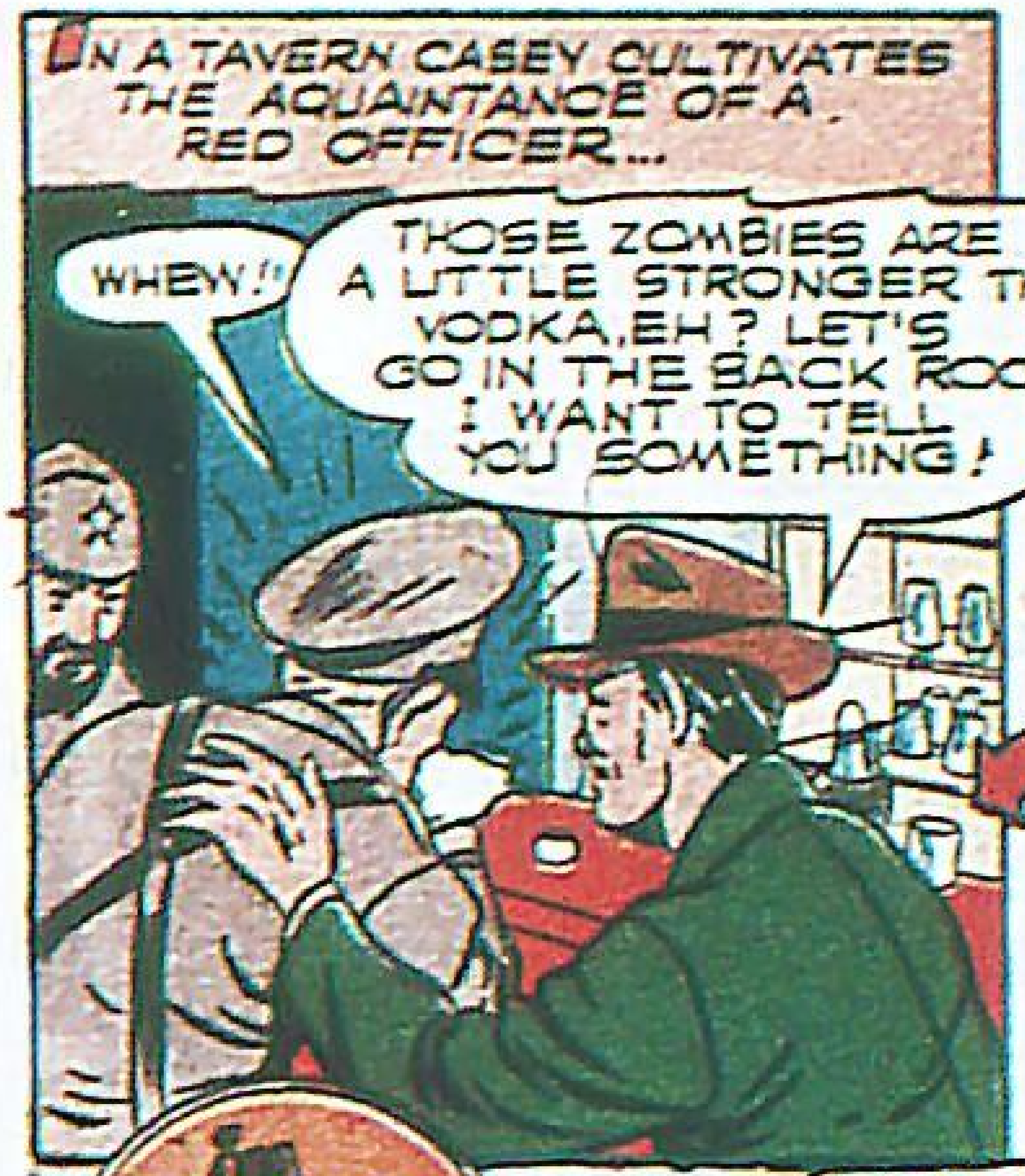

AS THE BATTLE SHIFTS TO ANOTHER PART OF THE OCEAN, SUB MARINER DESCENDS...
HOME -- HERE I COME!
ON THE OCEAN FLOOR, HE BEHOLDS A TERRIBLE SCENE OF DESOLATION! MUTE TESTIMONY OF THE CARNAGE THAT EVEN NOW FLAMES ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATERS...
THOSE SEA-BATTLES HAVE WRECKED MY KINGDOM! LOOK! DEATH! DEATH! DEATH! ALL AROUND ME!
HE COMES UPON AN R.A.F. PLANE, ITS PILOT STILL POISED FOR THE FLIGHT THAT CARRIED HIM INTO ETERNITY!
MORE DEATH! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING ALIVE HERE BUT THE FISHES?
AT LAST HE FINDS A SIGN OF LIFE...
GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS LIKE LONDON! I'LL GO IN AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENE TO MY MOTHER! I-I HOPE SHE'S ALIVE... IF SHE ISN'T, I'LL...
UNDERGROUND SHELTER

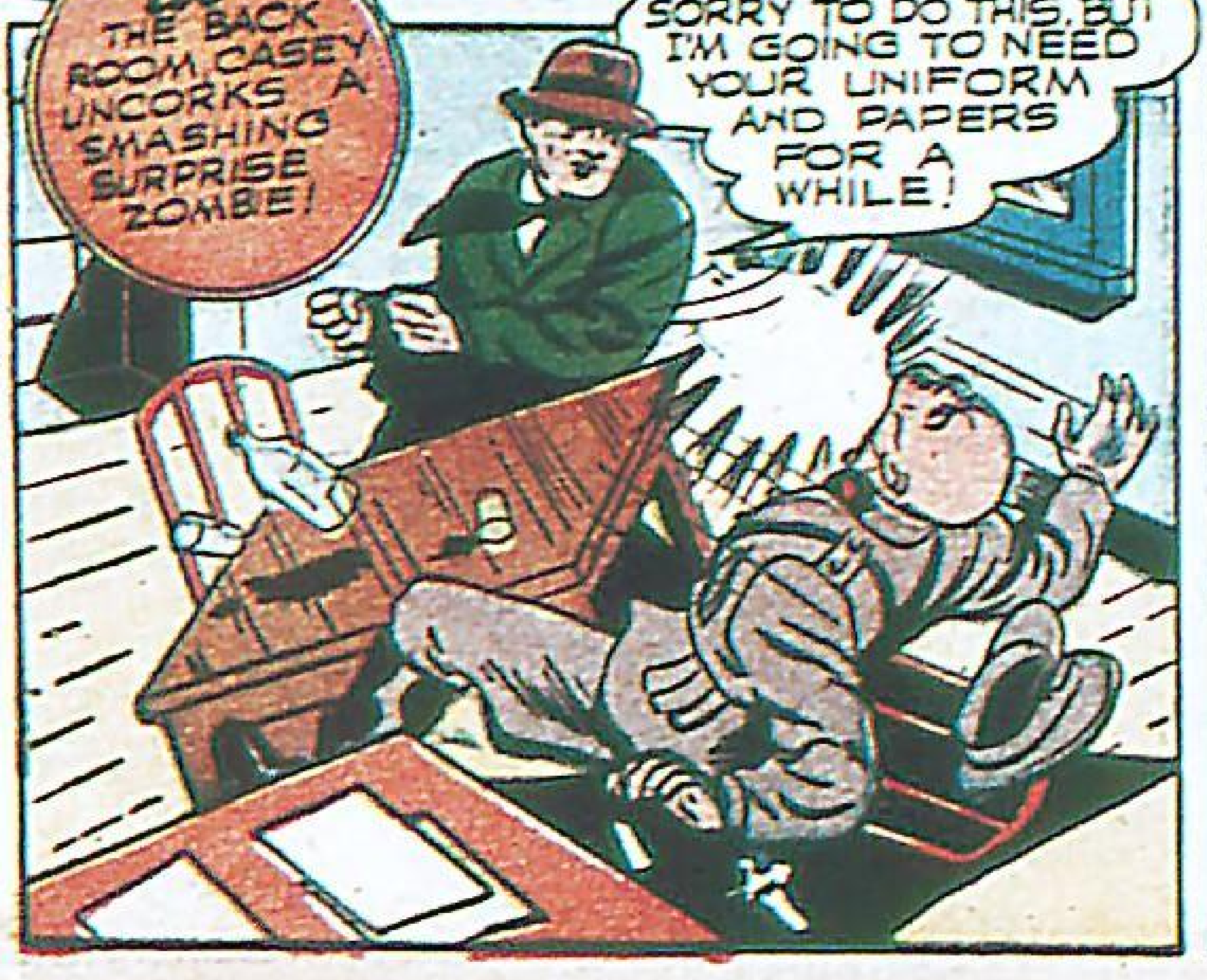

WITH HIS HEART IN HIS MOUTH, SUB MARINER ENTERS THE UNDERGROUND SHELTER!
MOTHER! MOTHER! I'VE COME BACK!
THANK HEAVENS! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'VE GONE THROUGH! AND WE THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE SO FAR BELOW THE SEA!
THEY FOUGHT EACH OTHER DAY AND NIGHT -- THE GERMANS, RUSSIANS AND BRITISH! AND OUR PEOPLE DIED BY THE SCORE!
NO ONE CAN ESCAPE THE WAR NOW!
WE WERE NOT THE ONLY VICTIMS! RATHIA! COME HERE AND TELL MY SON YOUR STORY!
FROM THE GROUP HUDDLED IN THE SHELTER STEPS A WOMAN OF DAZZLING BEAUTY.
I AM A REFUGEE PRINCESS. I COME FROM THE FAR-FLUNG BALTIC. WE, TOO, LIVED BENEATH THE WATERS IN PEACE...
SOMEONE DROPPED DEPTH BOMBS TO SMASH SOMEONE ELSES SUBMARINES - AND MY PEOPLE DIED LIKE FLIES! I SAY, THAT THOSE WHO LIVE IN THE SEA SHOULD HOLD A WAR COUNCIL!
YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL SUMMON THEM BY RADIO!
The VOICE OF SUB MARINER RINGS THROUGH THE SEVEN SEAS...
--REPORT TO MY KINGDOM AT ONCE FOR A WAR COUNCIL!

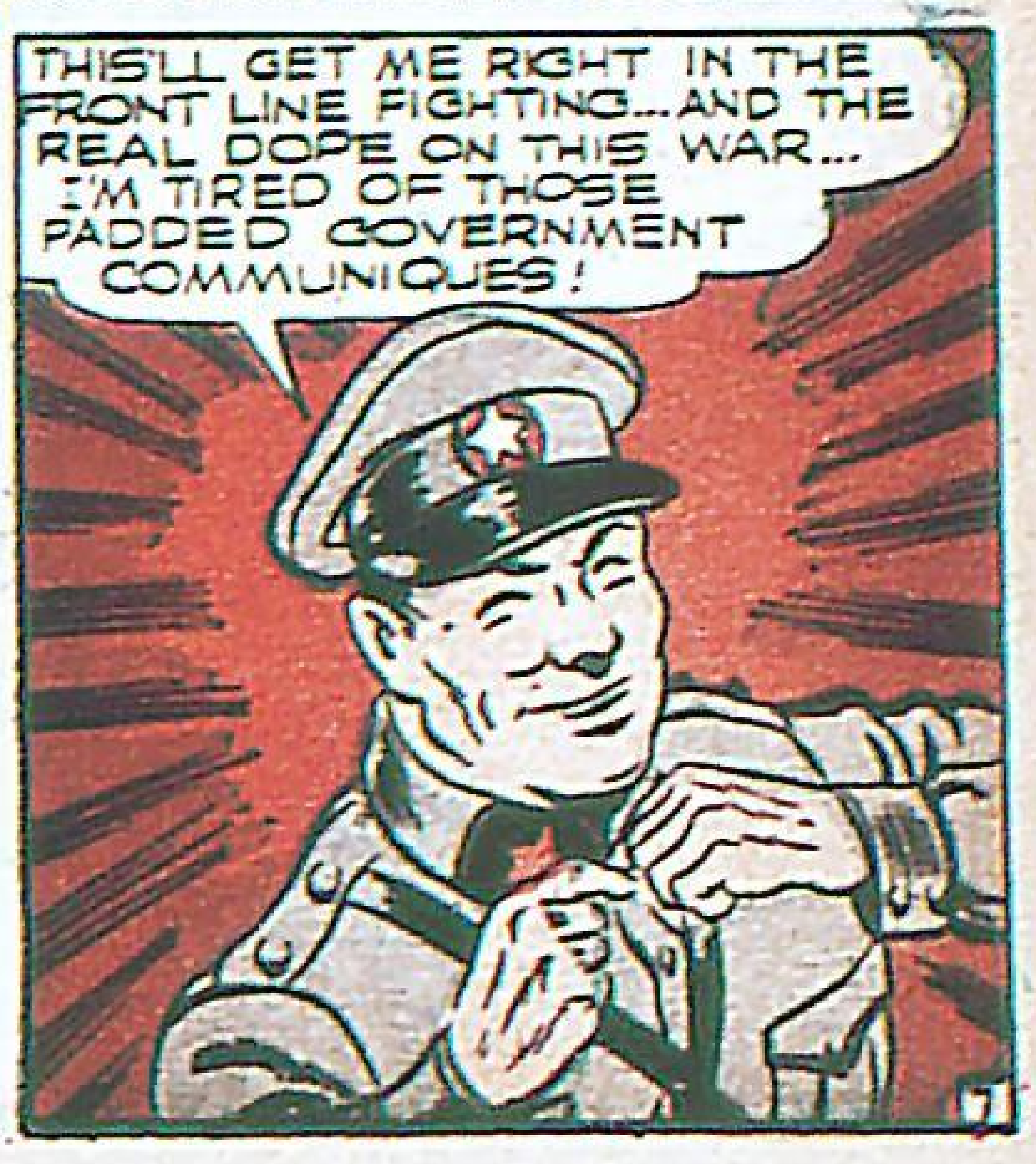

POURING FORTH FROM ALL THE WATERS THAT COVER THE EARTH, DELEGATES GATHER IN AN UNDERGROUND SHELTER.
AND SO, I RECOMMEND WE COMBINE OUR FORCES IN A WAR TO END THE WAR ABOVE THE SEA!
RIGHT! AND YOU SHALL LEAD US
HOORAY FOR OUR NEW LEADER!
BRAVO!
LATER, ALONE WITH RATHIA...
SUB MARINER, I SEE GREAT THINGS IN STORE FOR YOU! WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER, DO YOU KNOW WHO WILL RULE THE WORLD?
HUH?
Meanwhile... AS CASEY PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR EUROPE, HE GETS A WIRELESS MESSAGE...
IT'S FROM SUB MARINER. HE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE I'M ASSIGNED. AND HE WANTS AN ANSWER AT ONCE!
FROM THE DOCKED SHIP CASEY FLASHES HIS REPLY...
...AM COVERING RUSSO-GERMAN WAR...
IN THE SHIPS RADIO ROOM
THERE'S NAMOR'S ANSWER... QUEER, ISN'T IT?
DON'T COVER THAT WAR, OR YOU WILL BE IN DEADLY PERIL!
THAT WARNING WON'T STOP ME I'M GOING!
SO AM I BUT NOT BY SHIP! THAT MESSAGE WARRANTS INVESTIGATION!

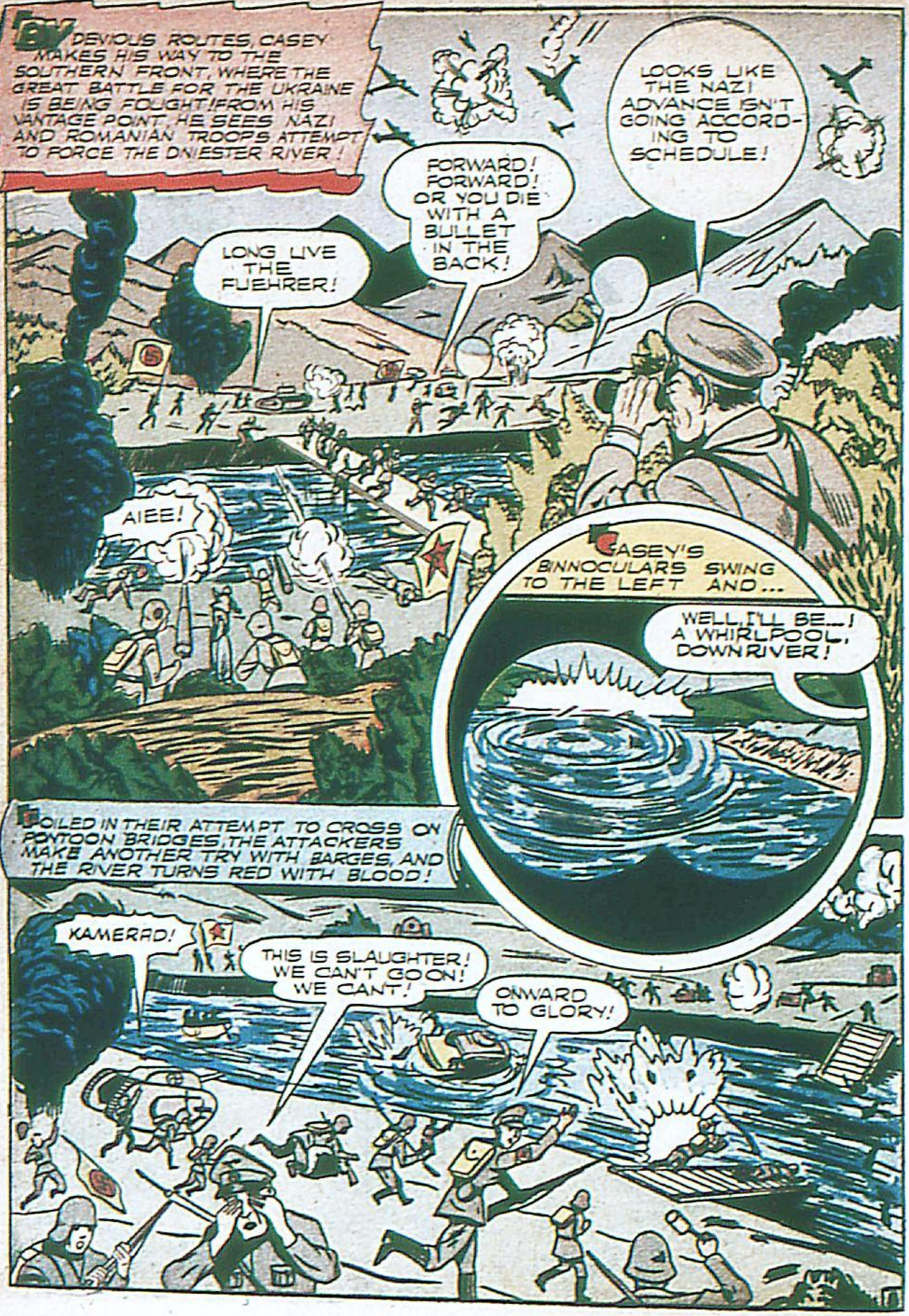

FLAMING, THE TORCH SOARS FROM THE SHIP WITH TORO BEHIND HIM...
THIS IS SO SUDDEN! WHERE TO?
JUST A LITTLE JAUNT TO RUSSIA!

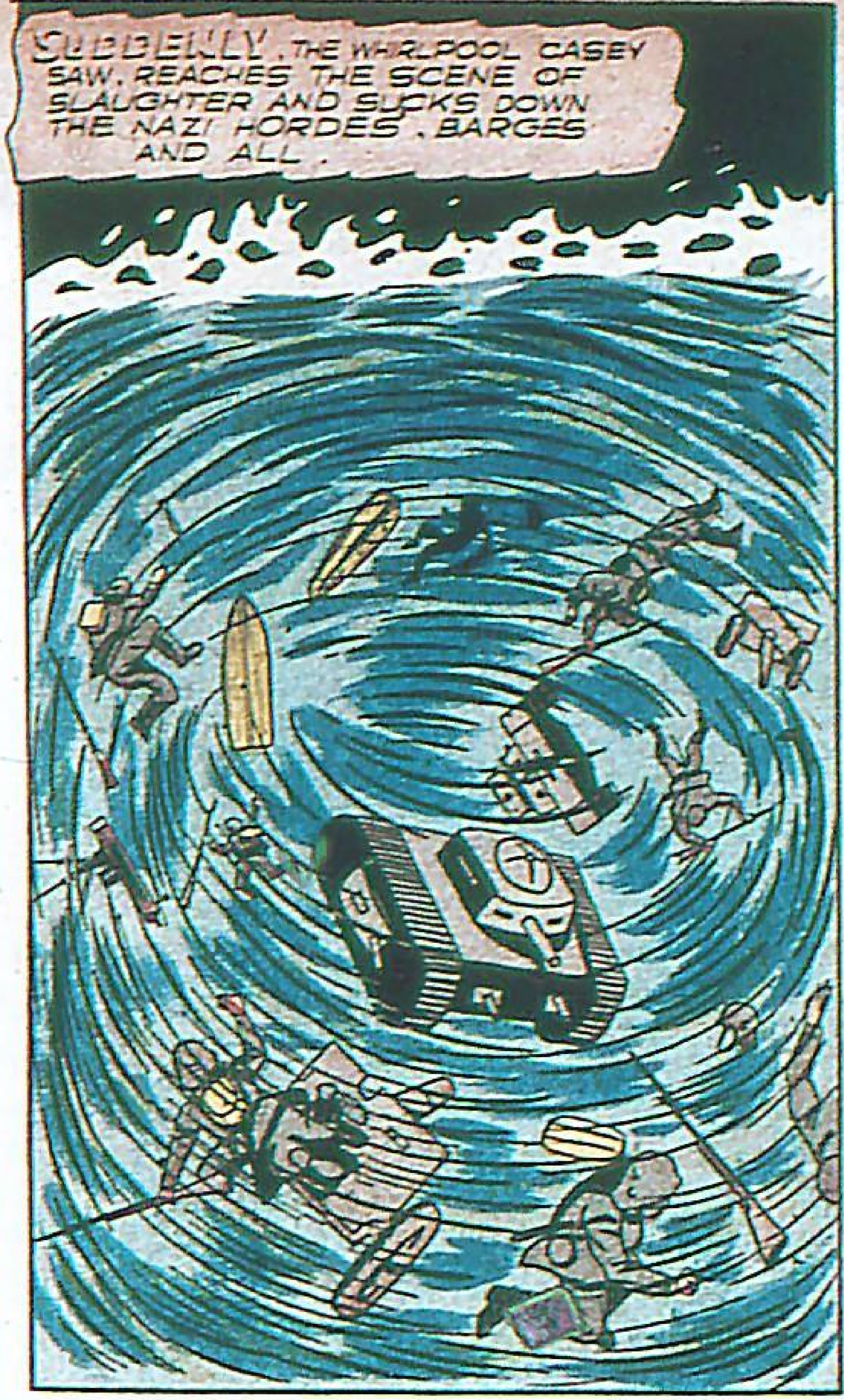

CASEY ARRIVES IN THE SHADOW OF THE HAMMER AND SICKLE, RED SQUARE, MOSCOW!
WHAT AN ARMY! ADOLPH MAY BE DUE FOR A SURPRISE! BUT, I'D BETTER GET HOPPING!

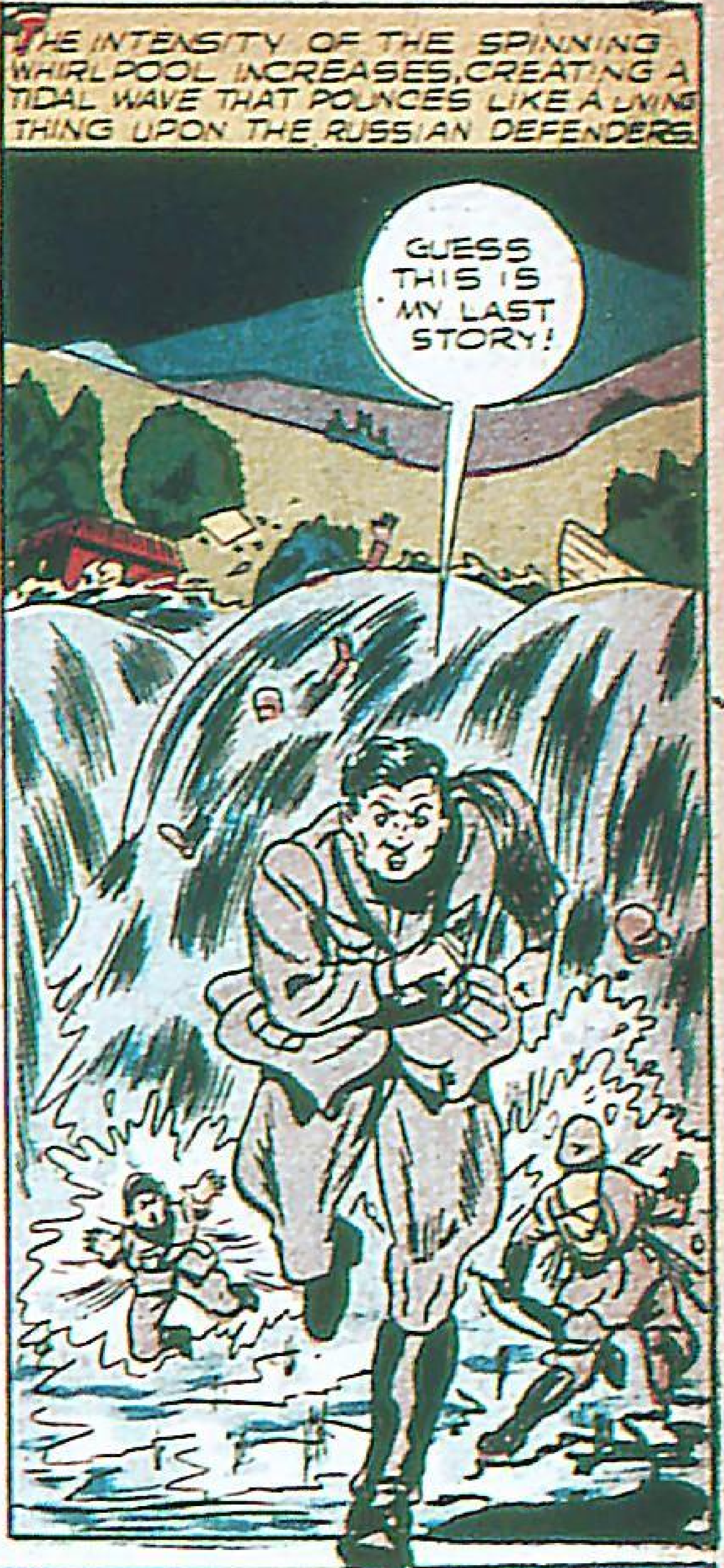

IN A TAVERN CASEY CULTIVATES THE AQUAINTANCE OF A RED OFFICER...
WHEW!!
THOSE ZOMBIES ARE A LITTLE STRONGER THAN VODKA, EH? LET'S GO IN THE BACK ROOM, I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!

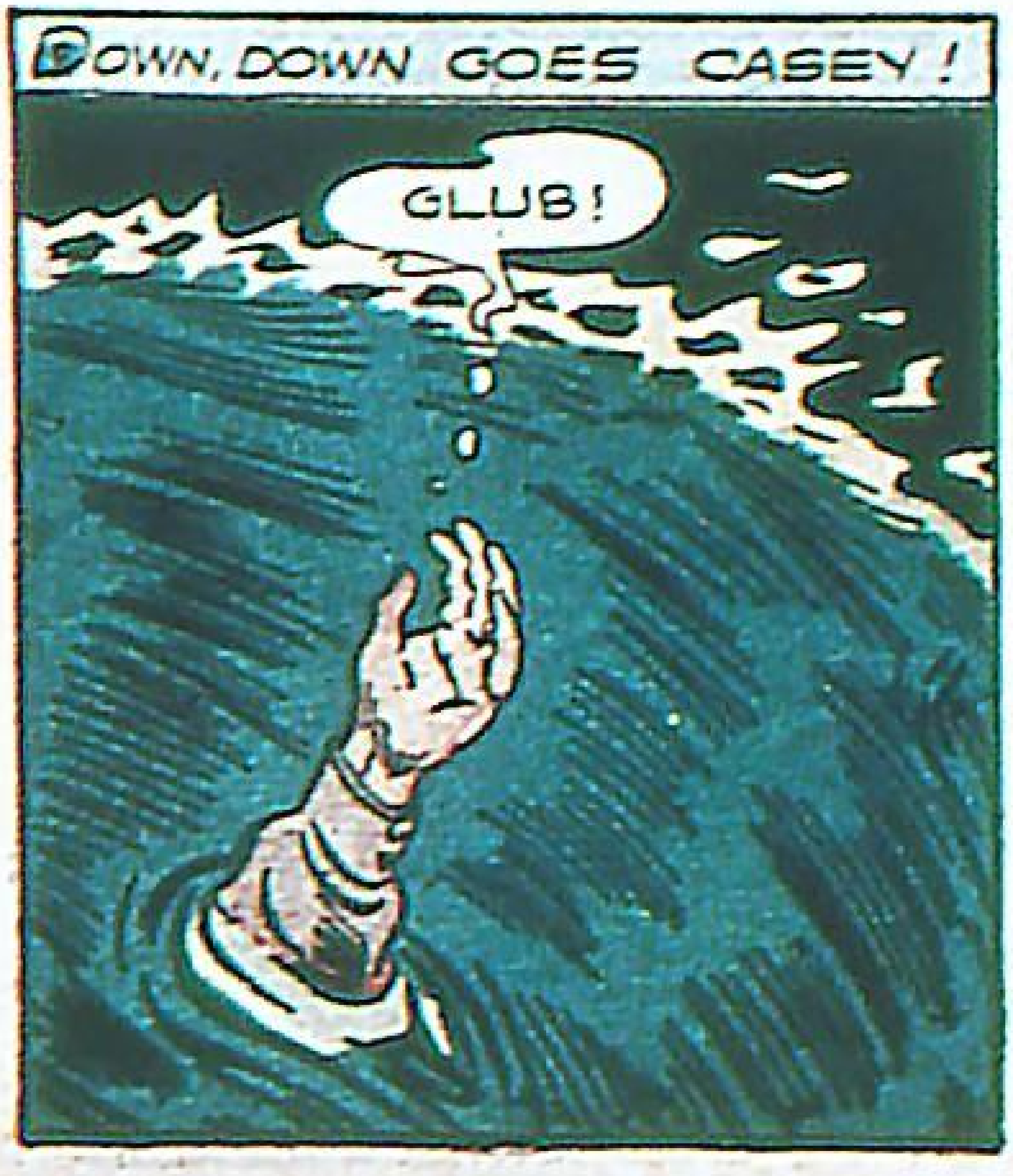

IN THE BACK ROOM CASEY UNCORKS A SMASHING SURPRISE ZOMBIE!
SORRY TO DO THIS, BUT I'M GOING TO NEED YOUR UNIFORM AND PAPERS FOR A WHILE!

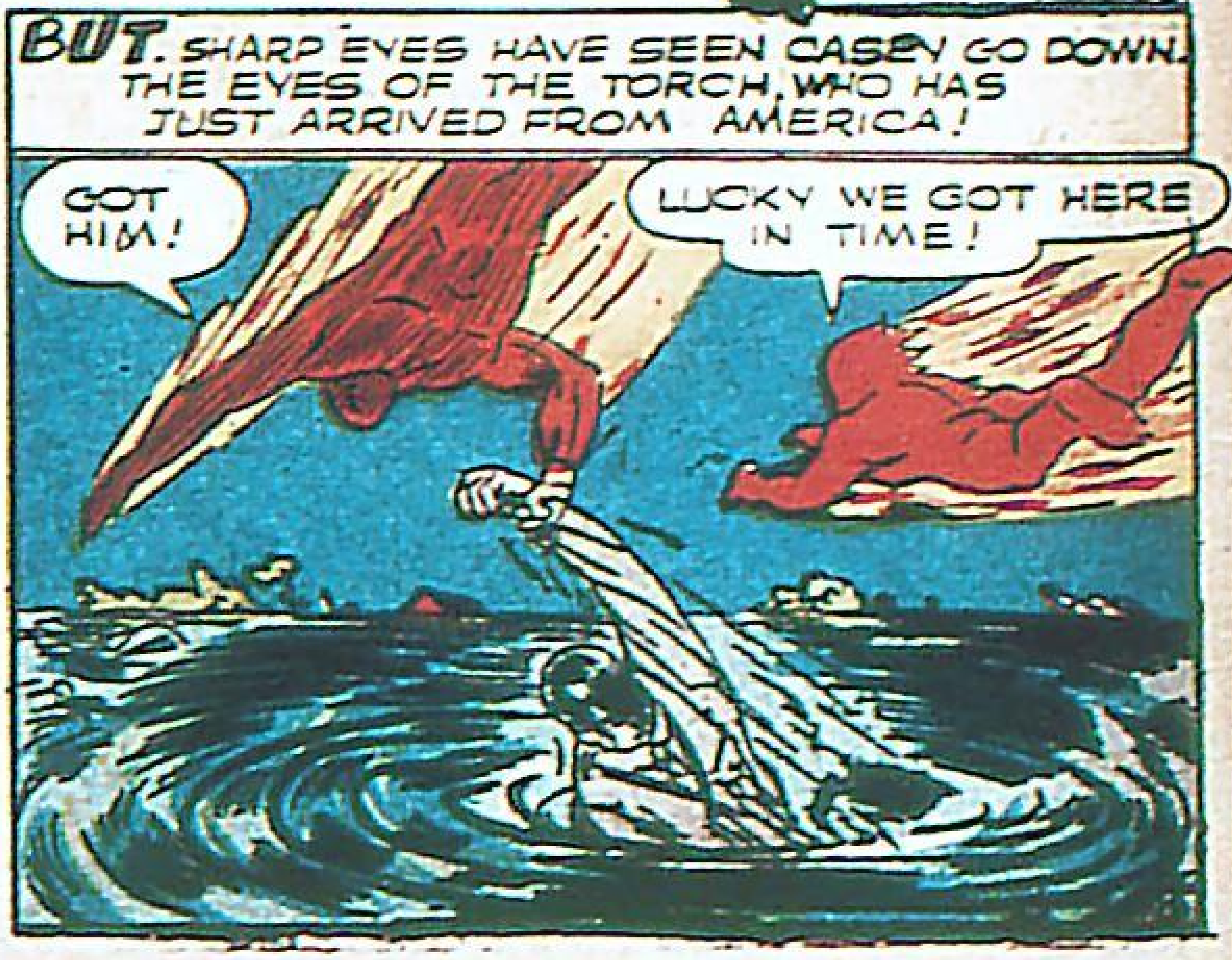

THIS'LL GET ME RIGHT IN THE FRONT LINE FIGHTING... AND THE REAL DOPE ON THIS WAR... I'M TIRED OF THOSE PADDED GOVERNMENT COMMUNIQUES!

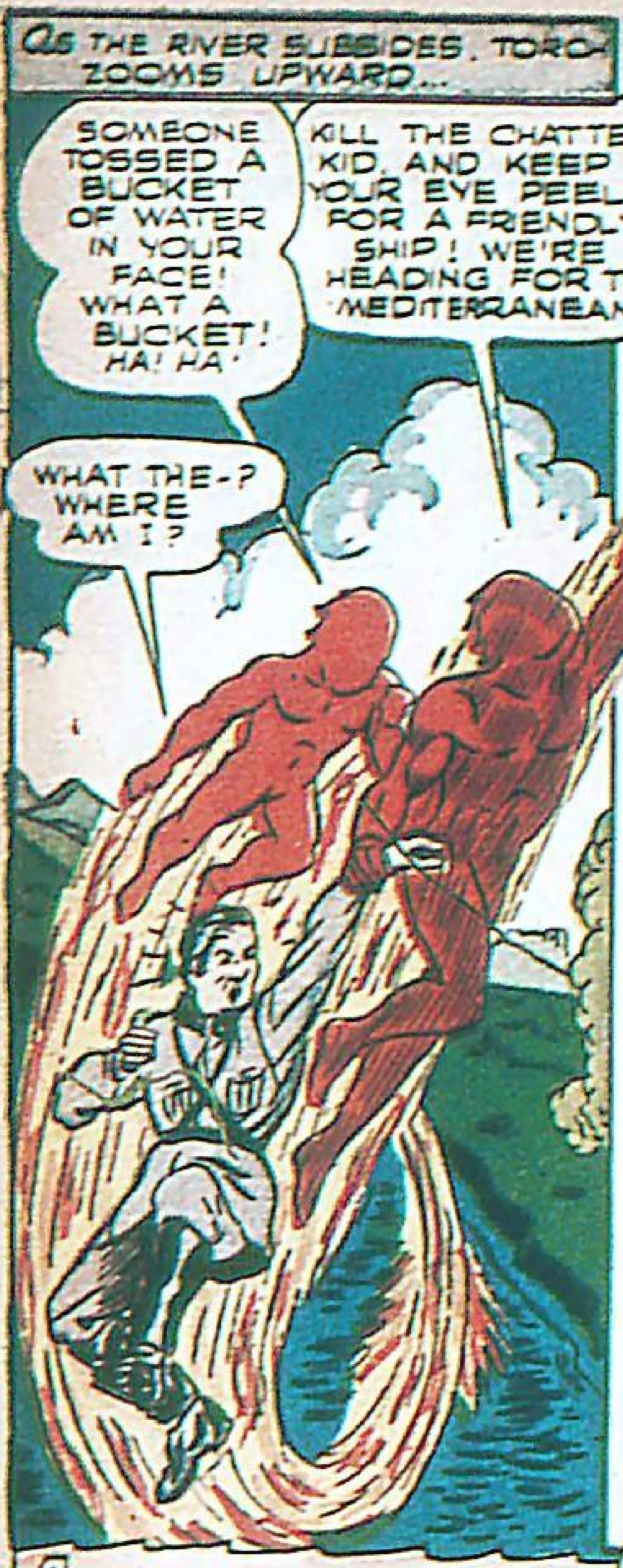

BY DEVIOUS ROUTES, CASEY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SOUTHERN FRONT, WHERE THE GREAT BATTLE FOR THE UKRAINE IS BEING FOUGHT! FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT, HE SEES NAZI AND ROMANIAN TROOPS ATTEMPT TO FORCE THE DNIESTER RIVER!
LOOKS LIKE THE NAZI ADVANCE ISN'T GOING ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE!
FORWARD! FORWARD! OR YOU DIE WITH A BULLET IN THE BACK!
LONG LIVE THE FUEHRER!
AIEE!
CASEY'S BINNOCULARS SWING TO THE LEFT AND...
WELL, I'LL BE...! A WHIRLPOOL, DOWN RIVER!
FOILED IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO CROSS ON PONTOON BRIDGES, THE ATTACKERS MAKE ANOTHER TRY WITH BARGES, AND THE RIVER TURNS RED WITH BLOOD!
KAMERAD!
THIS IS SLAUGHTER! WE CAN'T GO ON! WE CANT!
ONWARD TO GLORY!

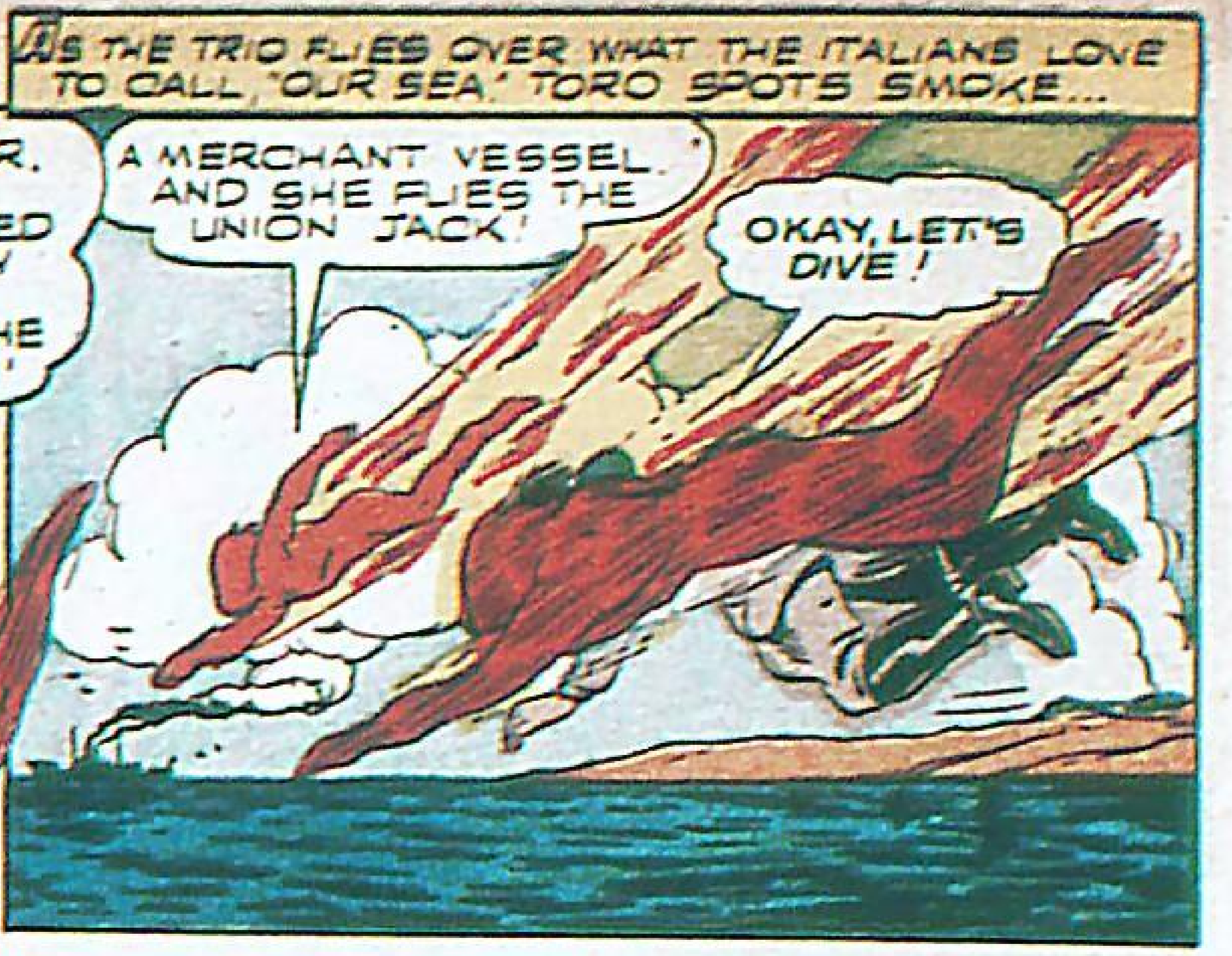

SUDDENLY, THE WHIRLPOOL CASEY SAW, REACHES THE SCENE OF SLAUGHTER AND SUCKS DOWN THE NAZI HORDES, BARGES AND ALL.

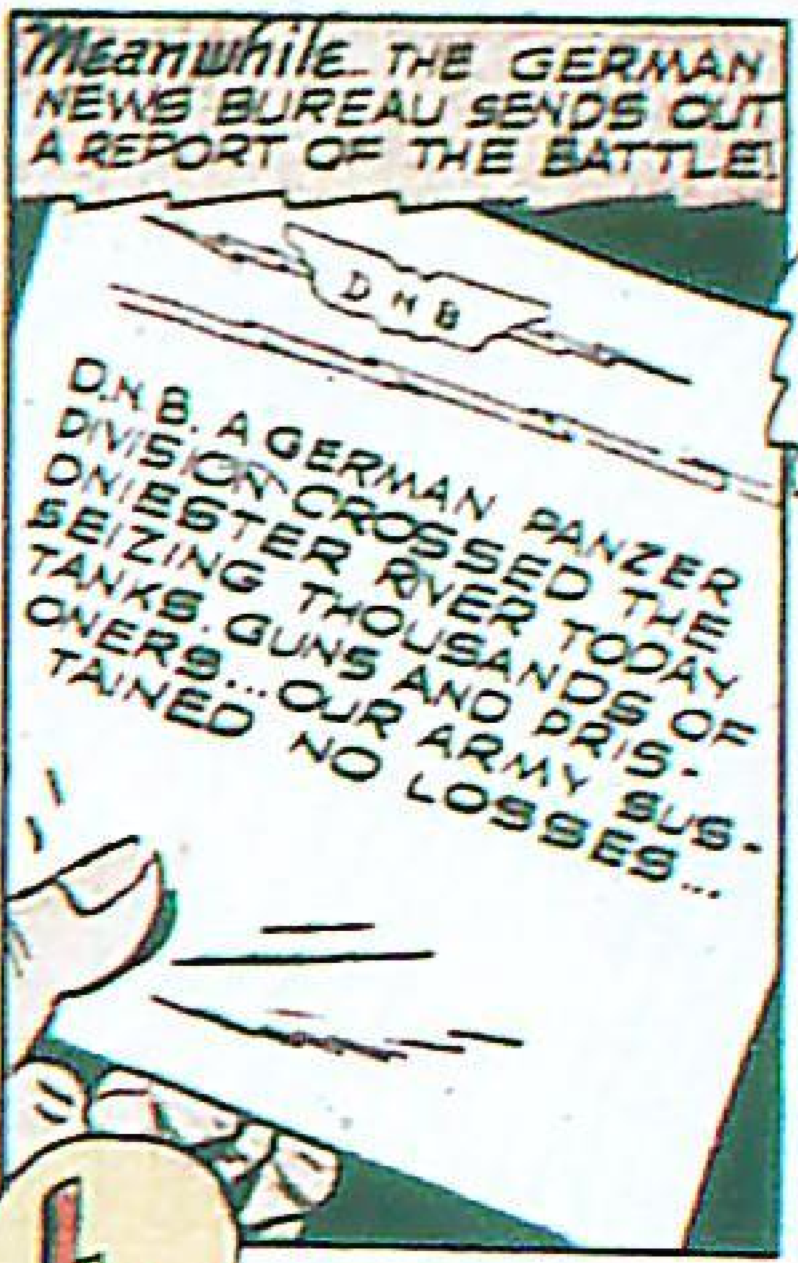

THE INTENSITY OF THE SPINNING WHIRLPOOL INCREASES, CREATING A TIDAL WAVE THAT POUNCES LIKE A LIVING THING UPON THE RUSSIAN DEFENDERS.
GUESS THIS IS MY LAST STORY!

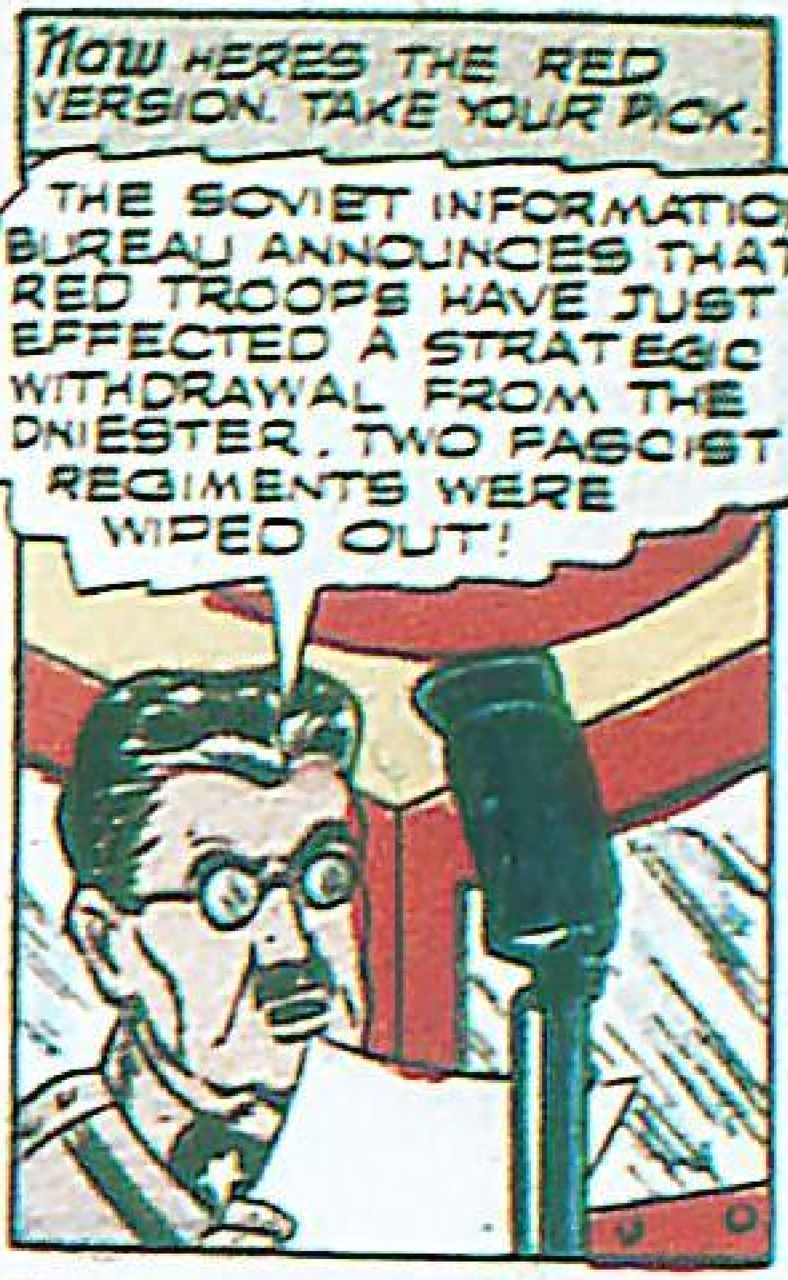

DOWN, DOWN GOES CASEY!
GLUB!

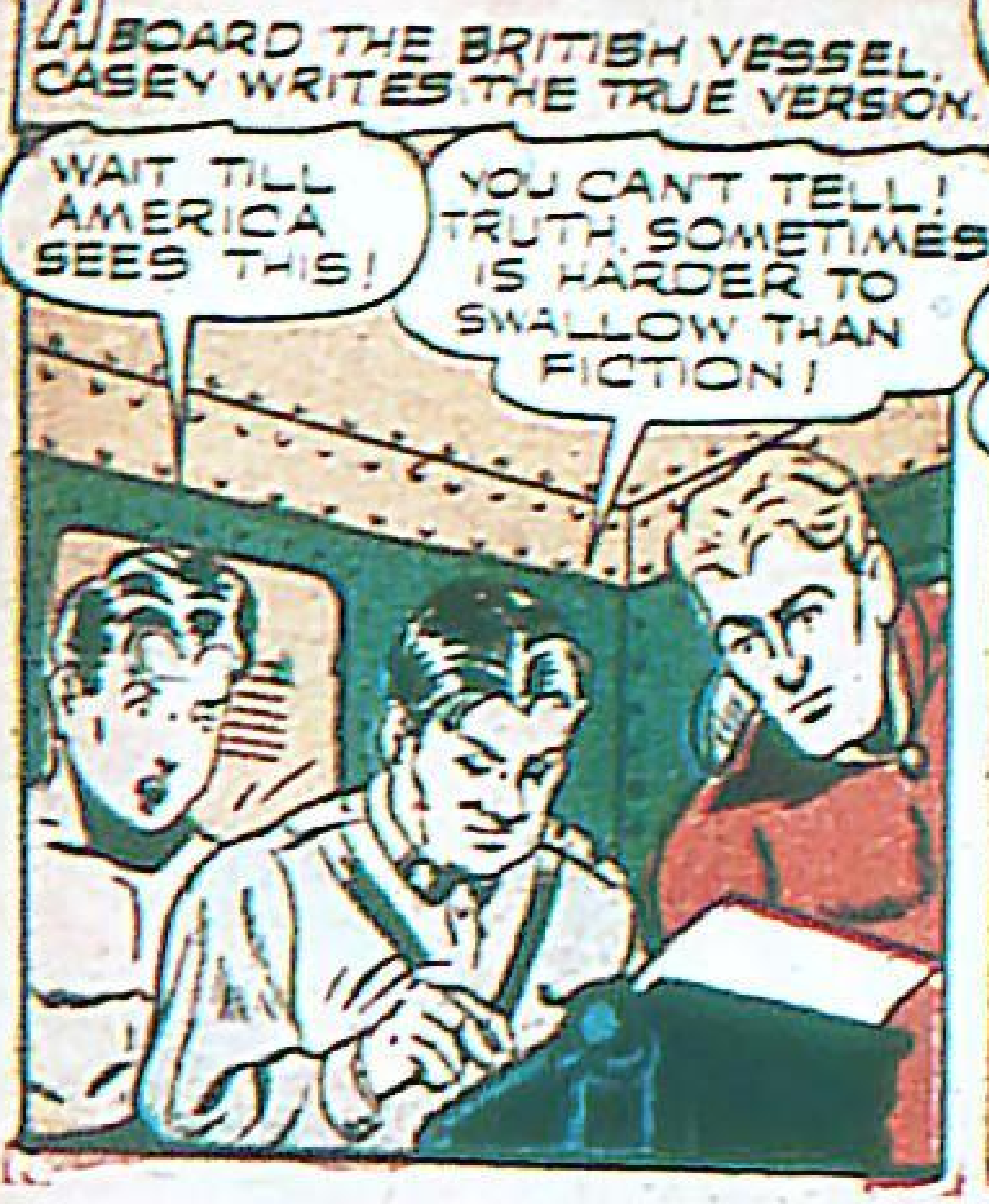

BUT, SHARP EYES HAVE SEEN CASEY GO DOWN. THE EYES OF THE TORCH, WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED FROM AMERICA!
GOT HIM!
LUCKY WE GOT HERE IN TIME!

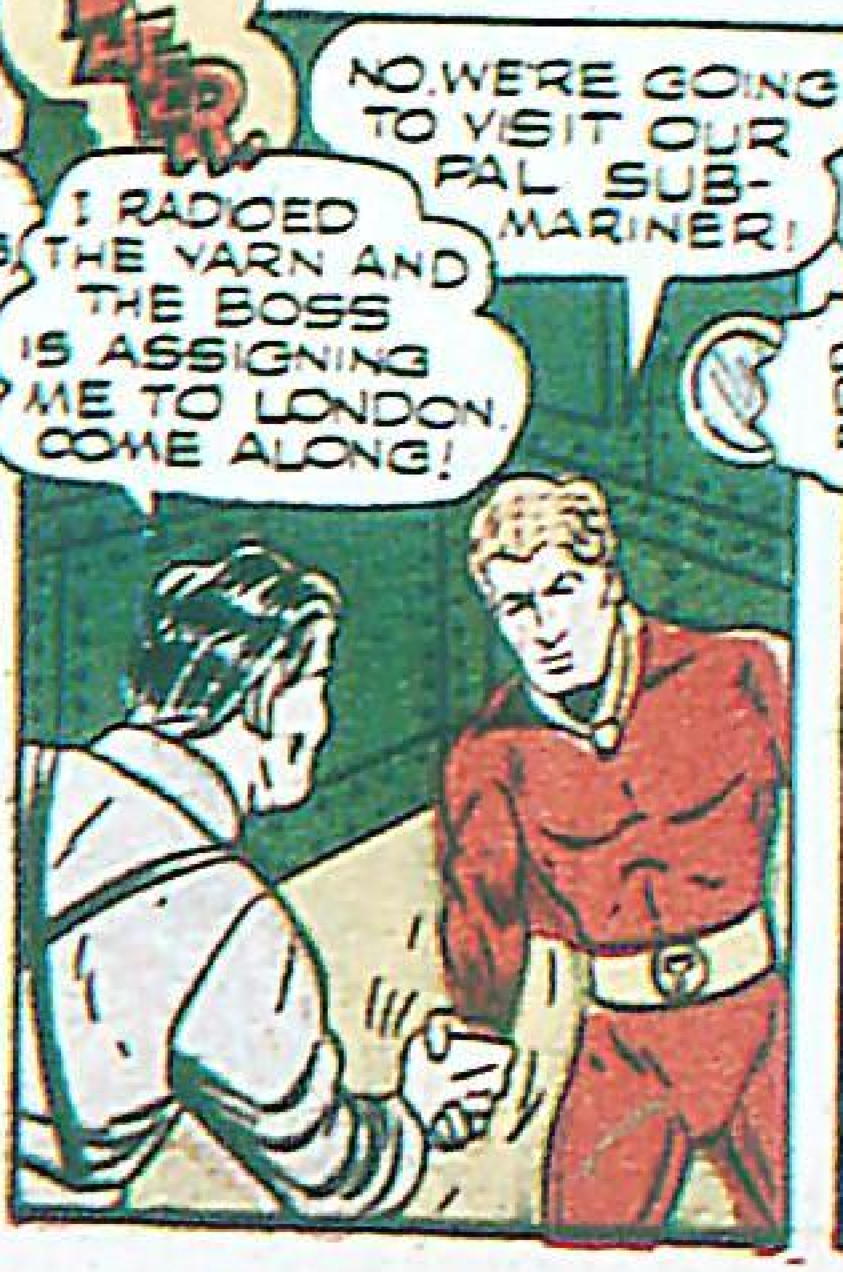

AS THE RIVER SUBSIDES, TORCH ZOOMS UPWARD...
SOMEONE TOSSED A BUCKET OF WATER IN YOUR FACE! WHAT A BUCKET! HA! HA!
KILL THE CHATTER, KID, AND KEEP YOUR EYE PEELED FOR A FRIENDLY SHIP! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN!
WHAT THE-? WHERE AM I?

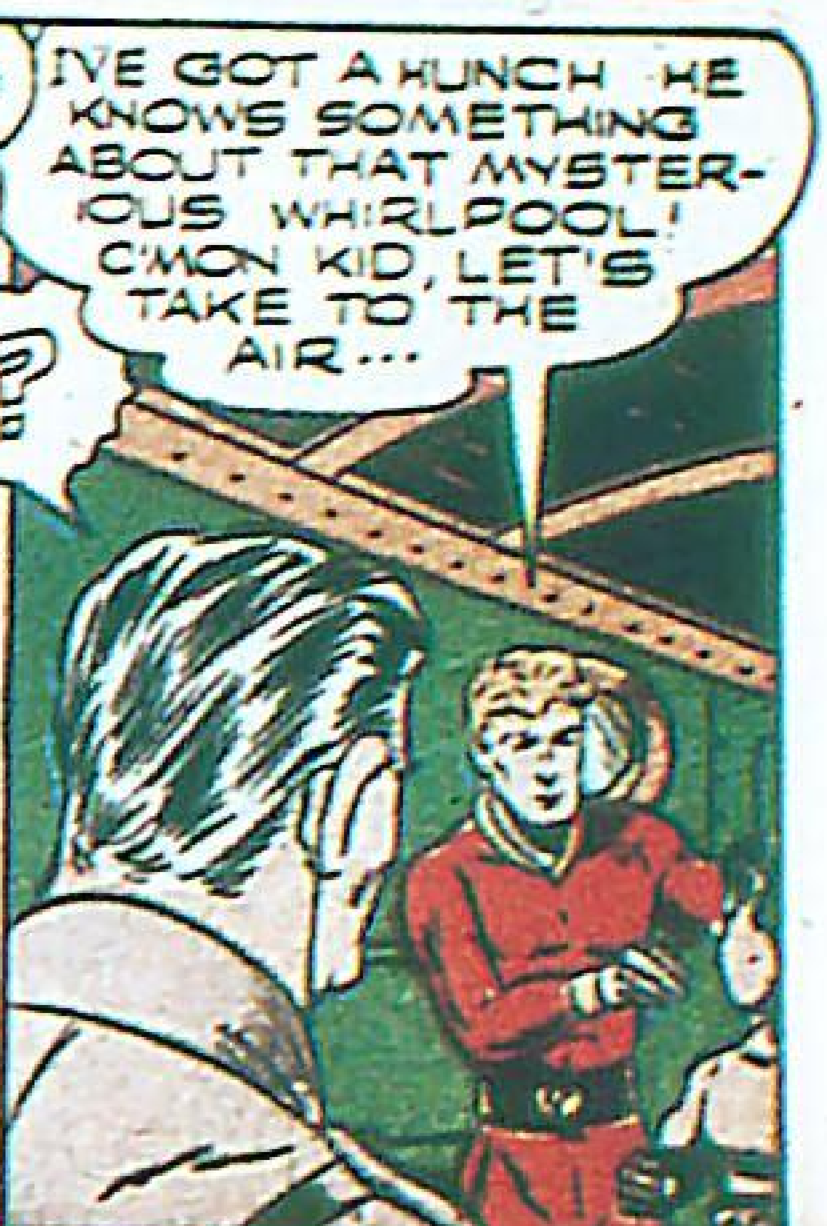

AS THE TRIO FLIES OVER WHAT THE ITALIANS LOVE TO CALL "OUR SEA," TORO SPOTS SMOKE...
A MERCHANT VESSEL, AND SHE FLIES THE UNION JACK!
OKAY, LET'S DIVE!

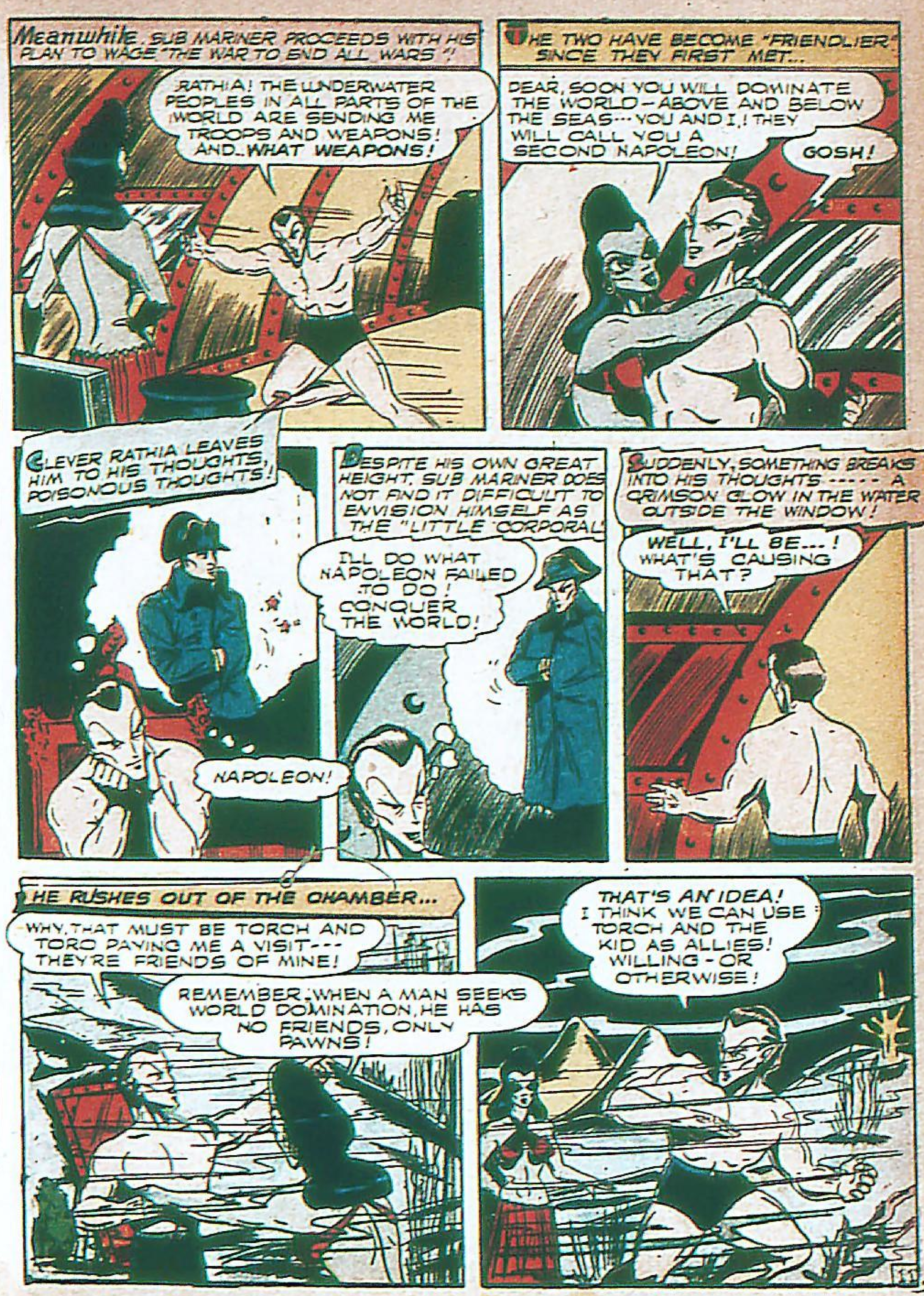

Meanwhile... THE GERMAN NEWS BUREAU SENDS OUT A REPORT OF THE BATTLE!
D N B
D.N.B. A GERMAN PANZER DIVISION CROSSED THE DNIESTER RIVER TODAY SEIZING THOUSANDS OF TANKS, GUNS AND PRISONERS... OUR ARMY SUSTAINED NO LOSSES...

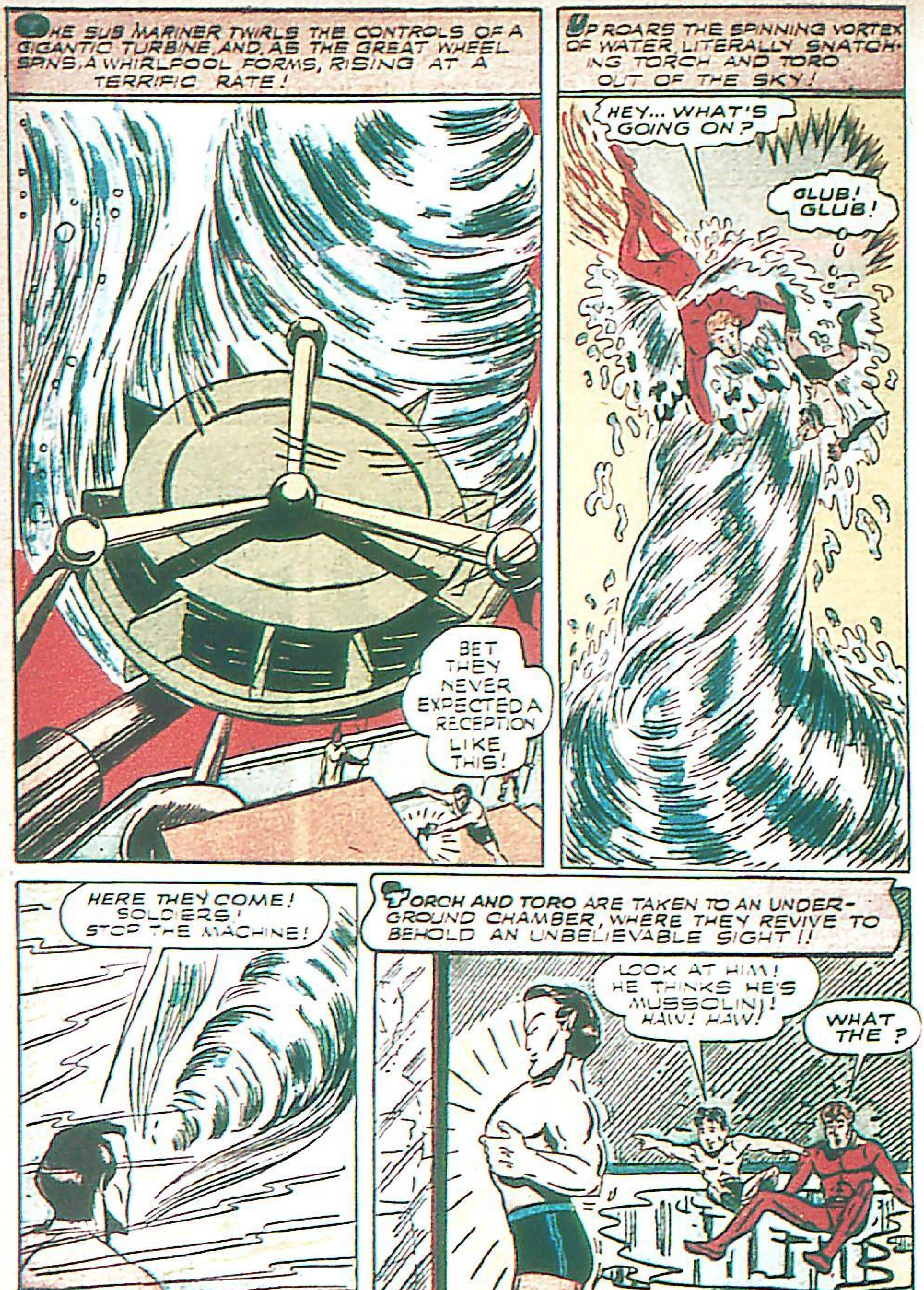

Now HERE'S THE RED VERSION. TAKE YOUR PICK.
THE SOVIET INFORMATION BUREAU ANNOUNCES THAT RED TROOPS HAVE JUST EFFECTED A STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL FROM THE DNIESTER. TWO FASCIST REGIMENTS WERE WIPED OUT!

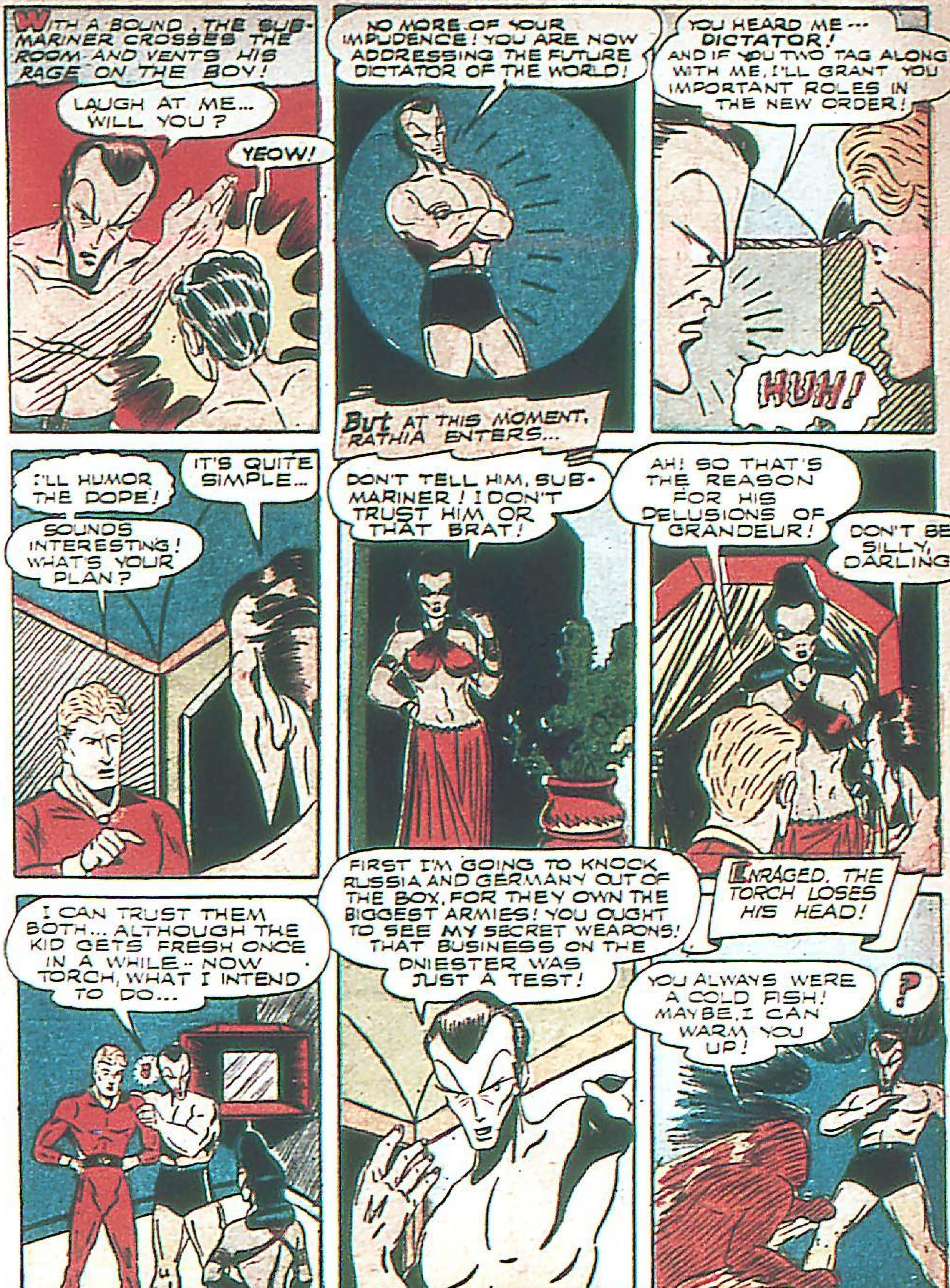

ABOARD THE BRITISH VESSEL, CASEY WRITES THE TRUE VERSION.
WAIT TILL AMERICA SEES THIS!
YOU CAN'T TELL! TRUTH SOMETIMES IS HARDER TO SWALLOW THAN FICTION!

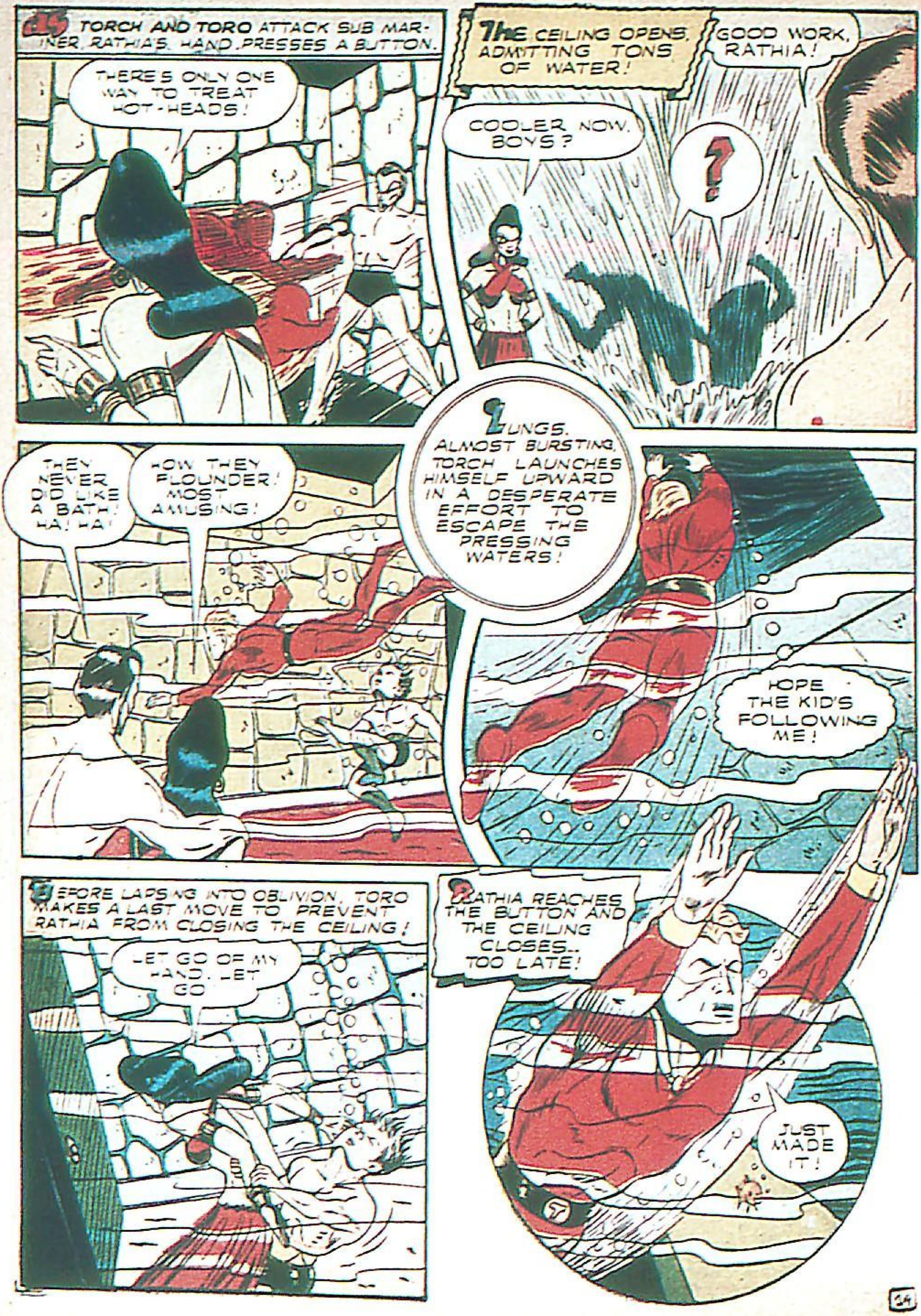

LATER
I RADIOED THE YARN AND THE BOSS IS ASSIGNING ME TO LONDON. COME ALONG!
NO, WE'RE GOING TO VISIT OUR PAL SUB-MARINER!

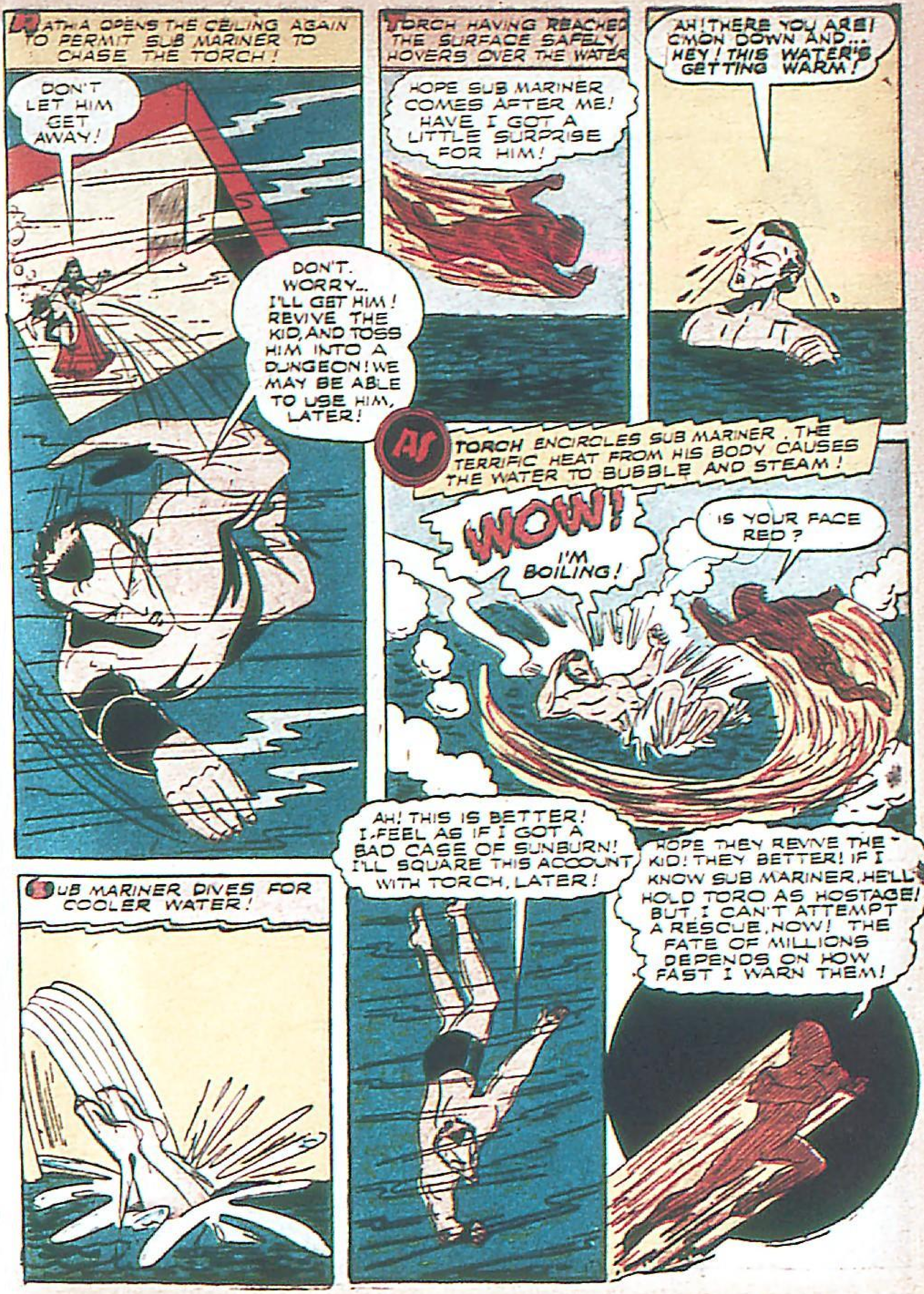

?
I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MYSTERIOUS WHIRLPOOL! C'MON KID, LET'S TAKE TO THE AIR...

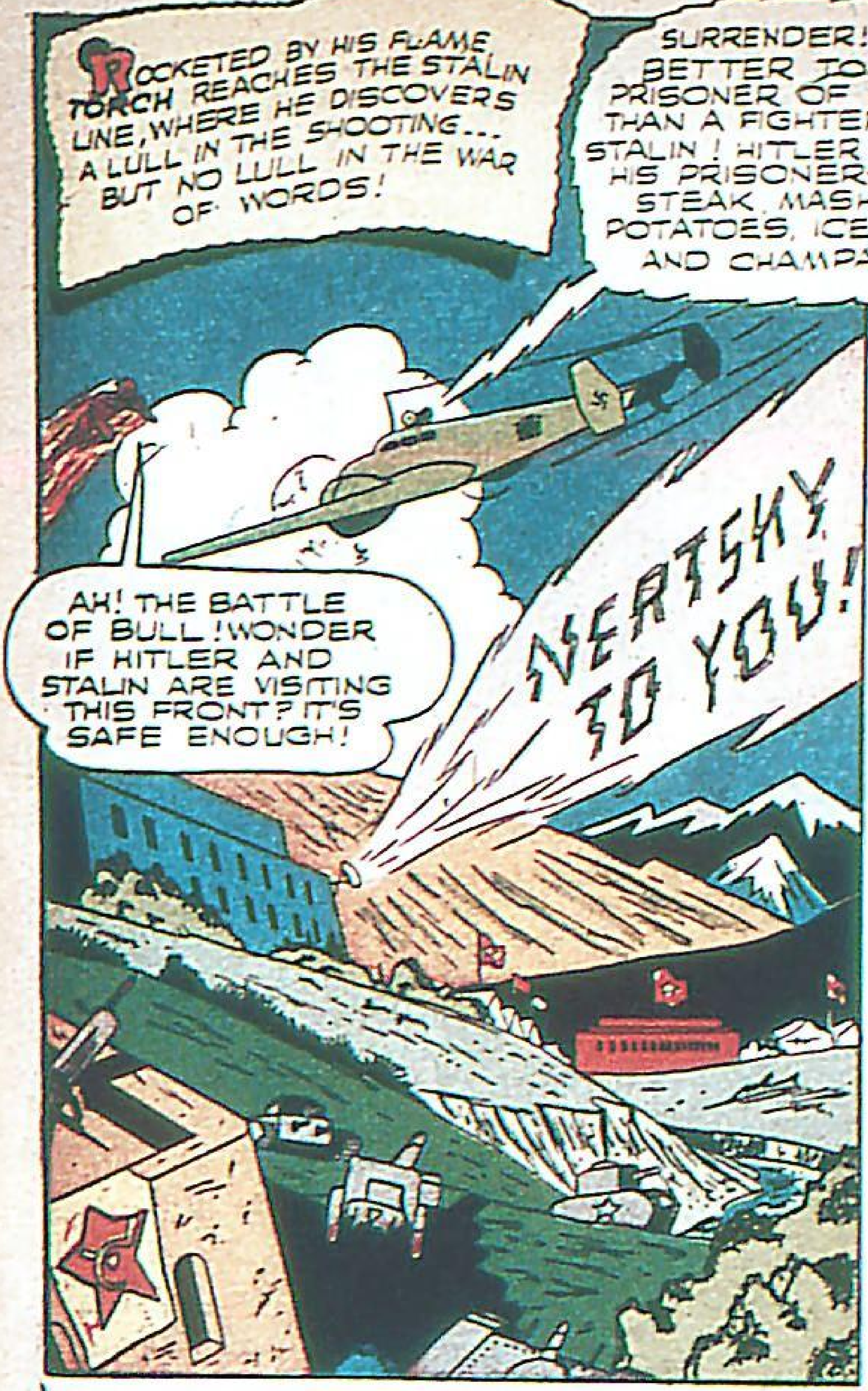

Meanwhile, SUB MARINER PROCEEDS WITH HIS PLAN TO WAGE "THE WAR TO END ALL WARS"!
RATHIA! THE UNDERWATER PEOPLES IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD ARE SENDING ME TROOPS AND WEAPONS! AND..WHAT WEAPONS!
THE TWO HAVE BECOME "FRIENDLIER" SINCE THEY FIRST MET...
DEAR, SOON YOU WILL DOMINATE THE WORLD—ABOVE AND BELOW THE SEAS··· YOU AND I,! THEY WILL CALL YOU A SECOND NAPOLEON!
GOSH!
CLEVER RATHIA LEAVES HIM TO HIS THOUGHTS, POISONOUS THOUGHTS!
NAPOLEON!
DESPITE HIS OWN GREAT HEIGHT, SUB MARINER DOES NOT FIND IT DIFFICULT TO ENVISION HIMSELF AS THE "LITTLE CORPORAL"
I'LL DO WHAT NAPOLEON FAILED TO DO! CONQUER THE WORLD!
SUDDENLY, SOMETHING BREAKS INTO HIS THOUGHTS----- A CRIMSON GLOW IN THE WATER OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!
WELL, I'LL BE...! WHAT'S CAUSING THAT?
HE RUSHES OUT OF THE CHAMBER...
WHY, THAT MUST BE TORCH AND TORO PAYING ME A VISIT--- THEY'RE FRIENDS OF MINE!
REMEMBER, WHEN A MAN SEEKS WORLD DOMINATION, HE HAS NO FRIENDS, ONLY PAWNS!
THAT'S AN IDEA! I THINK WE CAN USE TORCH AND THE KID AS ALLIES! WILLING - OR OTHERWISE!

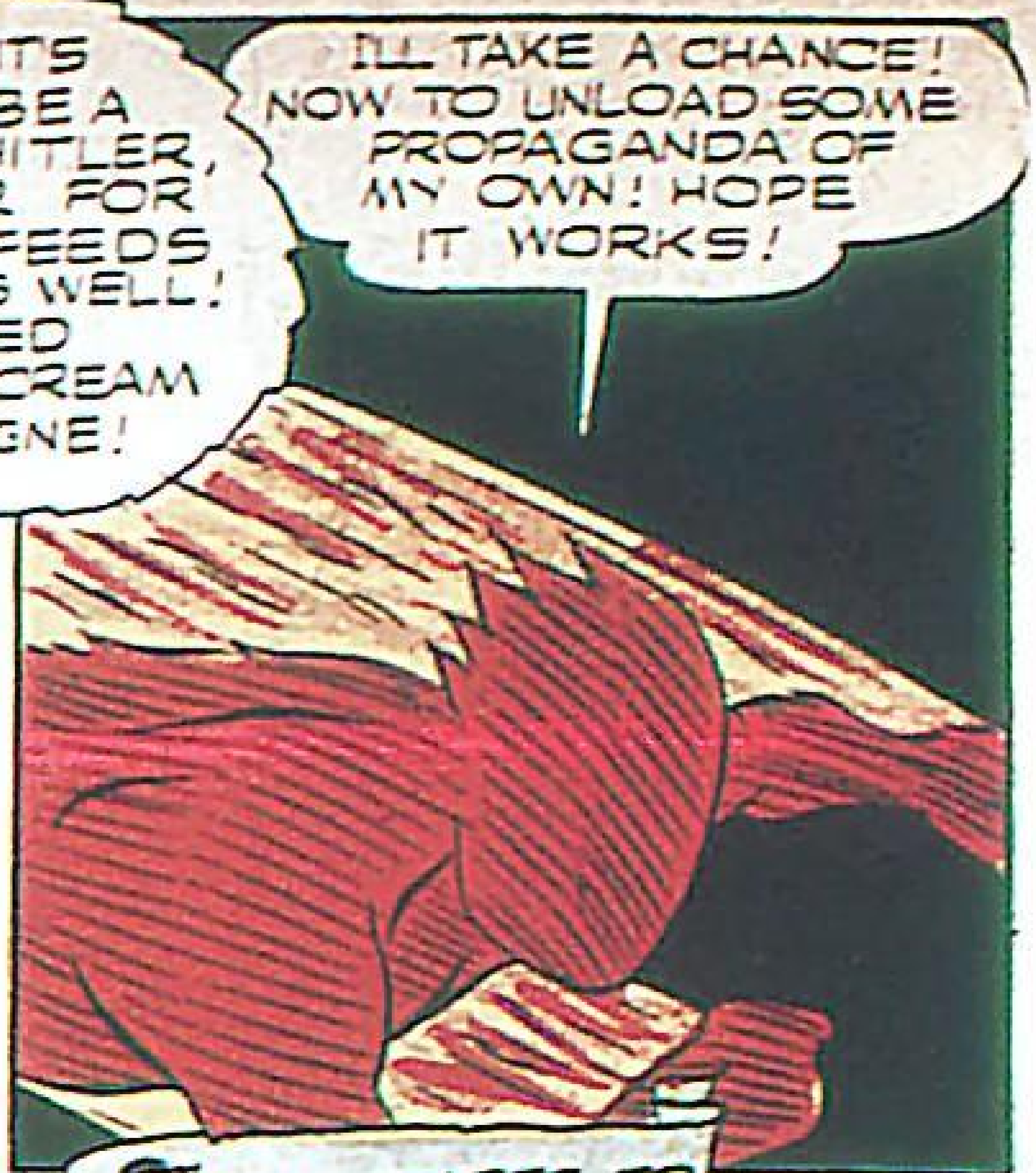

THE SUB MARINER TWIRLS THE CONTROLS OF A GIGANTIC TURBINE, AND, AS THE GREAT WHEEL SPINS, A WHIRLPOOL FORMS, RISING AT A TERRIFIC RATE!
BET THEY NEVER EXPECTED A RECEPTION LIKE THIS!
UP ROARS THE SPINNING VORTEX OF WATER, LITERALLY SNATCHING TORCH AND TORO OUT OF THE SKY!
HEY... WHAT'S GOING ON?
GLUB! GLUB!
HERE THEY COME! SOLDIERS! STOP THE MACHINE!
TORCH AND TORO ARE TAKEN TO AN UNDERGROUND CHAMBER, WHERE THEY REVIVE TO BEHOLD AN UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT!!
LOOK AT HIM! HE THINKS HE'S MUSSOLINI! HAW! HAW!
WHAT THE?

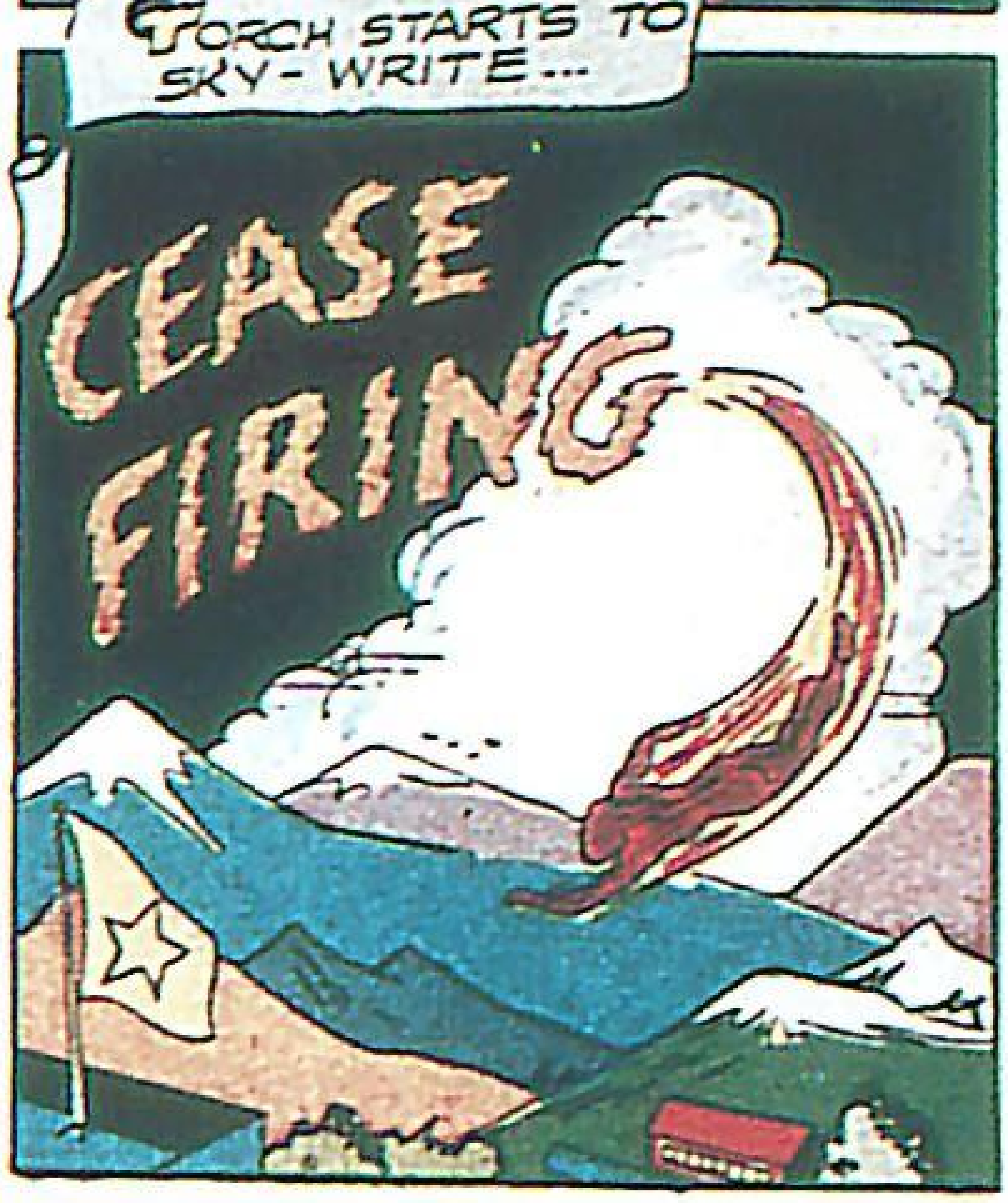

WITH A BOUND, THE SUB-MARINER CROSSES THE ROOM AND VENTS HIS RAGE ON THE BOY!
LAUGH AT ME... WILL YOU?
YEOW!
NO MORE OF YOUR IMPUDENCE! YOU ARE NOW ADDRESSING THE FUTURE DICTATOR OF THE WORLD!
BUT AT THIS MOMENT, RATHIA ENTERS...
YOU HEARD ME--- DICTATOR! AND IF YOU TWO TAG ALONG WITH ME, I'LL GRANT YOU IMPORTANT ROLES IN THE NEW ORDER!
HUM!
I'LL HUMOR THE DOPE!
SOUNDS INTERESTING! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?
IT'S QUITE SIMPLE...
DON'T TELL HIM, SUB-MARINER! I DON'T TRUST HIM OR THAT BRAT!
AH! SO THAT'S THE REASON FOR HIS DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR!
DON'T BE SILLY, DARLING!
I CAN TRUST THEM BOTH... ALTHOUGH THE KID GETS FRESH ONCE IN A WHILE.. NOW TORCH, WHAT I INTEND TO DO...
FIRST I'M GOING TO KNOCK RUSSIA AND GERMANY OUT OF THE BOX, FOR THEY OWN THE BIGGEST ARMIES! YOU OUGHT TO SEE MY SECRET WEAPONS! THAT BUSINESS ON THE DNIESTER WAS JUST A TEST!
ENRAGED, THE TORCH LOSES HIS HEAD!
YOU ALWAYS WERE A COLD FISH! MAYBE, I CAN WARM YOU UP!
?

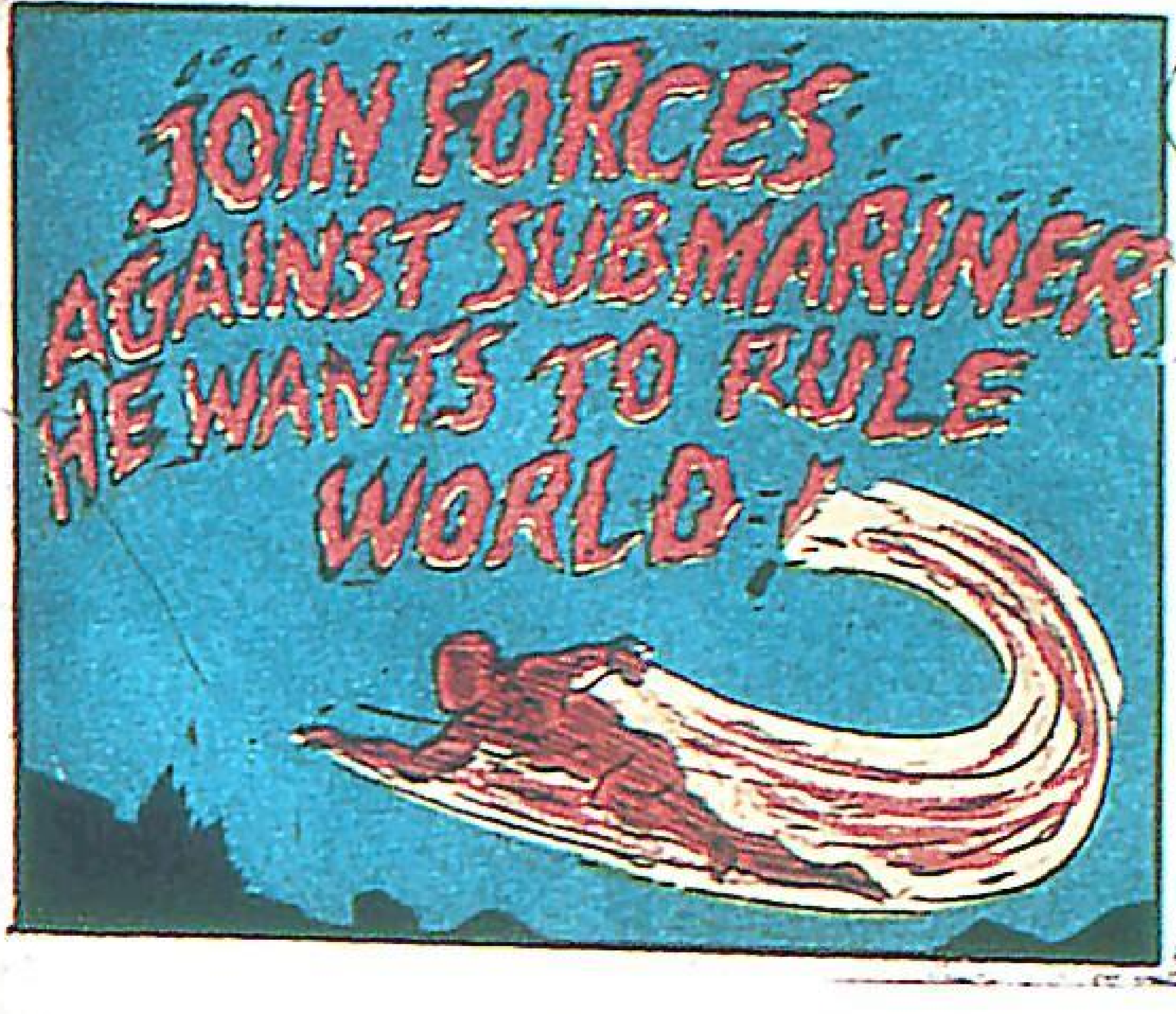

TORCH AND TORO ATTACK SUB MARINER. RATHIA'S HAND PRESSES A BUTTON.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TREAT HOT-HEADS!
THE CEILING OPENS, ADMITTING TONS OF WATER!
GOOD WORK, RATHIA!
COOLER, NOW, BOYS?
?
LUNGS, ALMOST BURSTING, TORCH LAUNCHES HIMSELF UPWARD IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO ESCAPE THE PRESSING WATERS!
THEY NEVER DID LIKE A BATH! HA! HA!
HOW THEY FLOUNDER! MOST AMUSING!
HOPE THE KID'S FOLLOWING ME!
BEFORE LAPSING INTO OBLIVION, TORO MAKES A LAST MOVE TO PREVENT RATHIA FROM CLOSING THE CEILING!
LET GO OF MY HAND. LET GO
RATHIA REACHES THE BUTTON AND THE CEILING CLOSES.. TOO LATE!
JUST MADE IT!

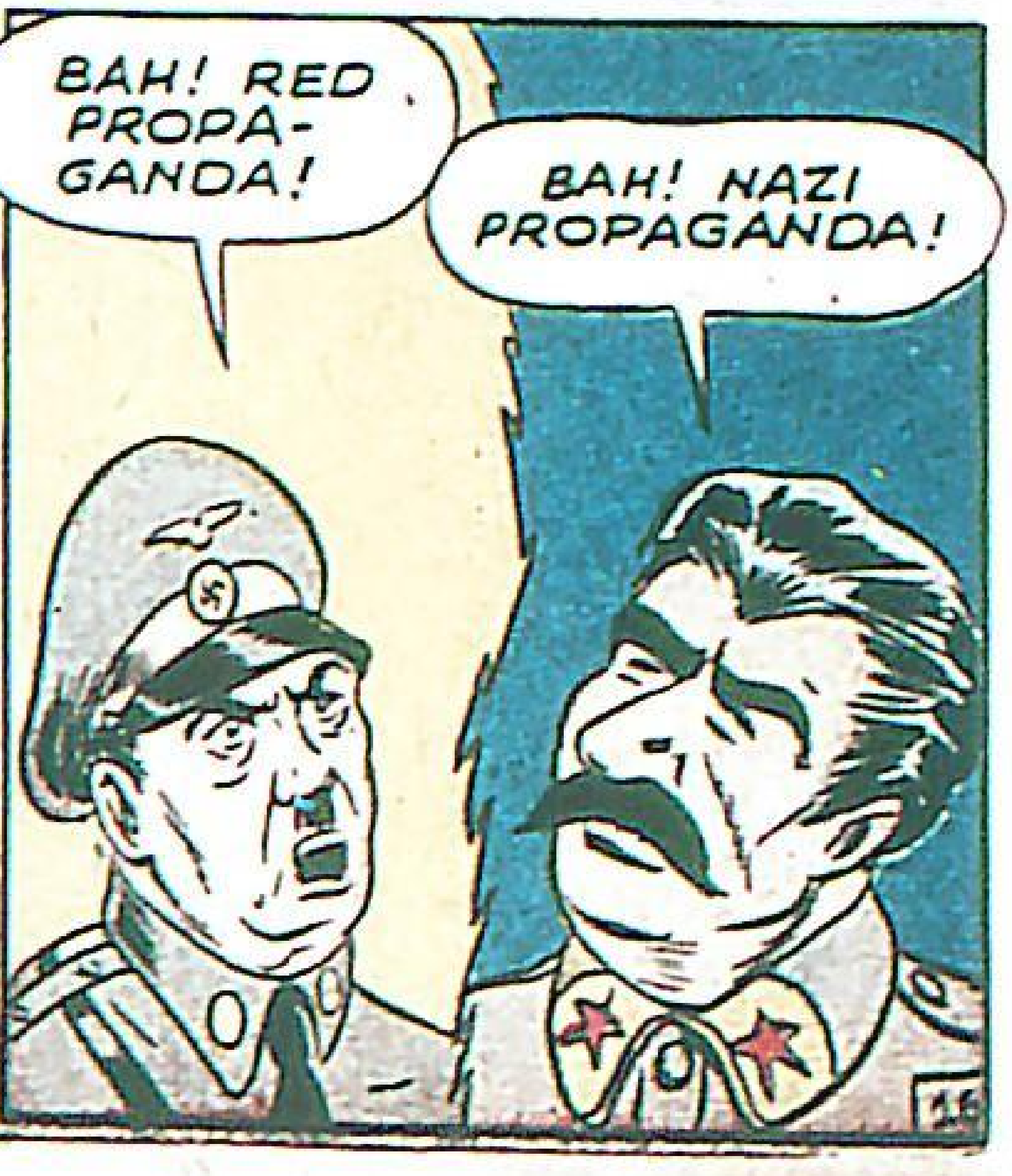

LATHIA OPENS THE CEILING AGAIN TO PERMIT SUB MARINER TO CHASE THE TORCH!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
DON'T. WORRY... I'LL GET HIM! REVIVE THE KID, AND TOSS HIM INTO A DUNGEON! WE MAY BE ABLE TO USE HIM, LATER!
TORCH HAVING REACHED THE SURFACE SAFELY, HOVERS OVER THE WATER
HOPE SUB MARINER COMES AFTER ME! HAVE I GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIM!
AH! THERE YOU ARE! C'MON DOWN AND... HEY! THIS WATER'S GETTING WARM!
AS TORCH ENCIRCLES SUB MARINER, THE TERRIFIC HEAT FROM HIS BODY CAUSES THE WATER TO BUBBLE AND STEAM!
WOW! I'M BOILING!
IS YOUR FACE RED?
SUB MARINER DIVES FOR COOLER WATER!
AH! THIS IS BETTER! I FEEL AS IF I GOT A BAD CASE OF SUNBURN! I'LL SQUARE THIS ACCOUNT WITH TORCH, LATER!
HOPE THEY REVIVE THE KID! THEY BETTER! IF I KNOW SUB MARINER, HE'LL HOLD TORO AS HOSTAGE! BUT, I CAN'T ATTEMPT A RESCUE, NOW! THE FATE OF MILLIONS DEPENDS ON HOW FAST I WARN THEM!

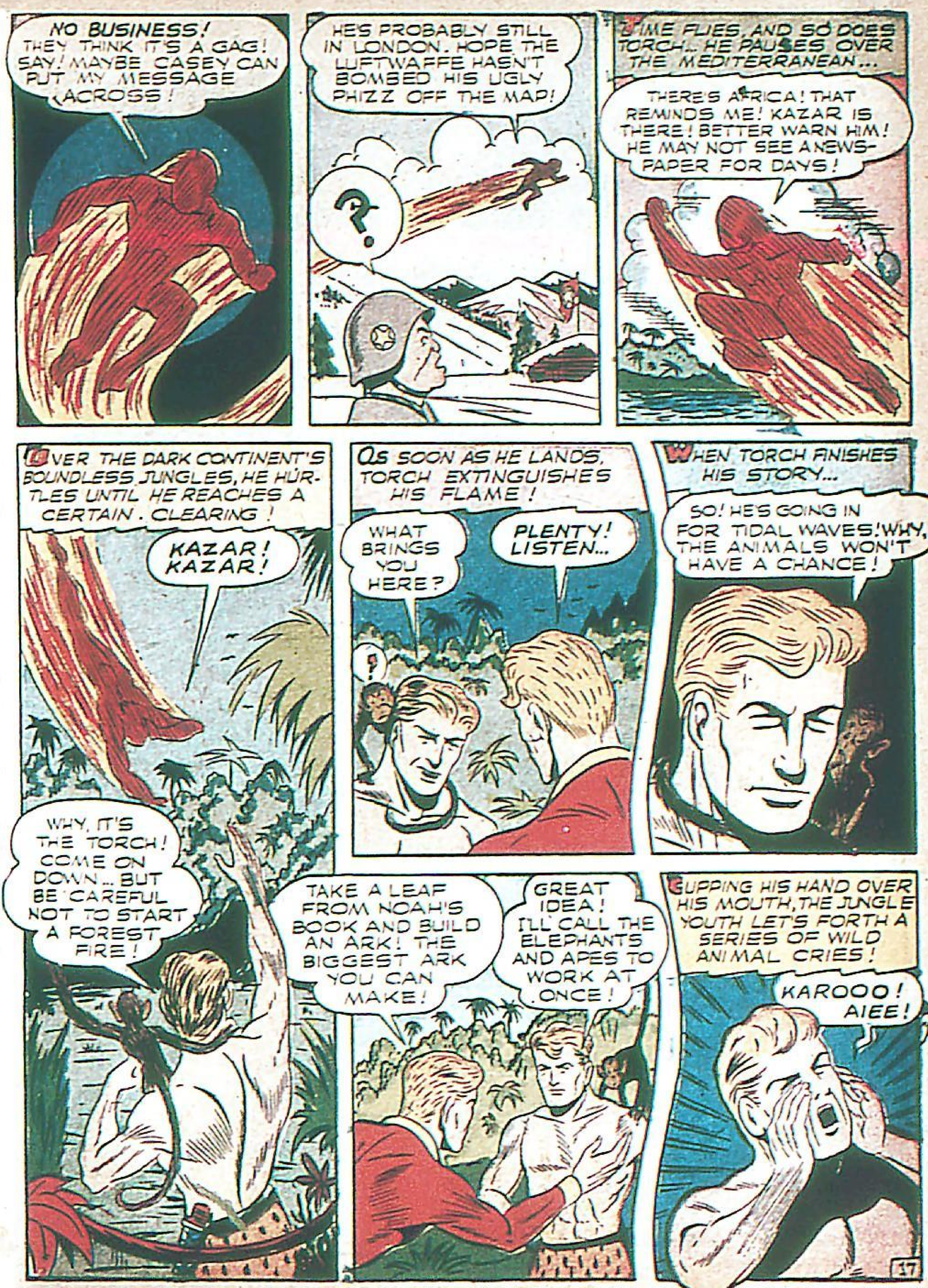

ROCKETED BY HIS FLAME TORCH REACHES THE STALIN LINE, WHERE HE DISCOVERS A LULL IN THE SHOOTING... BUT NO LULL IN THE WAR OF WORDS!
SURRENDER! IT'S BETTER TO BE A PRISONER OF HITLER, THAN A FIGHTER FOR STALIN! HITLER FEEDS HIS PRISONERS WELL! STEAK, MASHED POTATOES, ICE CREAM AND CHAMPAGNE!
AH! THE BATTLE OF BULL! WONDER IF HITLER AND STALIN ARE VISITING THIS FRONT? IT'S SAFE ENOUGH!
NERTSKY TO YOU!

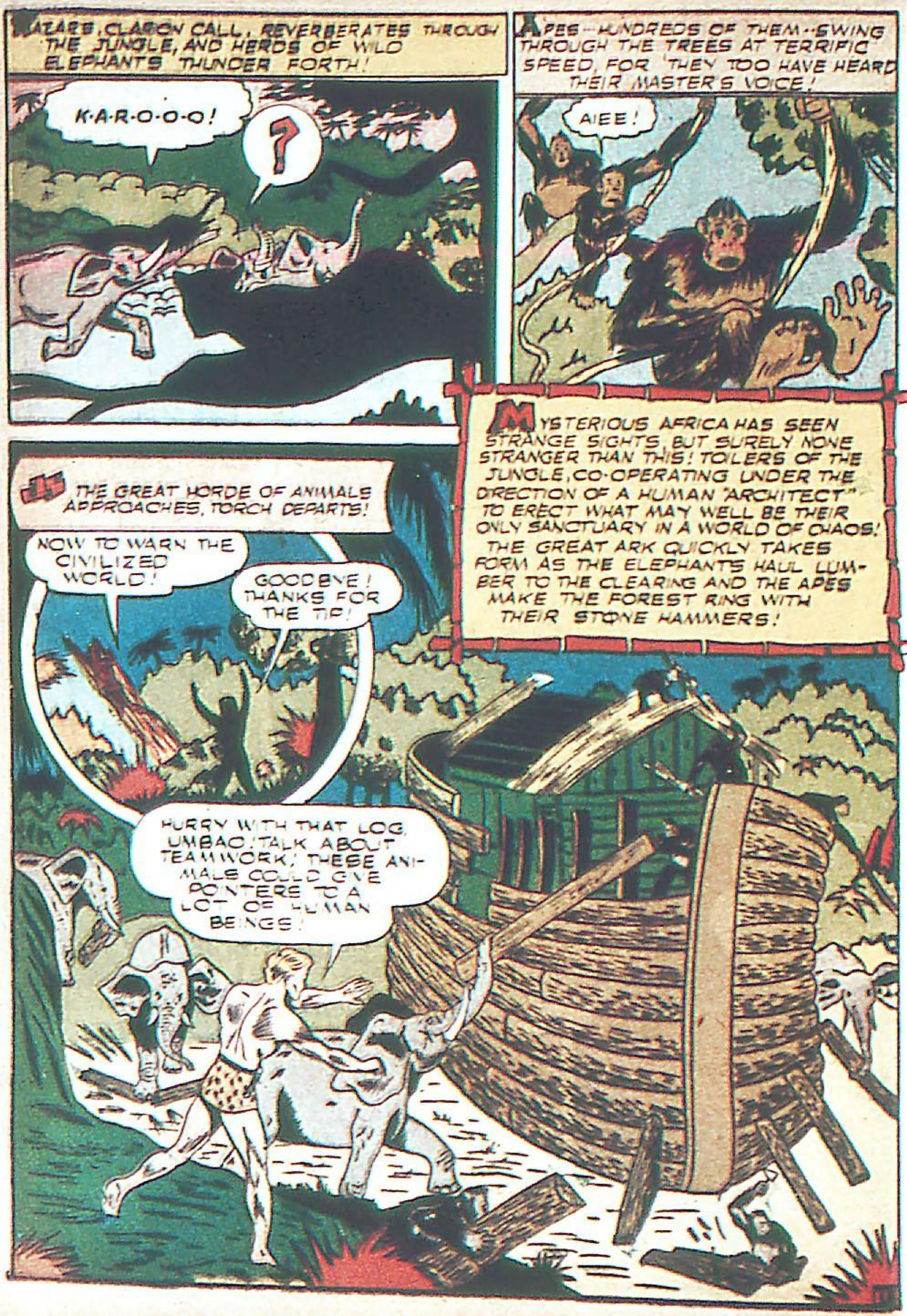

I'LL TAKE A CHANCE! NOW TO UNLOAD SOME PROPAGANDA OF MY OWN! HOPE IT WORKS!

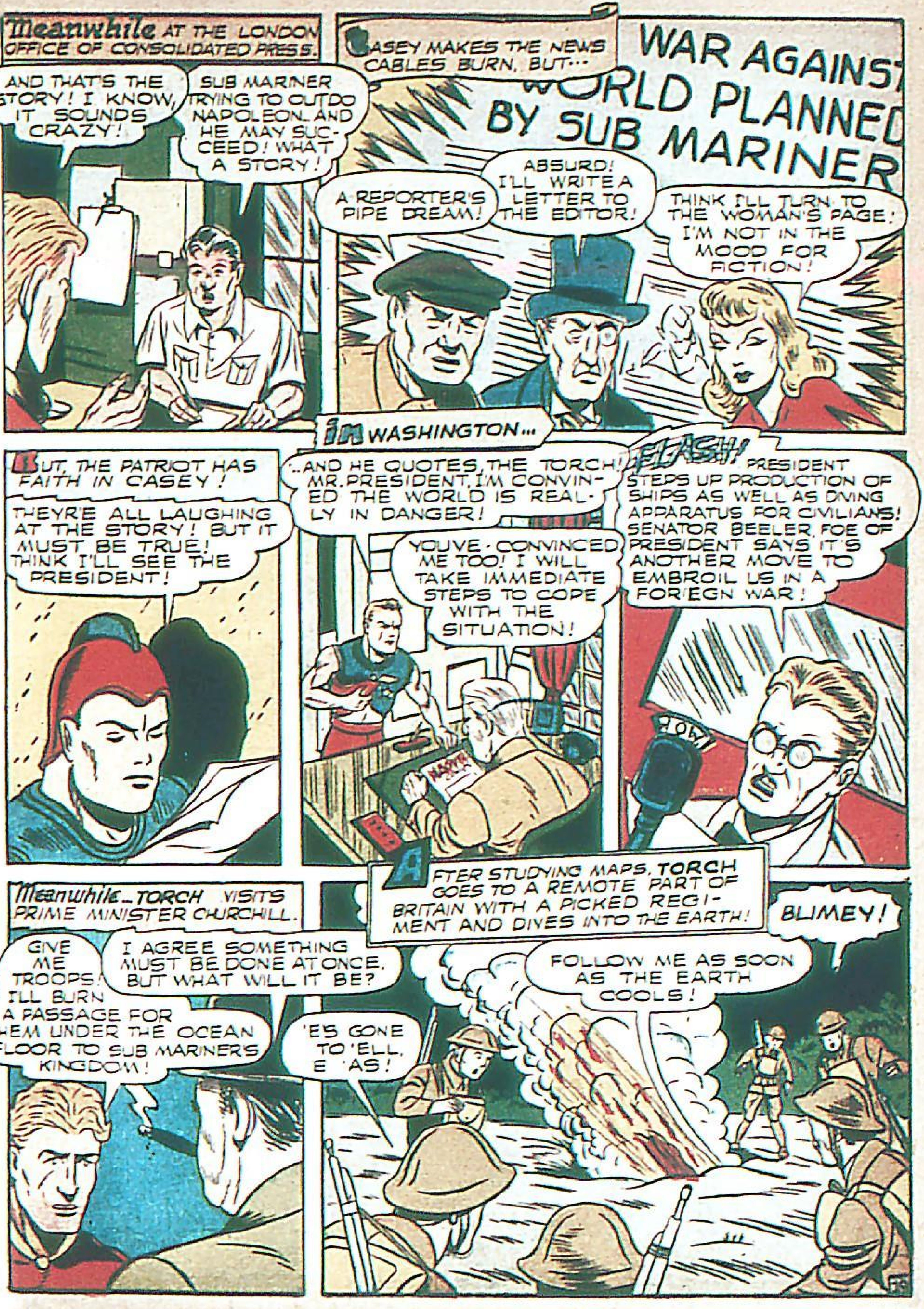

TORCH STARTS TO SKY-WRITE...
CEASE FIRING

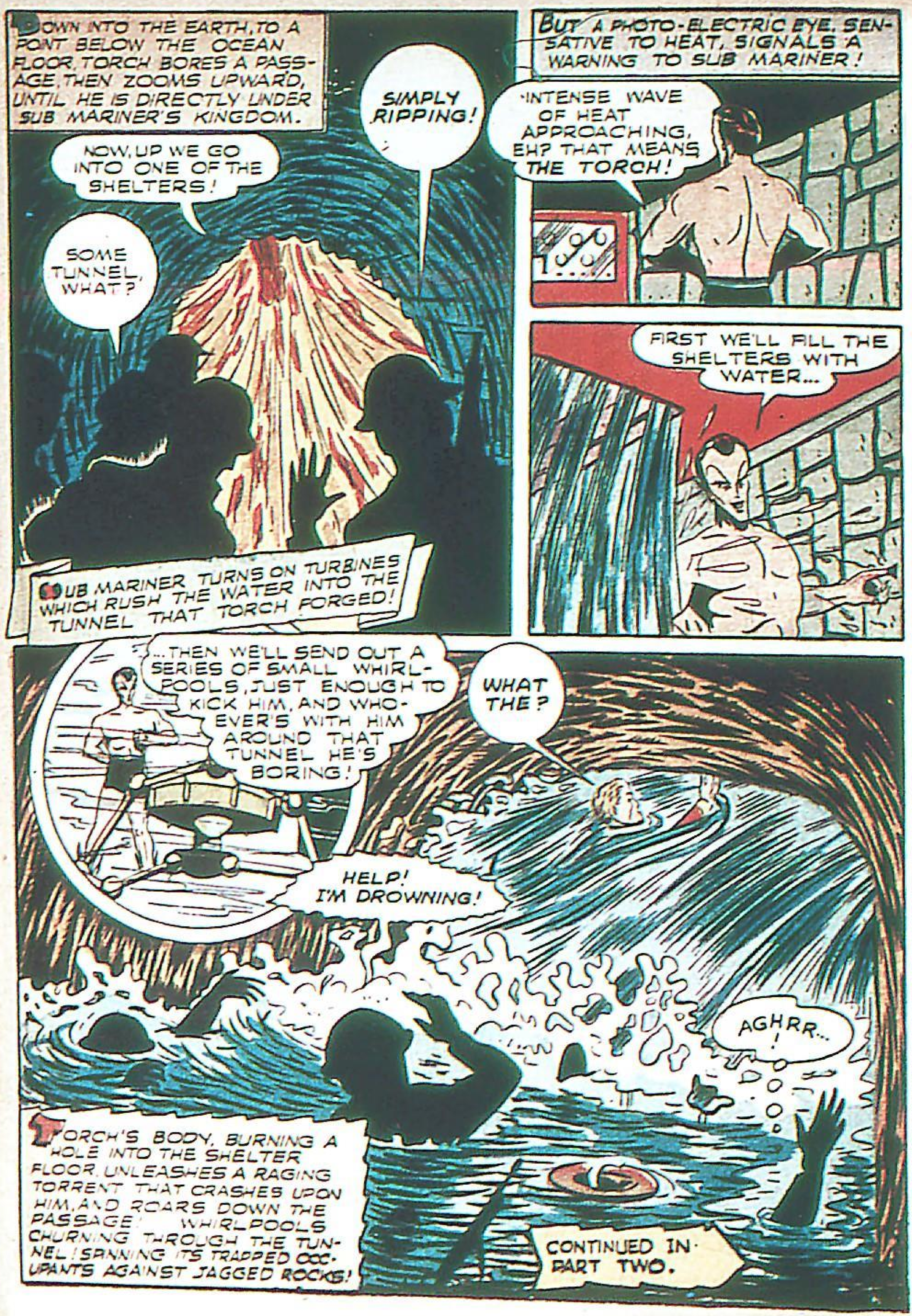

JOIN FORCES AGAINST SUBMARINER HE WANTS TO RULE WORLD!

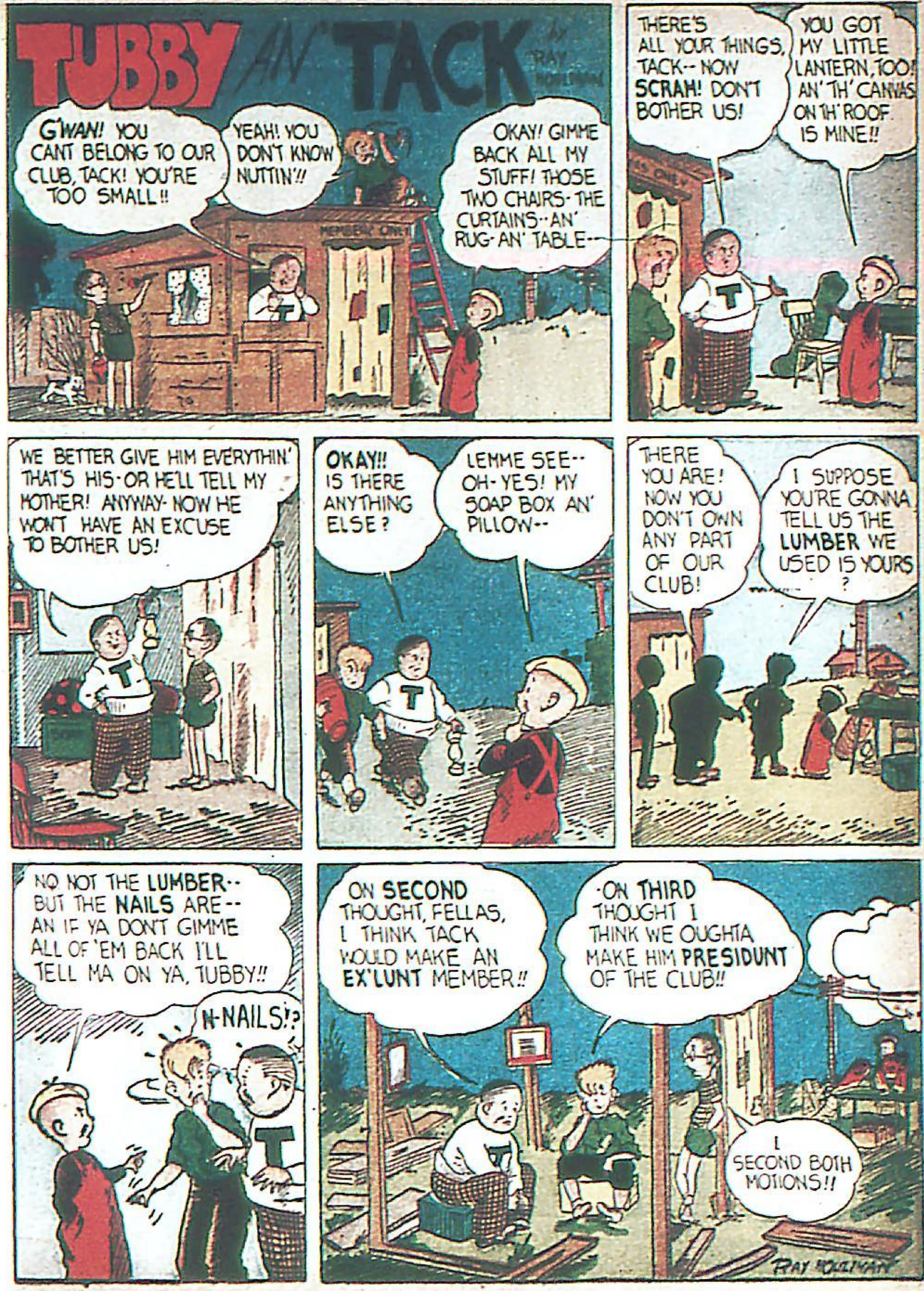

BAH! RED PROPA-GANDA!
BAH! NAZI PROPAGANDA!

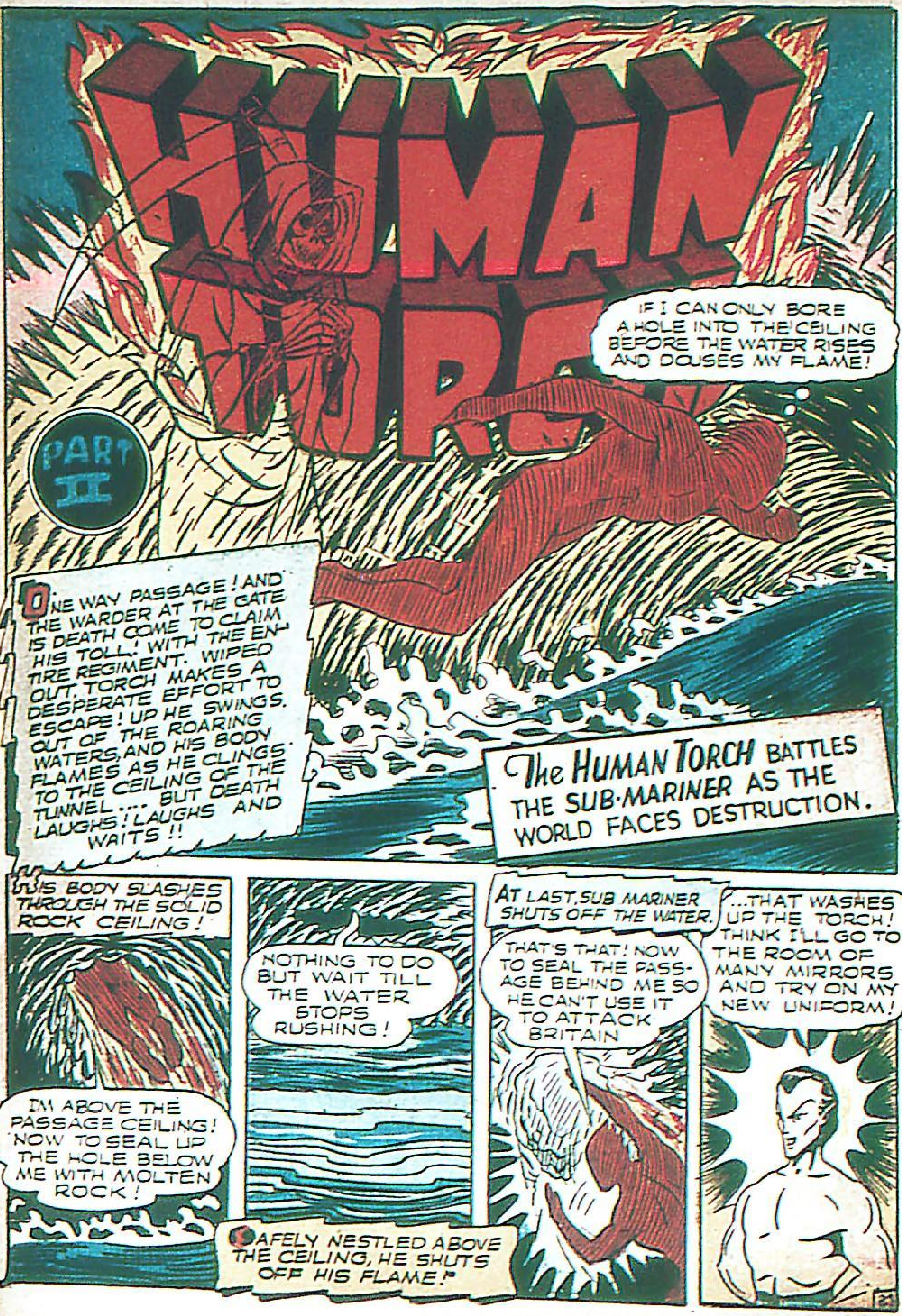

NO BUSINESS! THEY THINK IT'S A GAG! SAY! MAYBE CASEY CAN PUT MY MESSAGE ACROSS!
HE'S PROBABLY STILL IN LONDON. HOPE THE LUFTWAFFE HASN'T BOMBED HIS UGLY PHIZZ OFF THE MAP!
?
TIME FLIES, AND SO DOES TORCH.. HE PAUSES OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN...
THERE'S AFRICA! THAT REMINDS ME! KAZAR IS THERE! BETTER WARN HIM! HE MAY NOT SEE A NEWSPAPER FOR DAYS!
OVER THE DARK CONTINENT'S BOUNDLESS JUNGLES, HE HURTLES UNTIL HE REACHES A CERTAIN. CLEARING!
KAZAR! KAZAR!
WHY, IT'S THE TORCH! COME ON DOWN... BUT BE CAREFUL NOT TO START A FOREST FIRE!
AS SOON AS HE LANDS, TORCH EXTINGUISHES HIS FLAME!
WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
PLENTY! LISTEN...
!
WHEN TORCH FINISHES HIS STORY...
SO! HE'S GOING IN FOR TIDAL WAVES! WHY, THE ANIMALS WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!
TAKE A LEAF FROM NOAH'S BOOK AND BUILD AN ARK! THE BIGGEST ARK YOU CAN MAKE!
GREAT IDEA! I'LL CALL THE ELEPHANTS AND APES TO WORK AT ONCE!
CUPPING HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUTH, THE JUNGLE YOUTH LET'S FORTH A SERIES OF WILD ANIMAL CRIES!
KAROOO! AIEE!

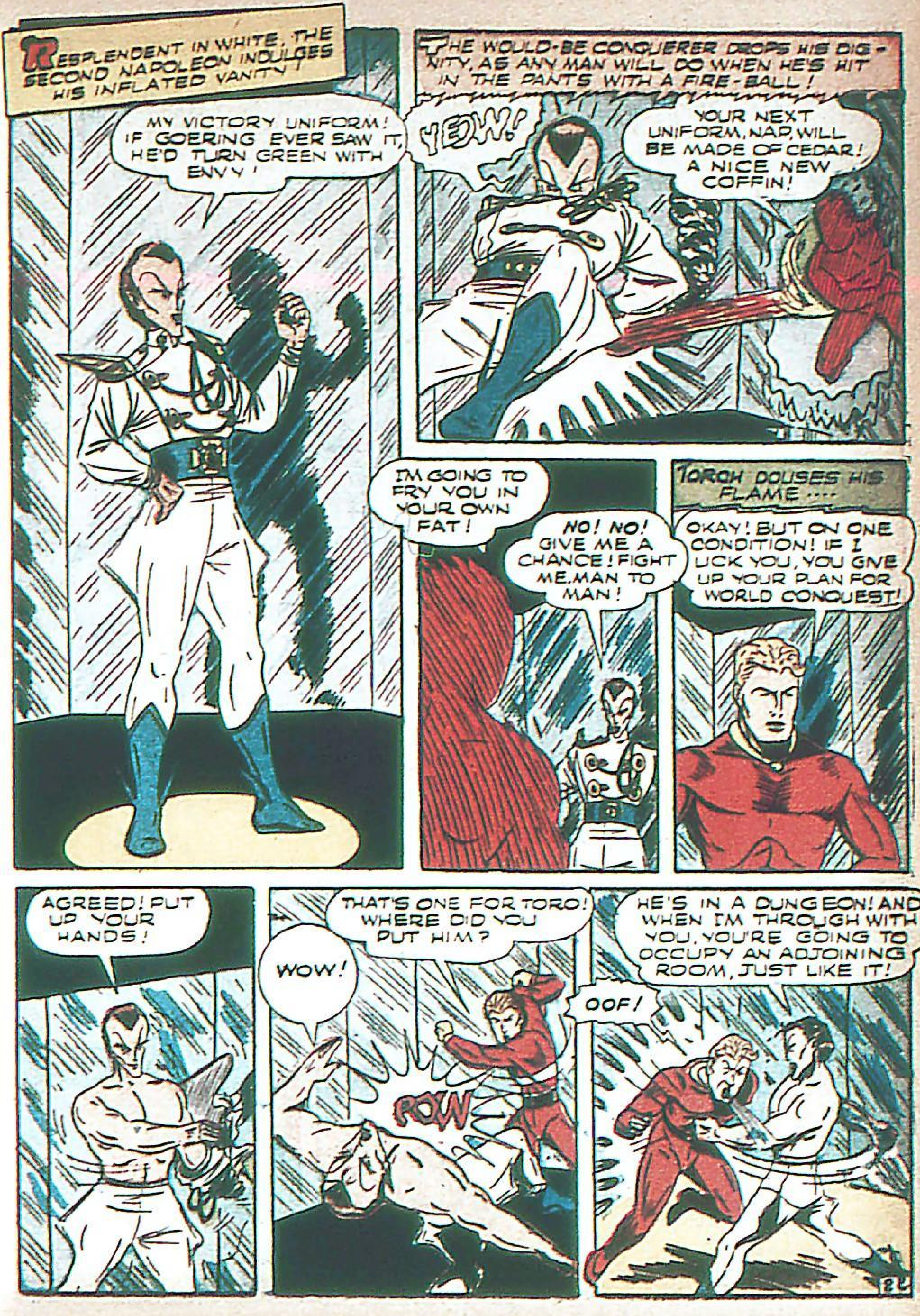

KAZAR'S CLARION CALL, REVERBERATES THROUGH THE JUNGLE, AND HERDS OF WILD ELEPHANTS THUNDER FORTH!
K-A-R-O-O-O-O!
?
APES--HUNDREDS OF THEM--SWING THROUGH THE TREES AT TERRIFIC SPEED, FOR THEY TOO HAVE HEARD THEIR MASTER'S VOICE!
AIEE!
MYSTERIOUS AFRICA HAS SEEN STRANGE SIGHTS, BUT SURELY NONE STRANGER THAN THIS! TOILERS OF THE JUNGLE, CO-OPERATING UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A HUMAN "ARCHITECT" TO ERECT WHAT MAY WELL BE THEIR ONLY SANCTUARY IN A WORLD OF CHAOS! THE GREAT ARK QUICKLY TAKES FORM AS THE ELEPHANTS HAUL LUMBER TO THE CLEARING AND THE APES MAKE THE FOREST RING WITH THEIR STONE HAMMERS!
AS THE GREAT HORDE OF ANIMALS APPROACHES, TORCH DEPARTS!
NOW TO WARN THE CIVILIZED WORLD!
GOODBYE! THANKS FOR THE TIP!
HURRY WITH THAT LOG, UMBAO! TALK ABOUT TEAMWORK, THESE ANIMALS COULD GIVE POINTERS TO A LOT OF HUMAN BEINGS!

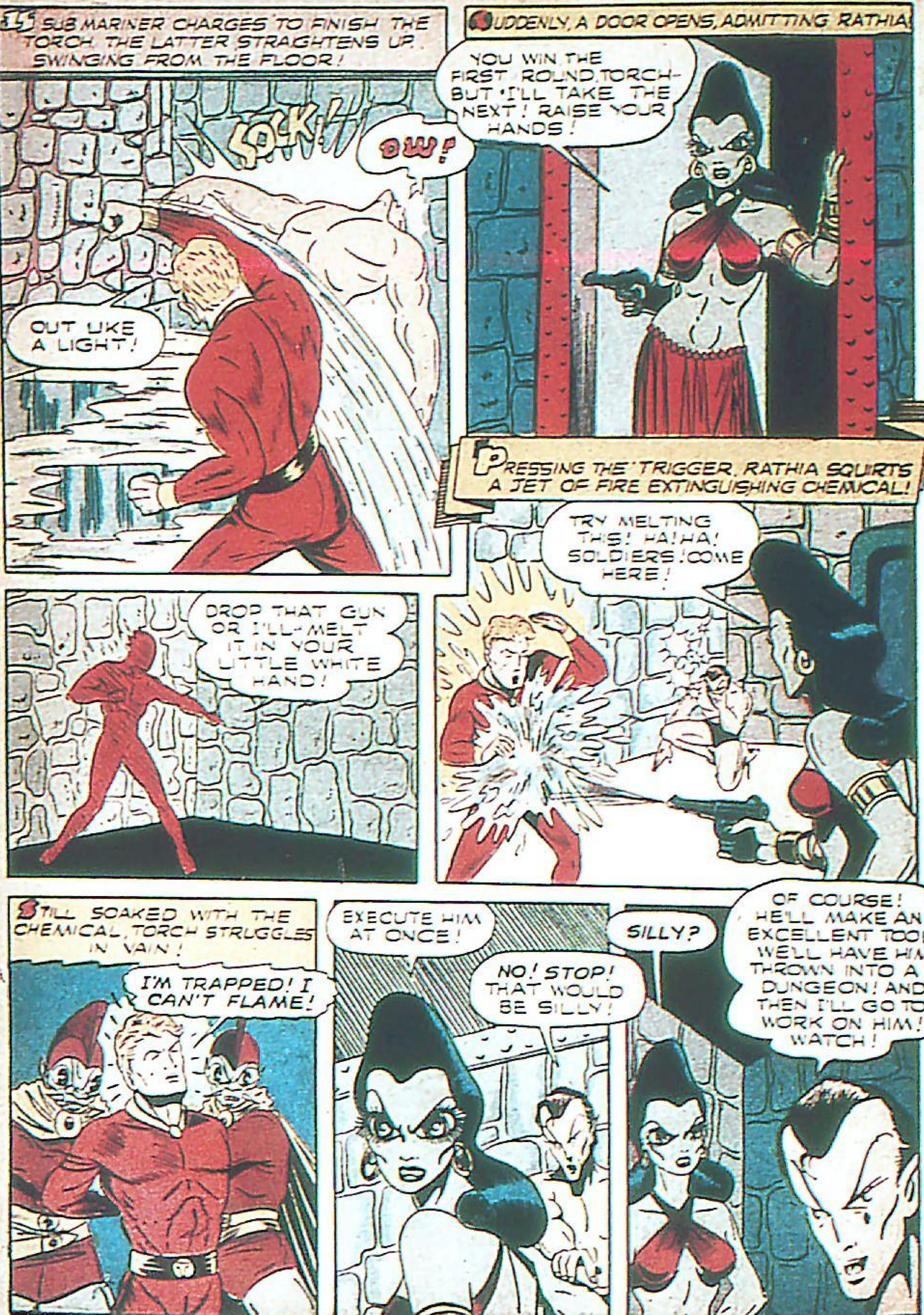

Meanwhile AT THE LONDON OFFICE OF CONSOLIDATED PRESS.
AND THAT'S THE STORY! I KNOW, IT SOUNDS CRAZY!
SUB MARINER TRYING TO OUTDO NAPOLEON, AND HE MAY SUCCEED! WHAT A STORY!
CASEY MAKES THE NEWS CABLES BURN, BUT...
WAR AGAINST WORLD PLANNED BY SUB MARINER
A REPORTER'S PIPE DREAM!
ABSURD! I'LL WRITE A LETTER TO THE EDITOR!
THINK I'LL TURN TO THE WOMAN'S PAGE! I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR FICTION!
IN WASHINGTON...
BUT, THE PATRIOT HAS FAITH IN CASEY!
THEY'RE ALL LAUGHING AT THE STORY! BUT IT MUST BE TRUE! THINK I'LL SEE THE PRESIDENT!
...AND HE QUOTES THE TORCH! MR. PRESIDENT, I'M CONVINCED THE WORLD IS REALLY IN DANGER!
YOU'VE CONVINCED ME TOO! I WILL TAKE IMMEDIATE STEPS TO COPE WITH THE SITUATION!
FLASH! PRESIDENT STEPS UP PRODUCTION OF SHIPS AS WELL AS DIVING APPARATUS FOR CIVILIANS! SENATOR BEELER, FOE OF PRESIDENT SAYS IT'S ANOTHER MOVE TO EMBROIL US IN A FOREIGN WAR!
Meanwhile... TORCH VISITS PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL.
GIVE ME TROOPS! I'LL BURN A PASSAGE FOR THEM UNDER THE OCEAN FLOOR TO SUB MARINER'S KINGDOM!
I AGREE SOMETHING MUST BE DONE AT ONCE, BUT WHAT WILL IT BE?
AFTER STUDYING MAPS, TORCH GOES TO A REMOTE PART OF BRITAIN WITH A PICKED REGIMENT AND DIVES INTO THE EARTH!
BLIMEY!
FOLLOW ME AS SOON AS THE EARTH COOLS!
'E'S GONE TO 'ELL, E 'AS!

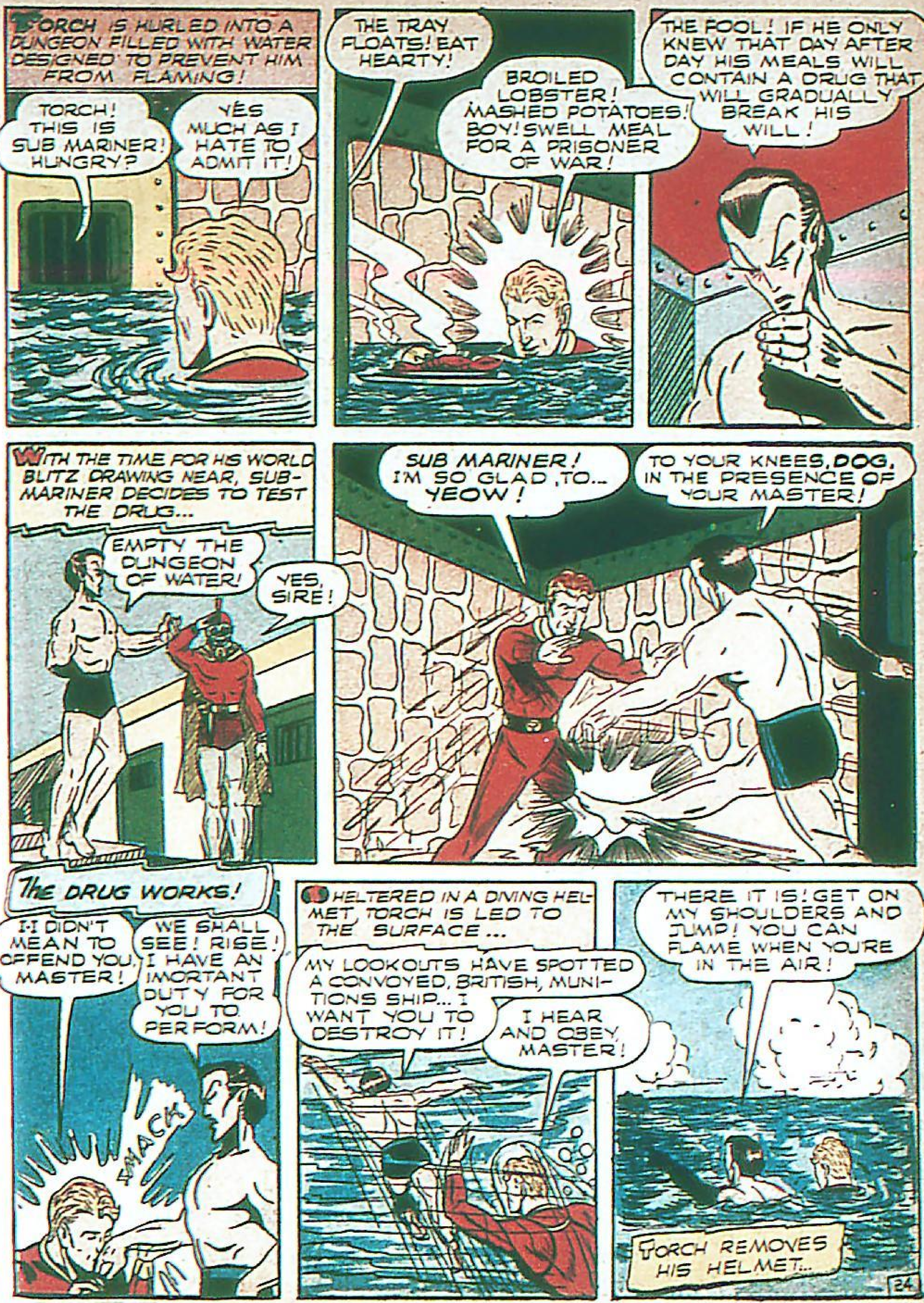

DOWN INTO THE EARTH, TO A POINT BELOW THE OCEAN FLOOR, TORCH BORES A PASSAGE, THEN ZOOMS UPWARD, UNTIL HE IS DIRECTLY UNDER SUB MARINER'S KINGDOM.
SIMPLY RIPPING!
NOW, UP WE GO INTO ONE OF THE SHELTERS!
SOME TUNNEL, WHAT?
SUB MARINER TURNS ON TURBINES WHICH RUSH THE WATER INTO THE TUNNEL THAT TORCH FORGED!
BUT A PHOTO-ELECTRIC EYE, SENSATIVE TO HEAT, SIGNALS A WARNING TO SUB MARINER!
INTENSE WAVE OF HEAT APPROACHING, EH? THAT MEANS THE TORCH!
FIRST WE'LL FILL THE SHELTERS WITH WATER...
...THEN WE'LL SEND OUT A SERIES OF SMALL WHIRLPOOLS, JUST ENOUGH TO KICK HIM, AND WHOEVER'S WITH HIM AROUND THAT TUNNEL HE'S BORING!
WHAT THE?
HELP! I'M DROWNING!
AGHRR...!
TORCH'S BODY, BURNING A HOLE INTO THE SHELTER FLOOR, UNLEASHES A RAGING TORRENT THAT CRASHES UPON HIM, AND ROARS DOWN THE PASSAGE! WHIRLPOOLS CHURNING THROUGH THE TUNNEL! SPINNING ITS TRAPPED OCCUPANTS AGAINST JAGGED ROCKS!
CONTINUED IN PART TWO.

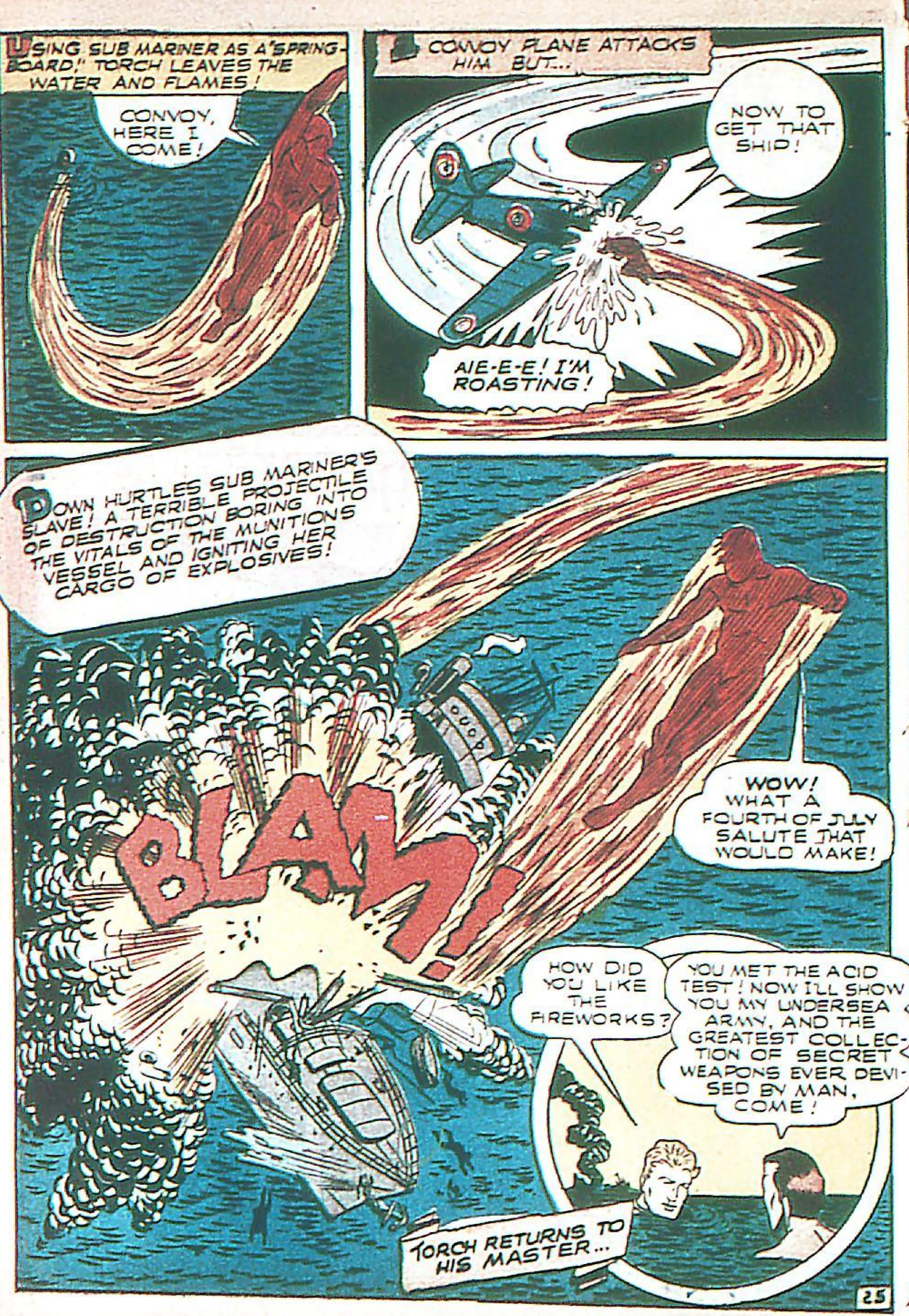

TUBBY AN' TACK
by RAY HOULIHAN
G'WAN! YOU CANT BELONG TO OUR CLUB, TACK! YOU'RE TOO SMALL!!
YEAH! YOU DON'T KNOW NUTTIN'!!
MEMBERS ONLY
OKAY! GIMME BACK ALL MY STUFF! THOSE TWO CHAIRS- THE CURTAINS-- AN' RUG- AN' TABLE--
THERE'S ALL YOUR THINGS, TACK-- NOW SCRAM! DON'T BOTHER US!
YOU GOT MY LITTLE LANTERN, TOO! AN' TH' CANVAS ON TH' ROOF IS MINE!!
WE BETTER GIVE HIM EVERYTHIN' THAT'S HIS- OR HE'LL TELL MY MOTHER! ANYWAY- NOW HE WON'T HAVE AN EXCUSE TO BOTHER US!
OKAY!! IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE?
LEMME SEE-- OH- YES! MY SOAP BOX AN' PILLOW--
THERE YOU ARE! NOW YOU DON'T OWN ANY PART OF OUR CLUB!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GONNA TELL US THE LUMBER WE USED IS YOURS?
NO, NOT THE LUMBER-- BUT THE NAILS ARE-- AN IF YA DON'T GIMME ALL OF 'EM BACK I'LL TELL MA ON YA, TUBBY!!
N-NAILS!?
ON SECOND THOUGHT, FELLAS, I THINK TACK WOULD MAKE AN EX'LUNT MEMBER!!
-ON THIRD THOUGHT I THINK WE OUGHTA MAKE HIM PRESIDUNT OF THE CLUB!!
I SECOND BOTH MOTIONS!!
RAY HOULIHAN

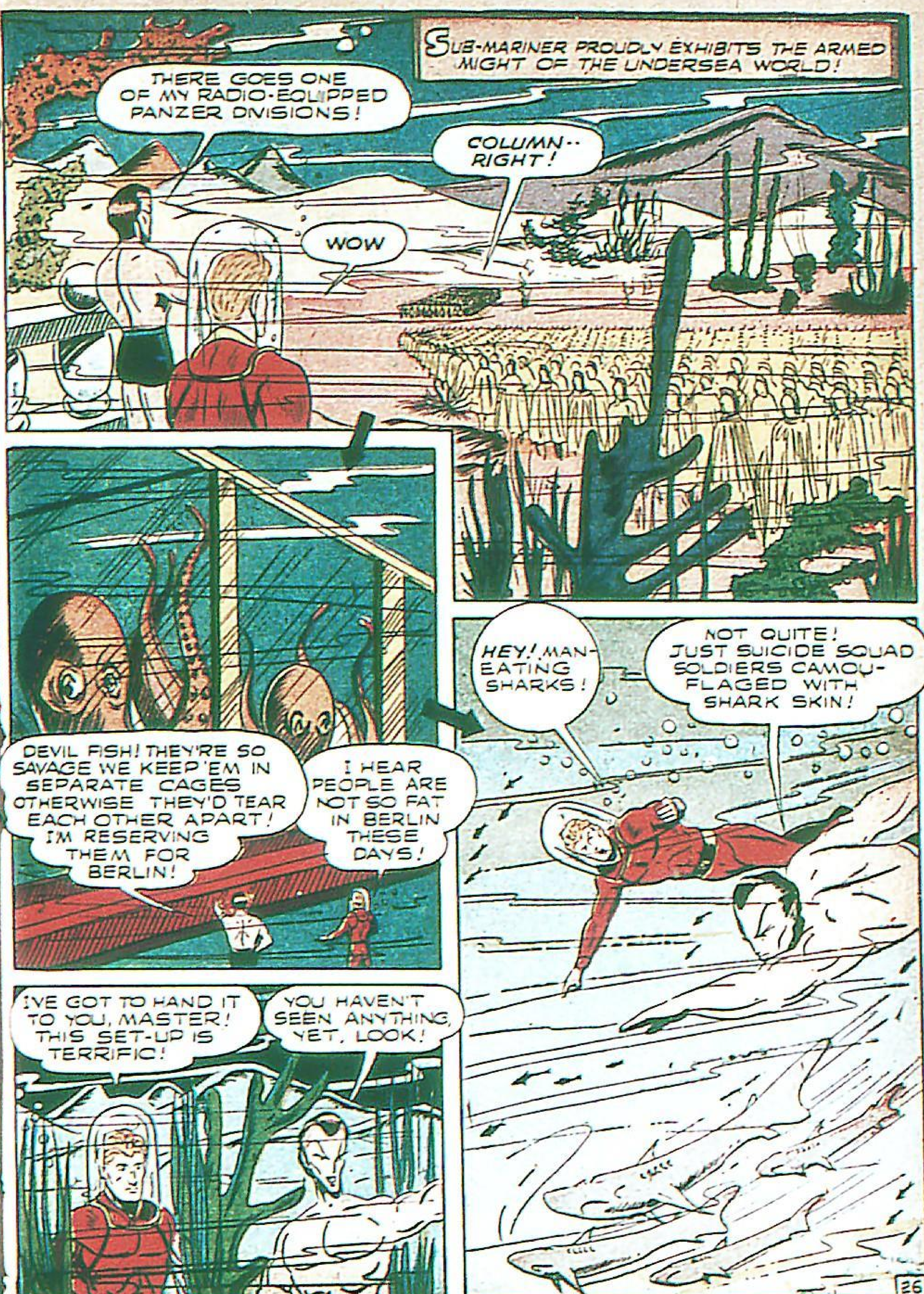

HUMAN TORCH
PART II
IF I CAN ONLY BORE A HOLE INTO THE CEILING BEFORE THE WATER RISES AND DOUSES MY FLAME!
ONE WAY PASSAGE! AND THE WARDER AT THE GATE IS DEATH COME TO CLAIM HIS TOLL! WITH THE ENTIRE REGIMENT. WIPED OUT. TORCH MAKES A DESPERATE EFFORT TO ESCAPE! UP HE SWINGS. OUT OF THE ROARING WATERS, AND HIS BODY FLAMES AS HE CLINGS TO THE CEILING OF THE TUNNEL.... BUT DEATH LAUGHS! LAUGHS AND WAITS!!
The HUMAN TORCH BATTLES THE SUB-MARINER AS THE WORLD FACES DESTRUCTION.
HIS BODY SLASHES THROUGH THE SOLID ROCK CEILING!
I'M ABOVE THE PASSAGE CEILING! NOW TO SEAL UP THE HOLE BELOW ME WITH MOLTEN ROCK!
NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT TILL THE WATER STOPS RUSHING!
SAFELY NESTLED ABOVE THE CEILING, HE SHUTS OFF HIS FLAME!
AT LAST, SUB MARINER SHUTS OFF THE WATER.
THAT'S THAT! NOW TO SEAL THE PASSAGE BEHIND ME SO HE CAN'T USE IT TO ATTACK BRITAIN
...THAT WASHES UP THE TORCH! THINK I'LL GO TO THE ROOM OF MANY MIRRORS AND TRY ON MY NEW UNIFORM!

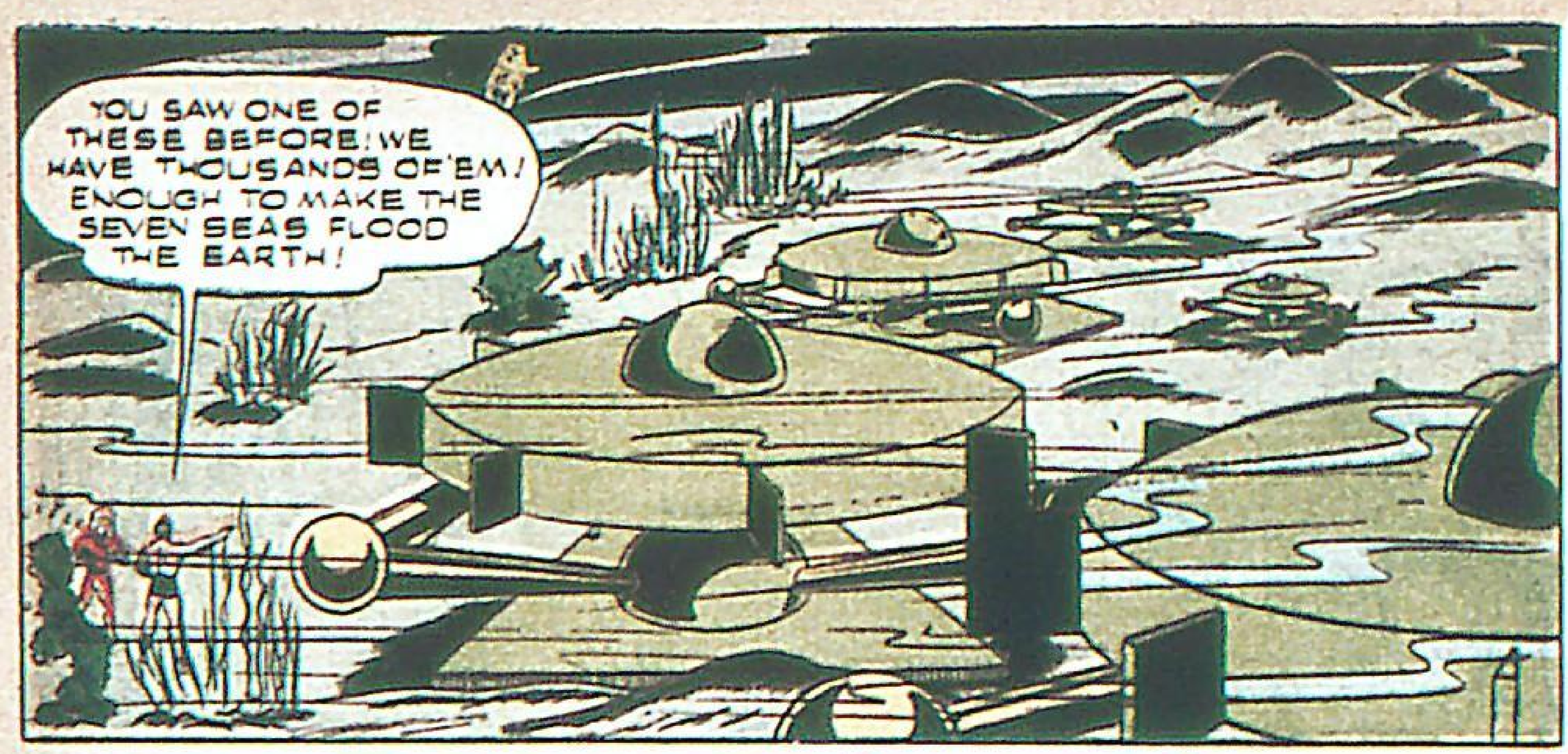

RESPLENDENT IN WHITE, THE SECOND NAPOLEON INDULGES HIS INFLATED VANITY!
MY VICTORY UNIFORM! IF GOERING EVER SAW IT, HE'D TURN GREEN WITH ENVY!
THE WOULD-BE CONQUERER DROPS HIS DIGNITY, AS ANY MAN WILL DO WHEN HE'S HIT IN THE PANTS WITH A FIRE-BALL!
YEOW!
YOUR NEXT UNIFORM, NAP, WILL BE MADE OF CEDAR! A NICE NEW COFFIN!
I'M GOING TO FRY YOU IN YOUR OWN FAT!
NO! NO! GIVE ME A CHANCE! FIGHT ME, MAN TO MAN!
TORCH DOUSES HIS FLAME....
OKAY! BUT ON ONE CONDITION! IF I LICK YOU, YOU GIVE UP YOUR PLAN FOR WORLD CONQUEST!
AGREED! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
THAT'S ONE FOR TORO! WHERE DID YOU PUT HIM?
WOW!
POW
HE'S IN A DUNGEON! AND WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'RE GOING TO OCCUPY AN ADJOINING ROOM, JUST LIKE IT!
OOF!

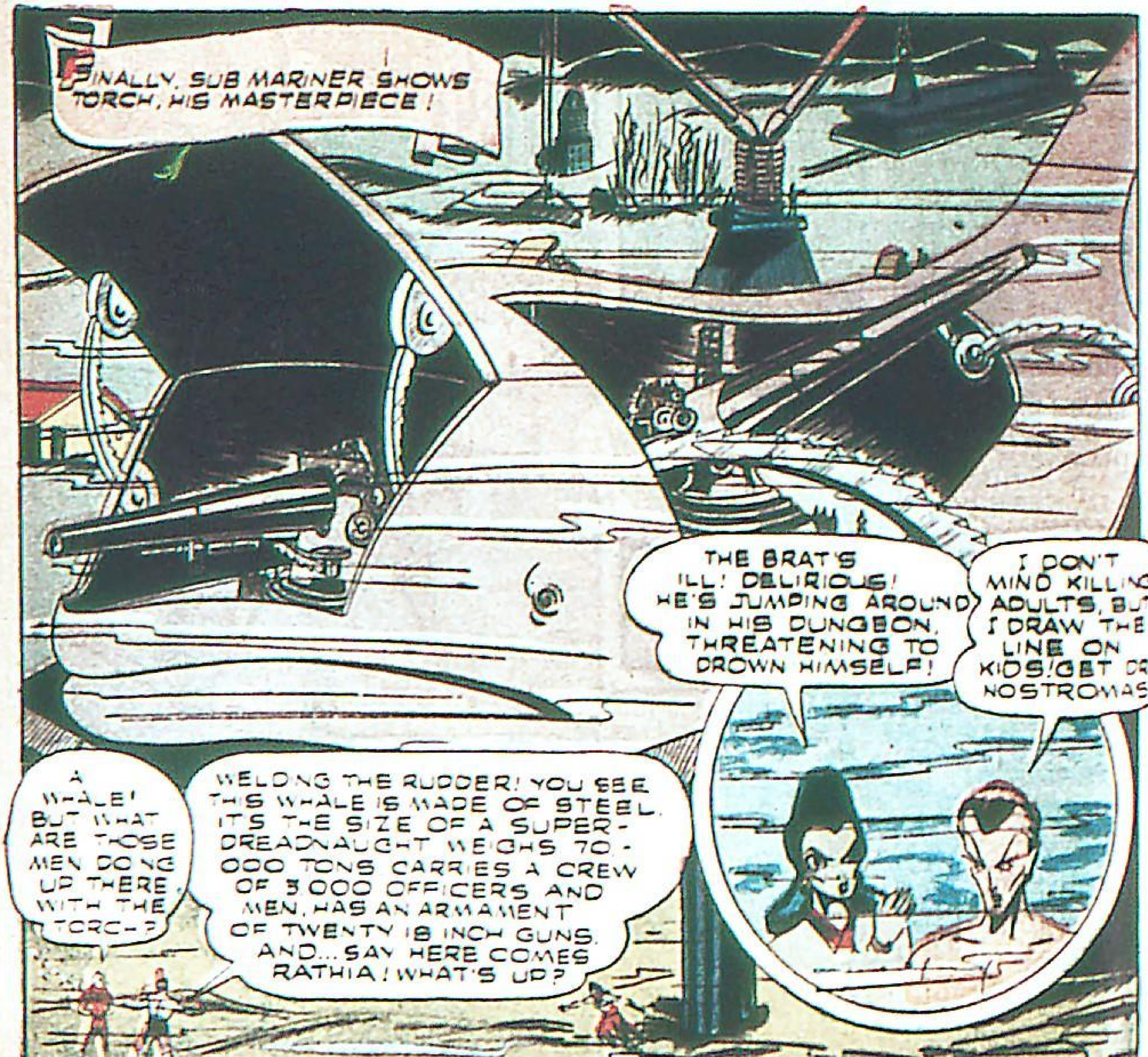

SUB MARINER CHARGES TO FINISH THE TORCH. THE LATTER STRAGHTENS UP, SWINGING FROM THE FLOOR!
SOCK!
OW!
OUT LIKE A LIGHT!
SUDDENLY, A DOOR OPENS, ADMITTING RATHIA!
YOU WIN THE FIRST ROUND, TORCH- BUT I'LL TAKE THE NEXT! RAISE YOUR HANDS!
DROP THAT GUN OR I'LL MELT IT IN YOUR LITTLE WHITE HAND!
PRESSING THE TRIGGER, RATHIA SQUIRTS A JET OF FIRE EXTINGUISHING CHEMICAL!
TRY MELTING THIS! HA! HA! SOLDIERS! COME HERE!
STILL SOAKED WITH THE CHEMICAL, TORCH STRUGGLES IN VAIN!
I'M TRAPPED! I CAN'T FLAME!
EXECUTE HIM AT ONCE!
NO! STOP! THAT WOULD BE SILLY!
SILLY?
OF COURSE! HE'LL MAKE AN EXCELLENT TOOL! WE'LL HAVE HIM THROWN INTO A DUNGEON! AND THEN I'LL GO TO WORK ON HIM! WATCH!

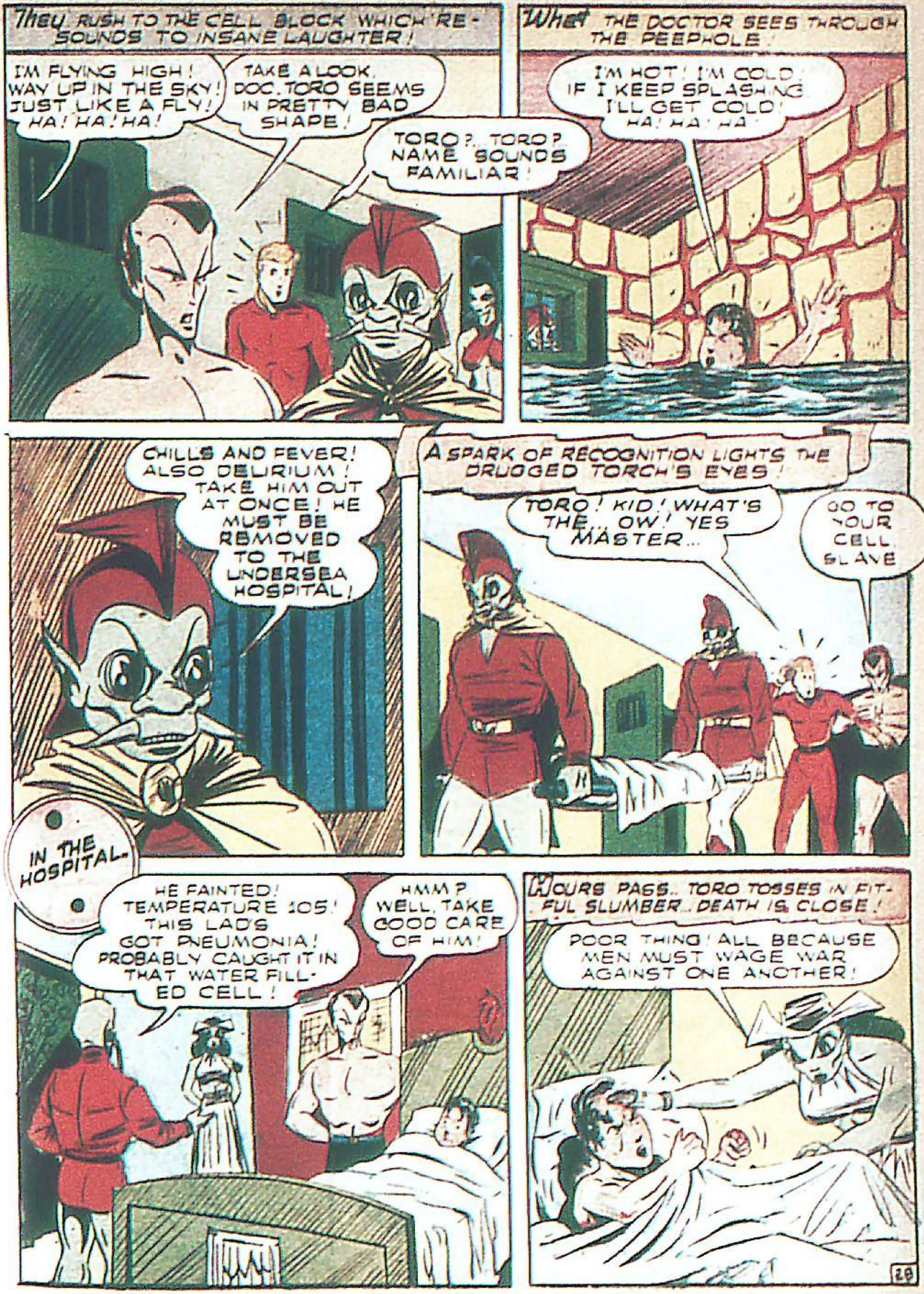

TORCH IS HURLED INTO A DUNGEON FILLED WITH WATER DESIGNED TO PREVENT HIM FROM FLAMING!
TORCH! THIS IS SUB MARINER! HUNGRY?
YES MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT!
THE TRAY FLOATS! EAT HEARTY!
BROILED LOBSTER! MASHED POTATOES! BOY! SWELL MEAL FOR A PRISONER OF WAR!
THE FOOL! IF HE ONLY KNEW THAT DAY AFTER DAY HIS MEALS WILL CONTAIN A DRUG THAT WILL GRADUALLY BREAK HIS WILL!
WITH THE TIME FOR HIS WORLD BLITZ DRAWING NEAR, SUB-MARINER DECIDES TO TEST THE DRUG...
EMPTY THE DUNGEON OF WATER!
YES, SIRE!
SUB MARINER! I'M SO GLAD, TO... YEOW!
TO YOUR KNEES, DOG, IN THE PRESENCE OF YOUR MASTER!
The DRUG WORKS!
I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO OFFEND YOU, MASTER!
WE SHALL SEE! RISE! I HAVE AN IMORTANT DUTY FOR YOU TO PERFORM!
SMACK
SHELTERED IN A DIVING HELMET, TORCH IS LED TO THE SURFACE...
MY LOOKOUTS HAVE SPOTTED A CONVOYED, BRITISH, MUNITIONS SHIP... I WANT YOU TO DESTROY IT!
I HEAR AND OBEY, MASTER!
THERE IT IS! GET ON MY SHOULDERS AND JUMP! YOU CAN FLAME WHEN YOU'RE IN THE AIR!
TORCH REMOVES HIS HELMET...

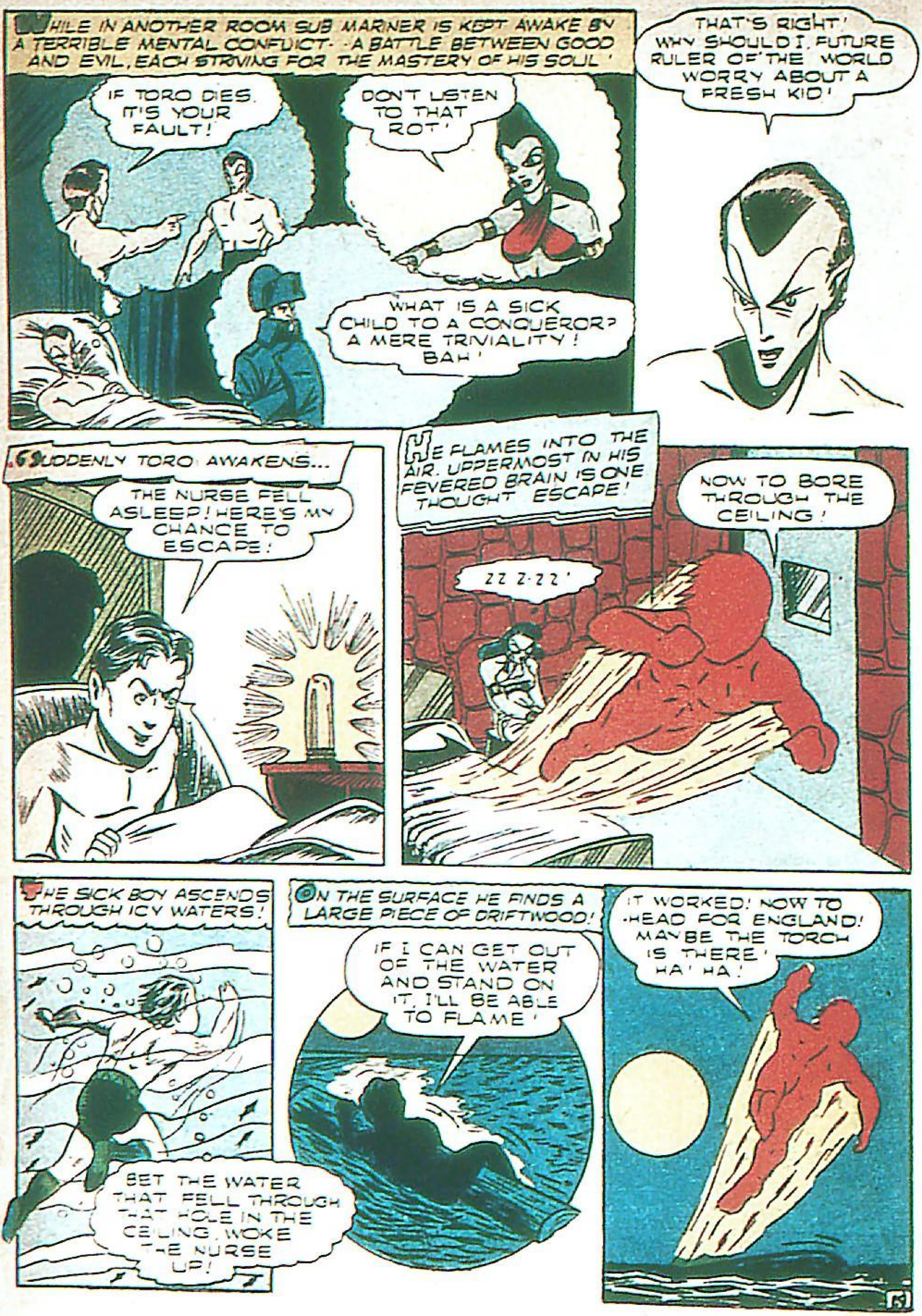

USING SUB MARINER AS A "SPRING-BOARD," TORCH LEAVES THE WATER AND FLAMES!
CONVOY, HERE I COME!
CONVOY PLANE ATTACKS HIM BUT...
NOW TO GET THAT SHIP!
AIE-E-E! I'M ROASTING!
DOWN HURTLES SUB MARINER'S SLAVE! A TERRIBLE PROJECTILE OF DESTRUCTION BORING INTO THE VITALS OF THE MUNITIONS VESSEL AND IGNITING HER CARGO OF EXPLOSIVES!
BLAM!!
WOW! WHAT A FOURTH OF JULY SALUTE THAT WOULD MAKE!
HOW DID YOU LIKE THE FIREWORKS?
YOU MET THE ACID TEST! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU MY UNDERSEA ARMY, AND THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF SECRET WEAPONS EVER DEVISED BY MAN. COME!
TORCH RETURNS TO HIS MASTER...

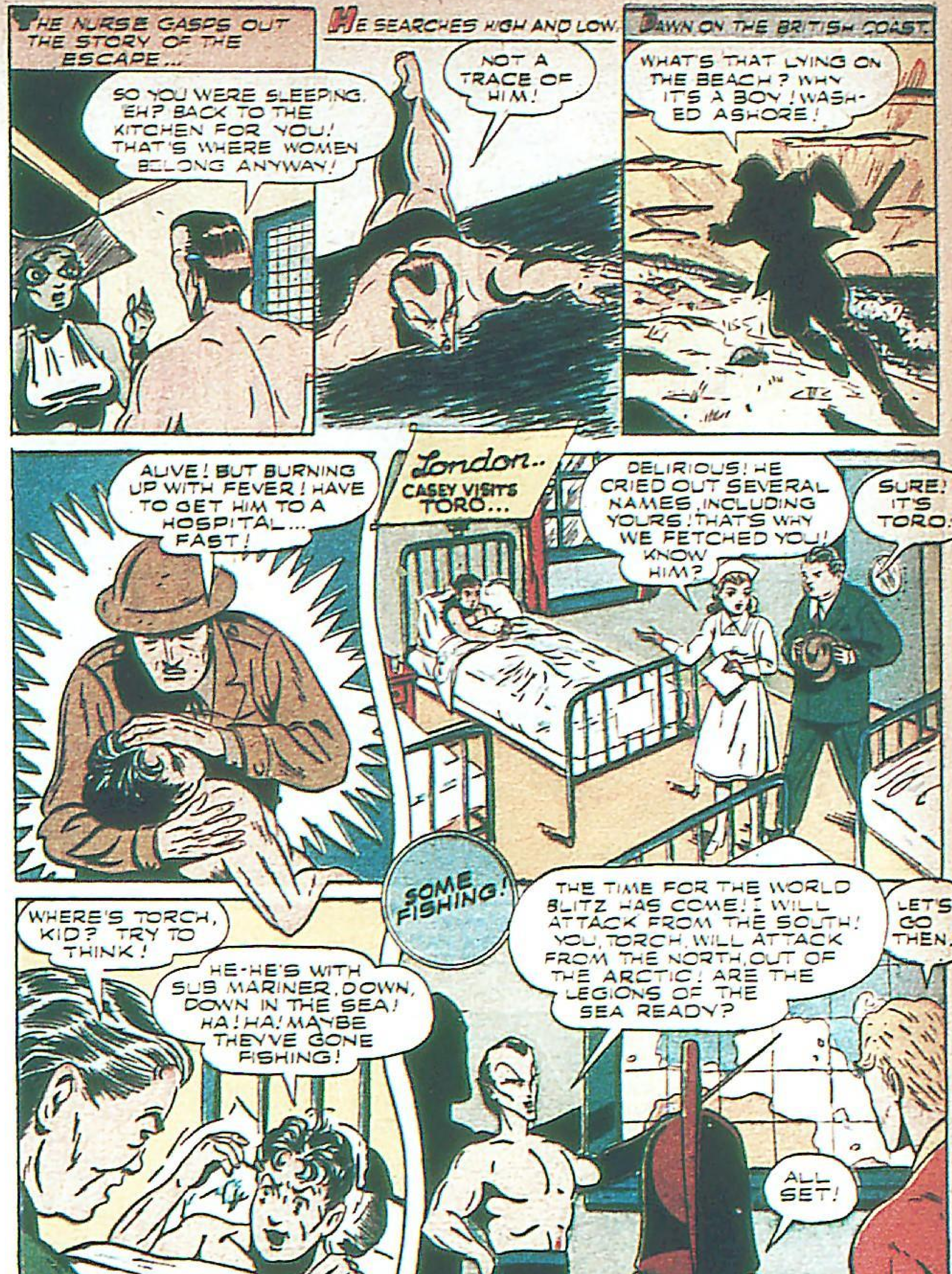

SUB-MARINER PROUDLY EXHIBITS THE ARMED MIGHT OF THE UNDERSEA WORLD!
THERE GOES ONE OF MY RADIO-EQUIPPED PANZER DIVISIONS!
COLUMN.. RIGHT!
WOW
DEVIL FISH! THEY'RE SO SAVAGE WE KEEP 'EM IN SEPARATE CAGES OTHERWISE THEY'D TEAR EACH OTHER APART! I'M RESERVING THEM FOR BERLIN!
I HEAR PEOPLE ARE NOT SO FAT IN BERLIN THESE DAYS!
HEY! MAN-EATING SHARKS!
NOT QUITE! JUST SUICIDE SQUAD SOLDIERS CAMOUFLAGED WITH SHARK SKIN!
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, MASTER! THIS SET-UP IS TERRIFIC!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET, LOOK!

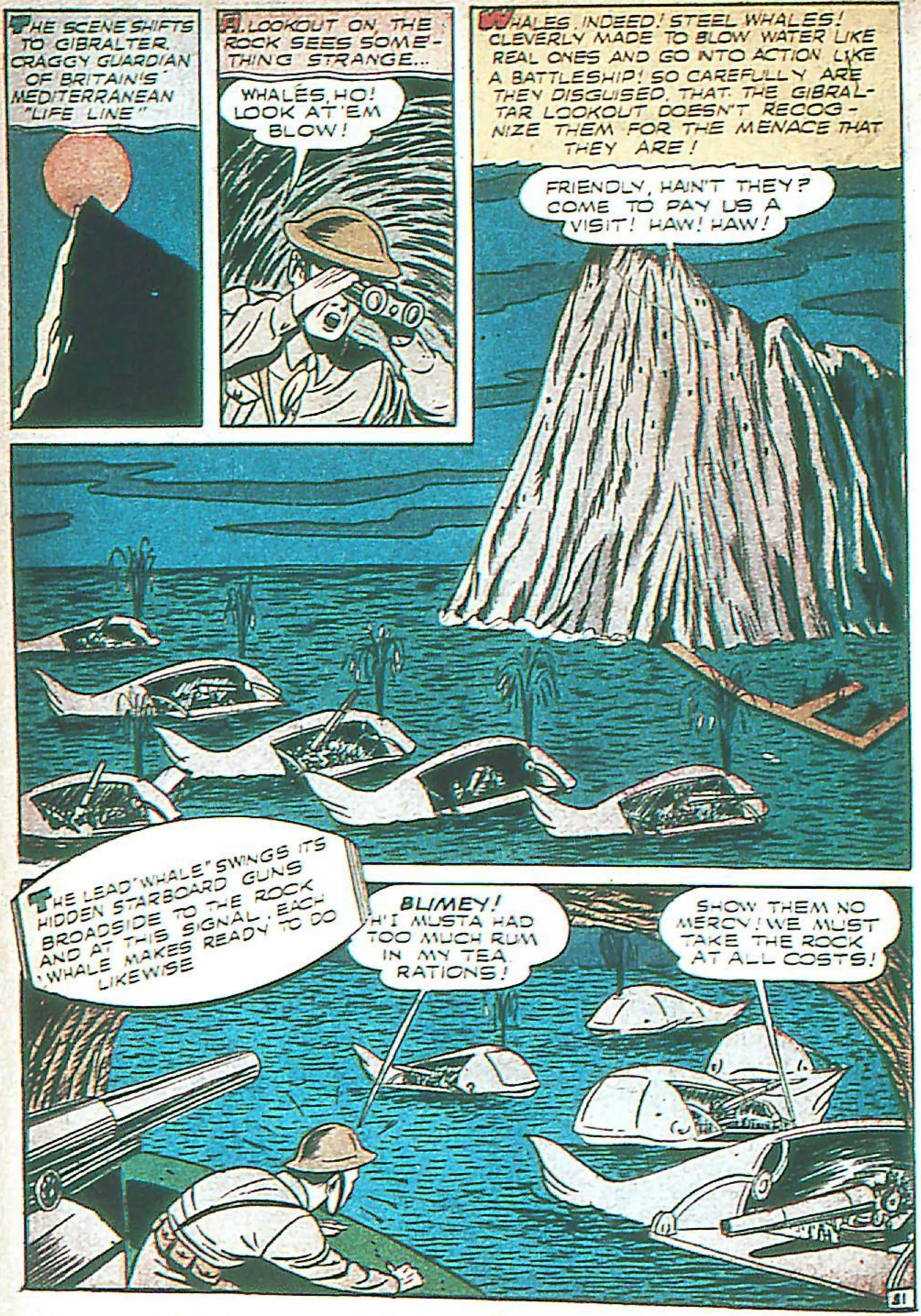

YOU SAW ONE OF THESE BEFORE! WE HAVE THOUSANDS OF 'EM! ENOUGH TO MAKE THE SEVEN SEAS FLOOD THE EARTH!

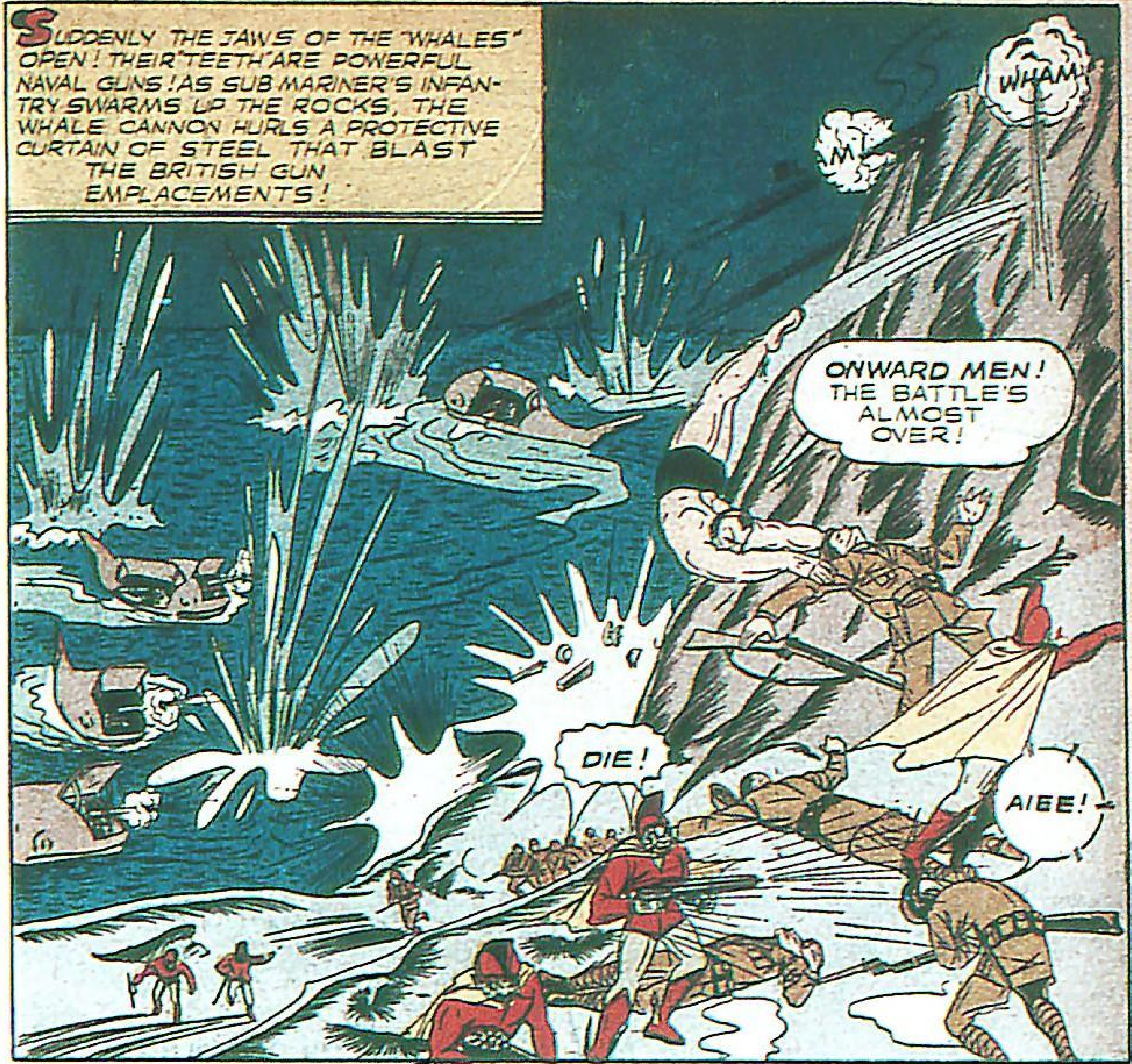

FINALLY, SUB MARINER SHOWS TORCH, HIS MASTERPIECE!
THE BRAT'S ILL! DELIRIOUS! HE'S JUMPING AROUND IN HIS DUNGEON, THREATENING TO DROWN HIMSELF!
I DON'T MIND KILLIN ADULTS, BU I DRAW THE LINE ON KIDS! GET DR NOSTROMAS
A WHALE! BUT WHAT ARE THOSE MEN DOING UP THERE WITH THE TORCH?
WELDING THE RUDDER! YOU SEE THIS WHALE IS MADE OF STEEL. IT'S THE SIZE OF A SUPER-DREADNAUGHT WEIGHS 70,000 TONS CARRIES A CREW OF 3,000 OFFICERS AND MEN, HAS AN ARMAMENT OF TWENTY 18 INCH GUNS. AND... SAY HERE COMES RATHIA! WHAT'S UP?

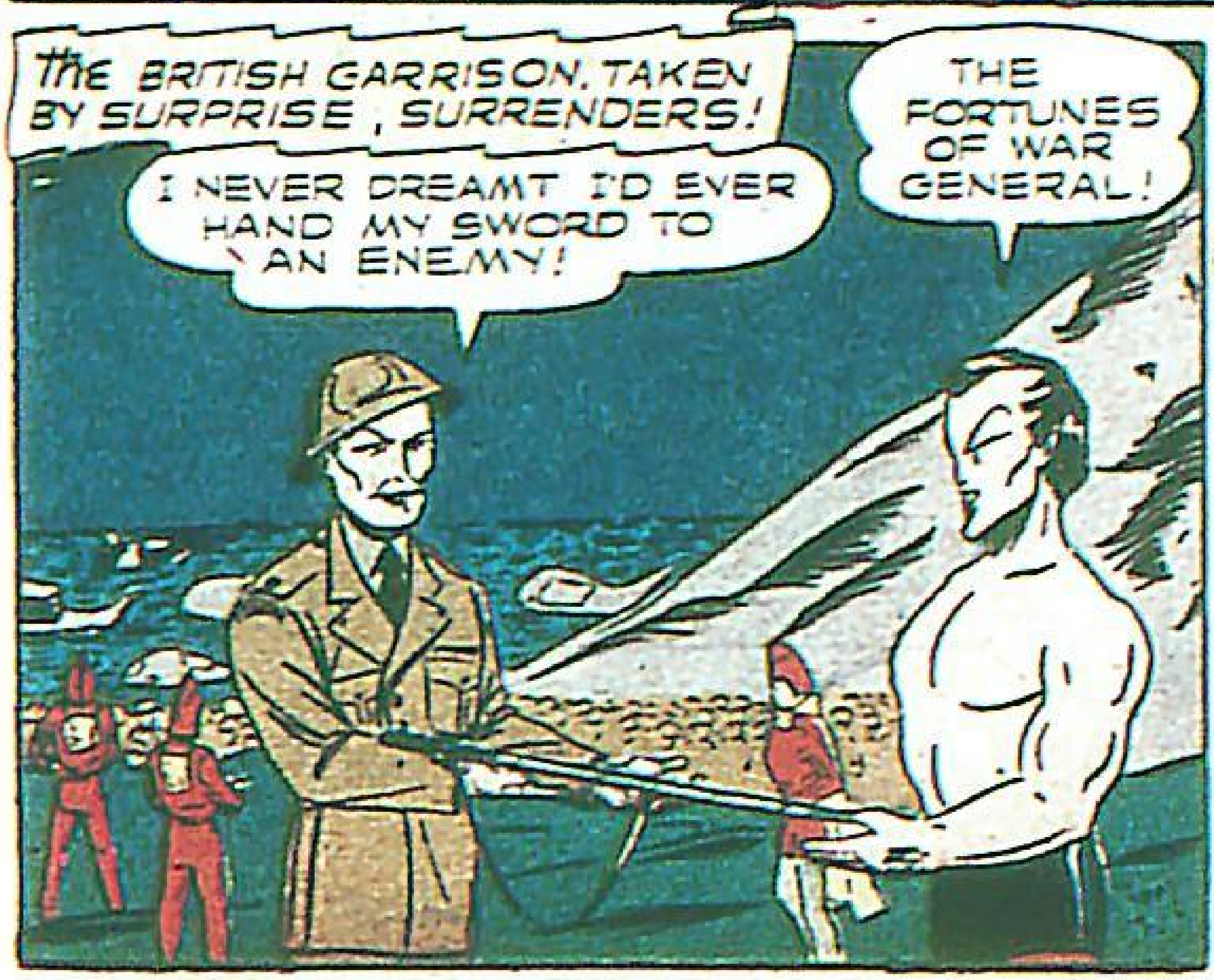

They rush to the cell block which resounds to insane laughter!
I'M FLYING HIGH! WAY UP IN THE SKY! JUST LIKE A FLY! HA! HA! HA!
TAKE A LOOK, DOC. TORO SEEMS IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE!
TORO?.. TORO? NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR!
What the doctor sees through the peephole!
I'M HOT! I'M COLD! IF I KEEP SPLASHING I'LL GET COLD! HA! HA! HA!
CHILLS AND FEVER! ALSO DELIRIUM! TAKE HIM OUT AT ONCE! HE MUST BE REMOVED TO THE UNDERSEA HOSPITAL!
A SPARK OF RECOGNITION LIGHTS THE DRUGGED TORCH'S EYES!
TORO! KID! WHAT'S THE... OW! YES MASTER...
GO TO YOUR CELL SLAVE
IN THE HOSPITAL..
HE FAINTED! TEMPERATURE 105! THIS LAD'S GOT PNEUMONIA! PROBABLY CAUGHT IT IN THAT WATER FILLED CELL!
HMM? WELL, TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!
HOURS PASS.. TORO TOSSES IN FITFUL SLUMBER.. DEATH IS CLOSE!
POOR THING! ALL BECAUSE MEN MUST WAGE WAR AGAINST ONE ANOTHER!

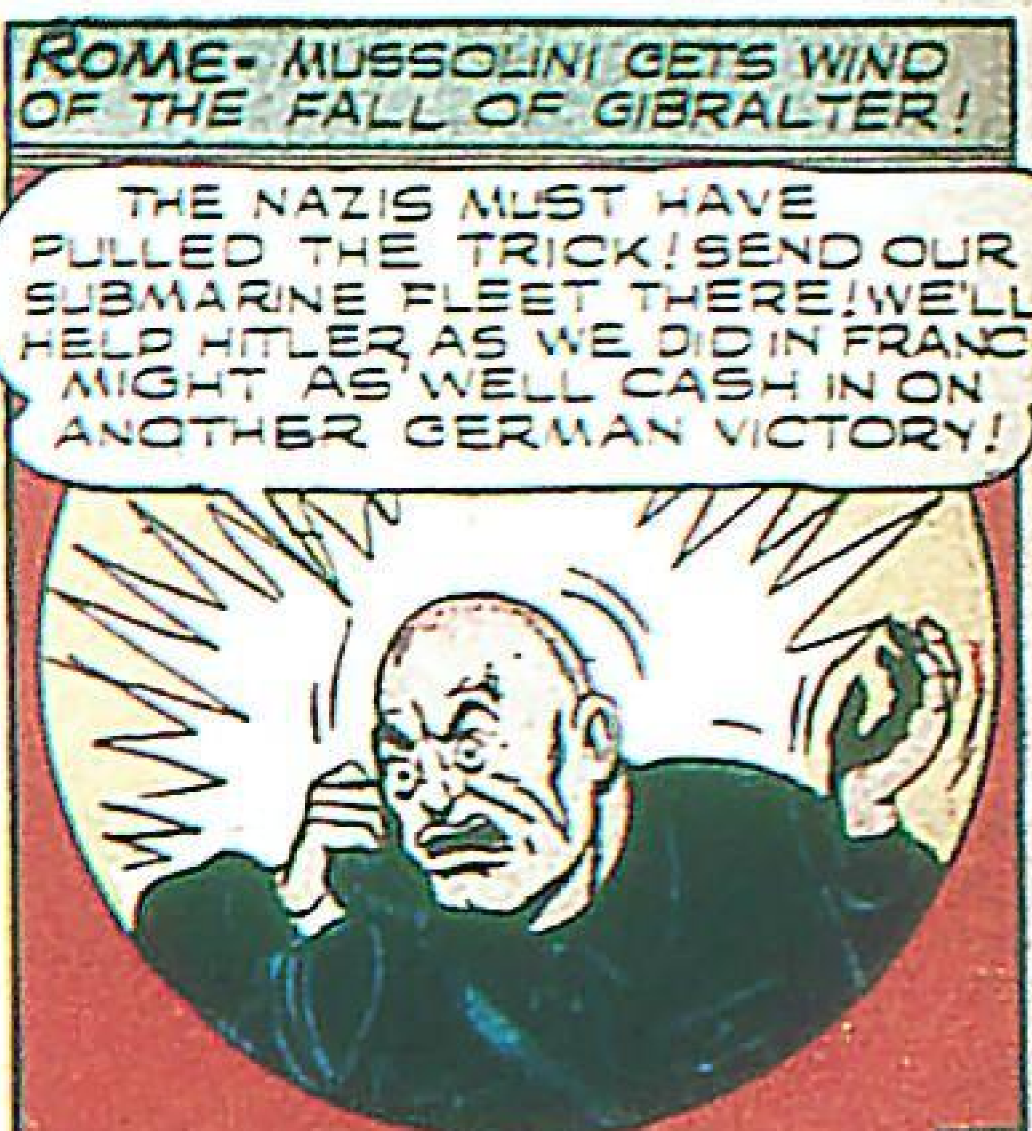

WHILE IN ANOTHER ROOM SUB MARINER IS KEPT AWAKE BY A TERRIBLE MENTAL CONFLICT- -A BATTLE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL, EACH STRIVING FOR THE MASTERY OF HIS SOUL!
IF TORO DIES, IT'S YOUR FAULT!
DON'T LISTEN TO THAT ROT!
WHAT IS A SICK CHILD TO A CONQUEROR? A MERE TRIVIALITY! BAH!
THAT'S RIGHT! WHY SHOULD I, FUTURE RULER OF THE WORLD WORRY ABOUT A FRESH KID!
SUDDENLY TORO AWAKENS...
THE NURSE FELL ASLEEP! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
HE FLAMES INTO THE AIR. UPPERMOST IN HIS FEVERED BRAIN IS ONE THOUGHT ESCAPE!
NOW TO BORE THROUGH THE CEILING!
ZZ Z-ZZ!
THE SICK BOY ASCENDS THROUGH ICY WATERS!
BET THE WATER THAT FELL THROUGH THAT HOLE IN THE CEILING, WOKE THE NURSE UP!
ON THE SURFACE HE FINDS A LARGE PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD!
IF I CAN GET OUT OF THE WATER AND STAND ON IT, I'LL BE ABLE TO FLAME!
IT WORKED! NOW TO HEAD FOR ENGLAND! MAYBE THE TORCH IS THERE! HA! HA!
5

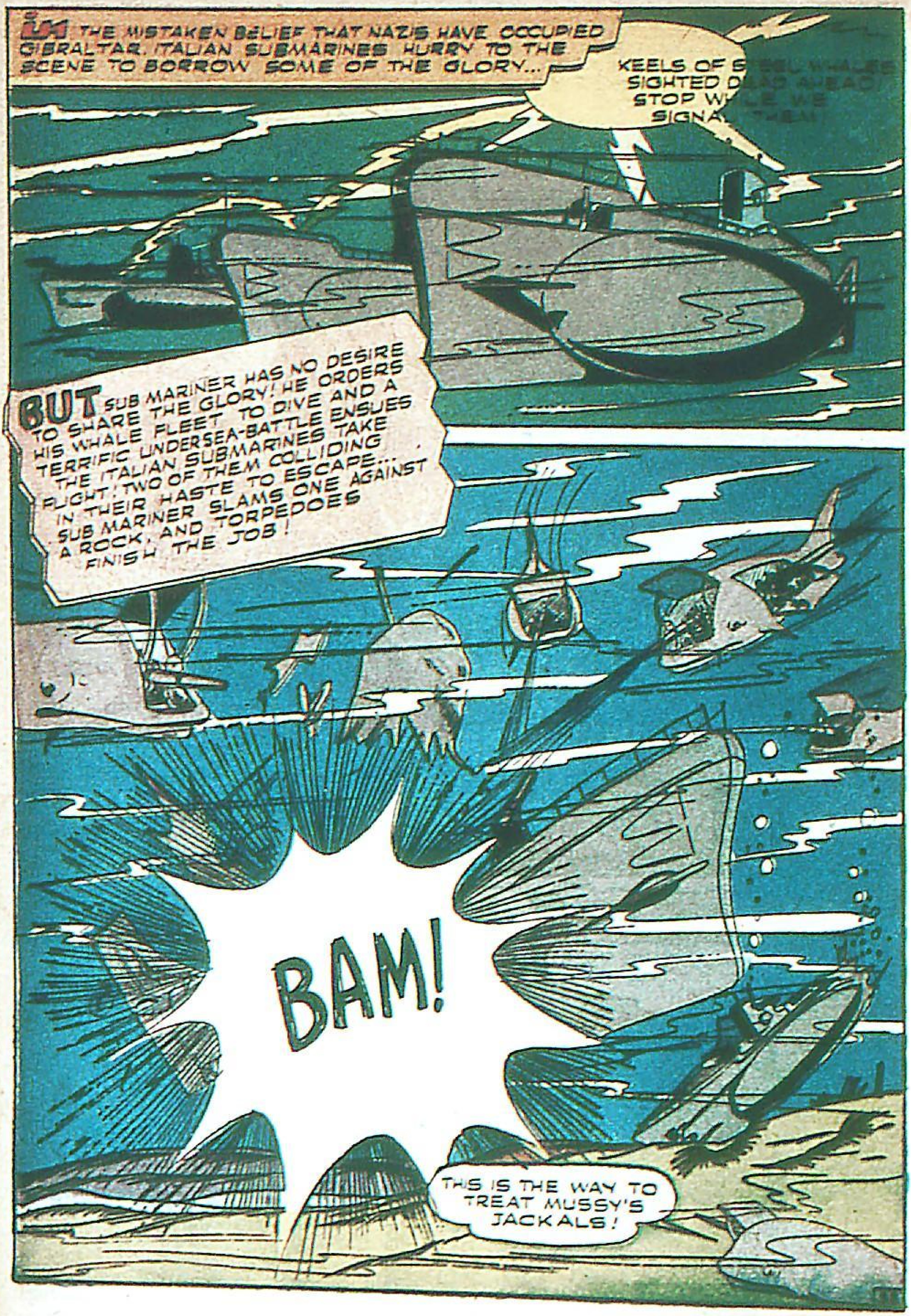

THE NURSE GASPS OUT THE STORY OF THE ESCAPE...
SO YOU WERE SLEEPING, EH? BACK TO THE KITCHEN FOR YOU! THAT'S WHERE WOMEN BELONG ANYWAY!
HE SEARCHES HIGH AND LOW.
NOT A TRACE OF HIM!
DAWN ON THE BRITISH COAST.
WHAT'S THAT LYING ON THE BEACH? WHY IT'S A BOY! WASHED ASHORE!
ALIVE! BUT BURNING UP WITH FEVER! HAVE TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL... FAST!
London.. CASEY VISITS TORO...
DELIRIOUS! HE CRIED OUT SEVERAL NAMES, INCLUDING YOURS! THAT'S WHY WE FETCHED YOU! KNOW HIM?
SURE! IT'S TORO.
WHERE'S TORCH, KID? TRY TO THINK!
HE-HE'S WITH SUB MARINER, DOWN, DOWN IN THE SEA! HA! HA! MAYBE THEY'VE GONE FISHING!
SOME FISHING!
THE TIME FOR THE WORLD BLITZ HAS COME! I WILL ATTACK FROM THE SOUTH! YOU, TORCH, WILL ATTACK FROM THE NORTH, OUT OF THE ARCTIC! ARE THE LEGIONS OF THE SEA READY?
LET'S GO THEN.
ALL SET!

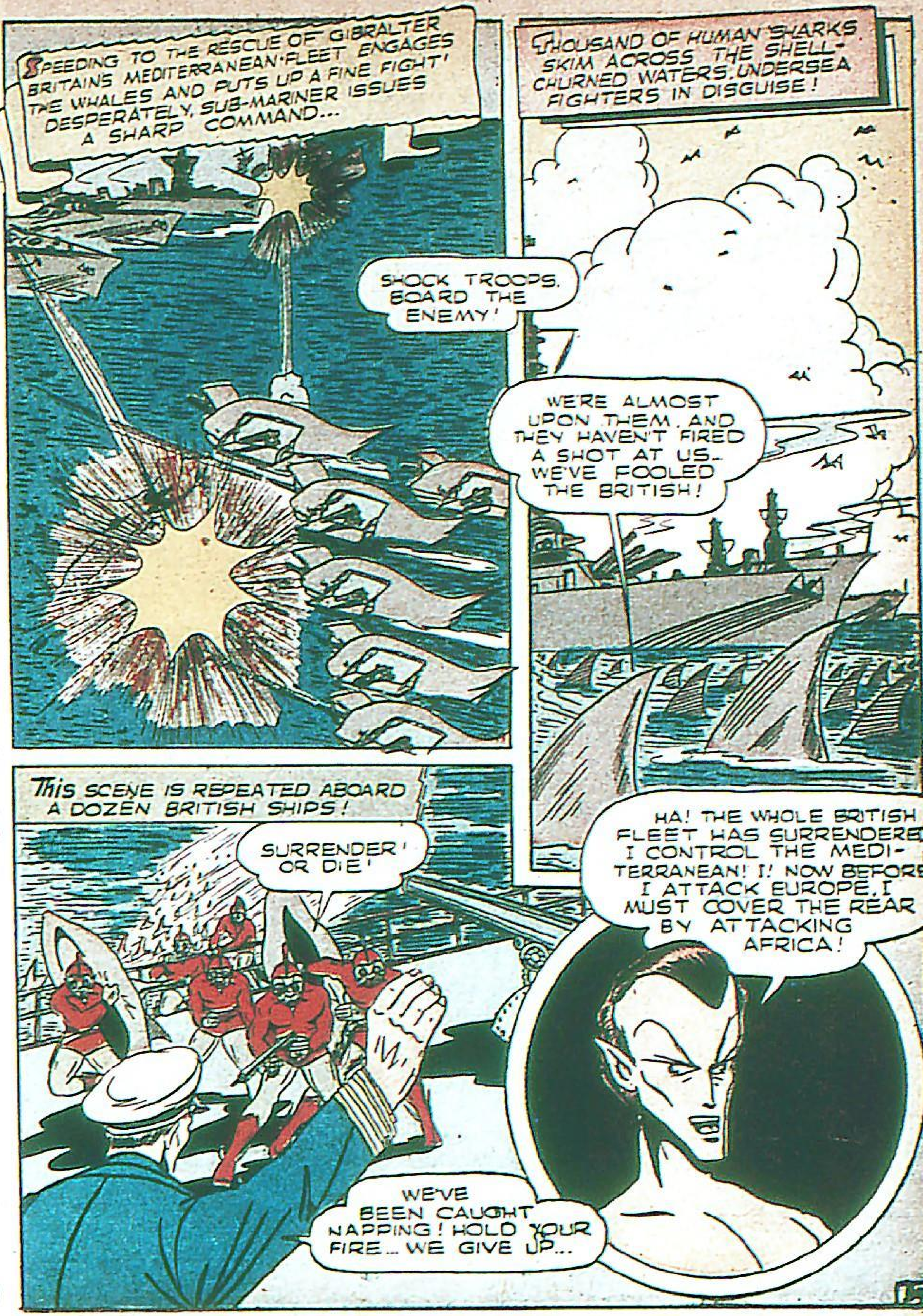

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO GIBRALTER. CRAGGY GUARDIAN OF BRITAIN'S MEDITERRANEAN "LIFE LINE"
A LOOKOUT ON THE ROCK SEES SOMETHING STRANGE...
WHALES, HO! LOOK AT 'EM BLOW!
WHALES INDEED! STEEL WHALES! CLEVERLY MADE TO BLOW WATER LIKE REAL ONES AND GO INTO ACTION LIKE A BATTLESHIP! SO CAREFULLY ARE THEY DISGUISED, THAT THE GIBRALTAR LOOKOUT DOESN'T RECOGNIZE THEM FOR THE MENACE THAT THEY ARE!
FRIENDLY, HAIN'T THEY? COME TO PAY US A VISIT! HAW! HAW!
THE LEAD "WHALE" SWINGS ITS HIDDEN STARBOARD GUNS BROADSIDE TO THE ROCK AND AT THIS SIGNAL, EACH 'WHALE MAKES READY TO DO LIKEWISE
BLIMEY! H'I MUSTA HAD TOO MUCH RUM IN MY TEA RATIONS!
SHOW THEM NO MERCY! WE MUST TAKE THE ROCK AT ALL COSTS!

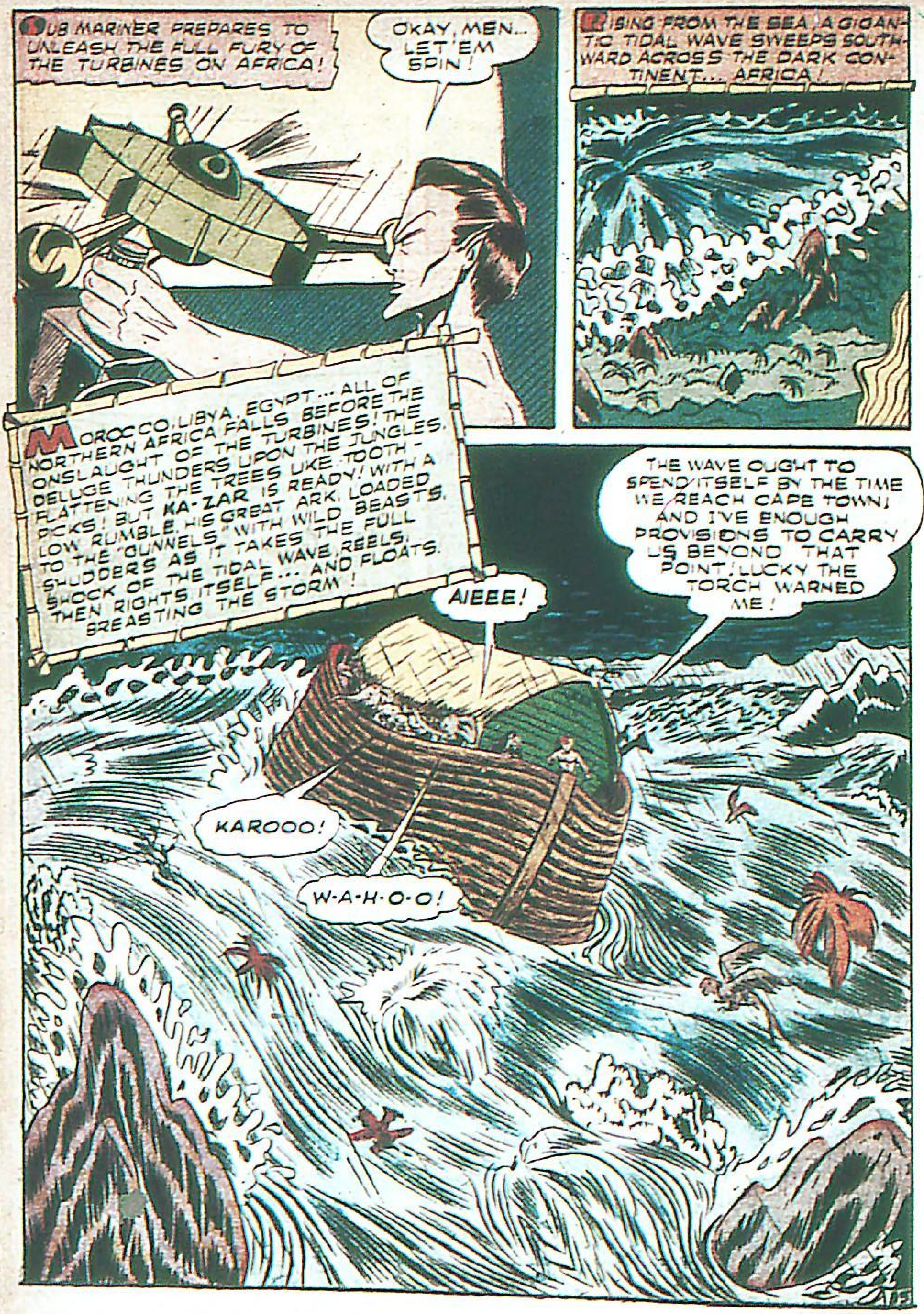

SUDDENLY THE JAWS OF THE "WHALES" OPEN! THEIR "TEETH" ARE POWERFUL NAVAL GUNS! AS SUB MARINER'S INFANTRY SWARMS UP THE ROCKS, THE WHALE CANNON HURLS A PROTECTIVE CURTAIN OF STEEL THAT BLAST THE BRITISH GUN EMPLACEMENTS!
WHAM!
WHAM!
ONWARD MEN! THE BATTLE'S ALMOST OVER!
DIE!
AIEE!

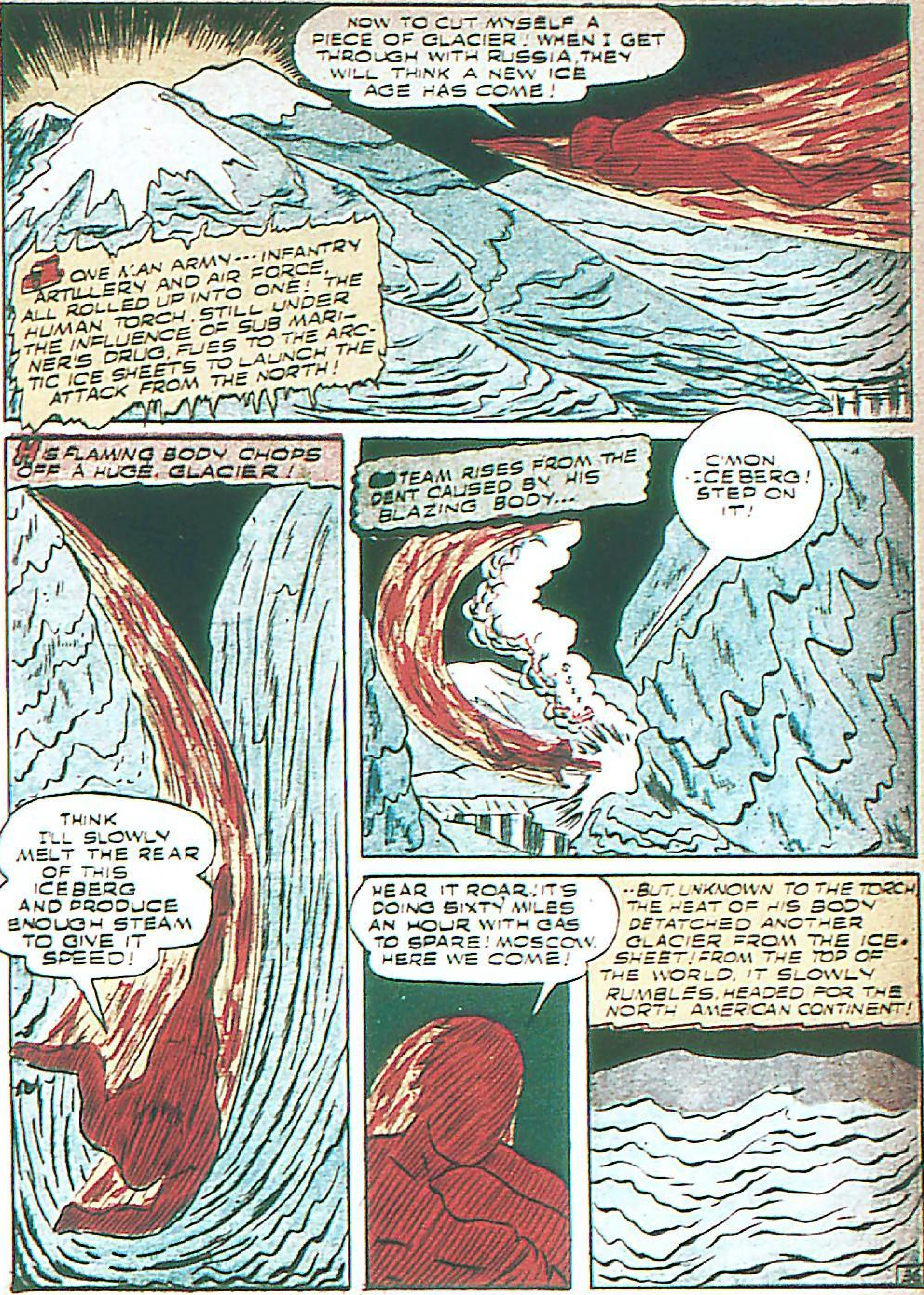

THE BRITISH GARRISON, TAKEN BY SURPRISE, SURRENDERS!
I NEVER DREAMT I'D EVER HAND MY SWORD TO AN ENEMY!
THE FORTUNES OF WAR GENERAL!

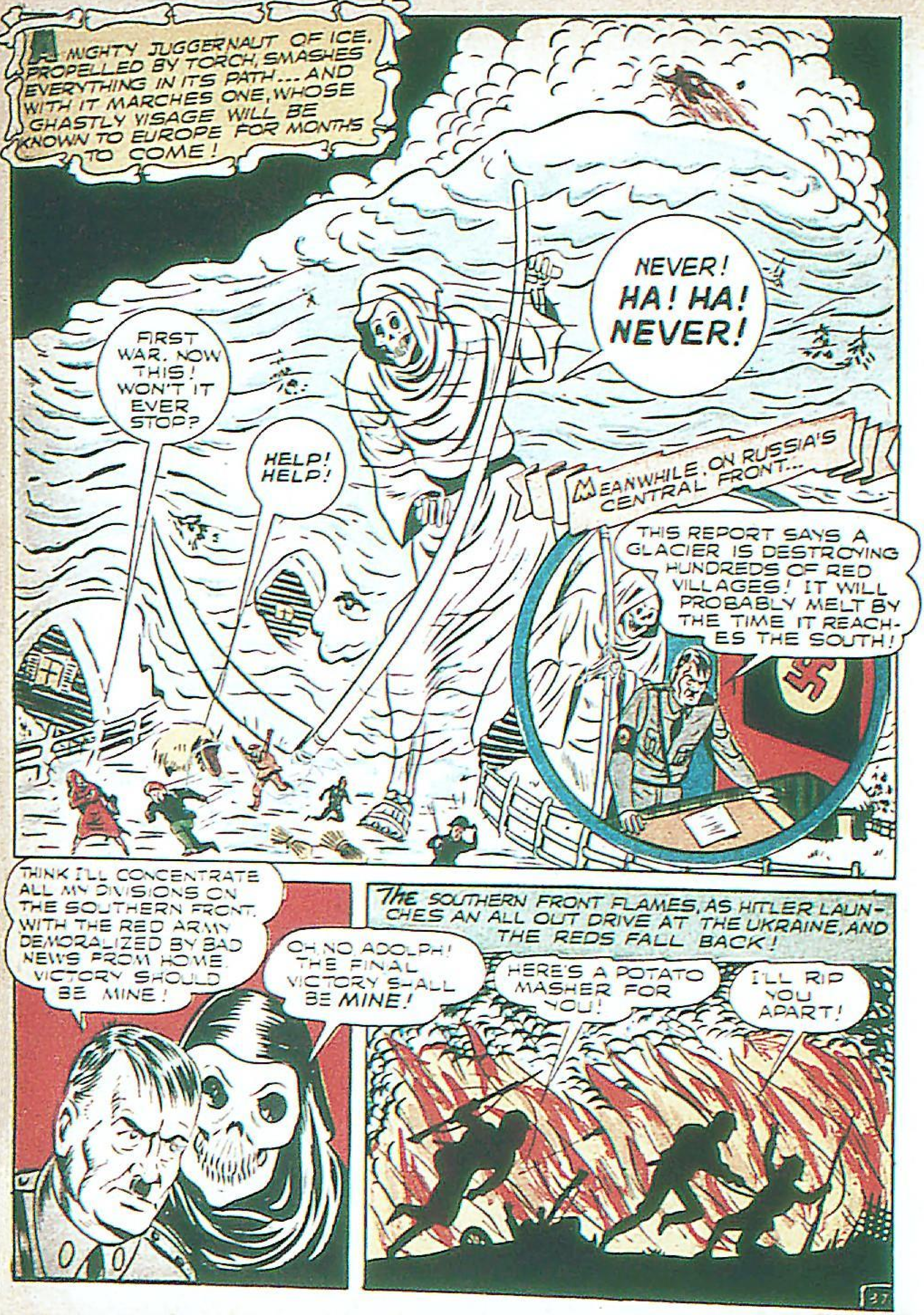

ROME- MUSSOLINI GETS WIND OF THE FALL OF GIBRALTER!
THE NAZIS MUST HAVE PULLED THE TRICK! SEND OUR SUBMARINE FLEET THERE! WE'LL HELP HITLER AS WE DID IN FRANCE! MIGHT AS WELL CASH IN ON ANOTHER GERMAN VICTORY!

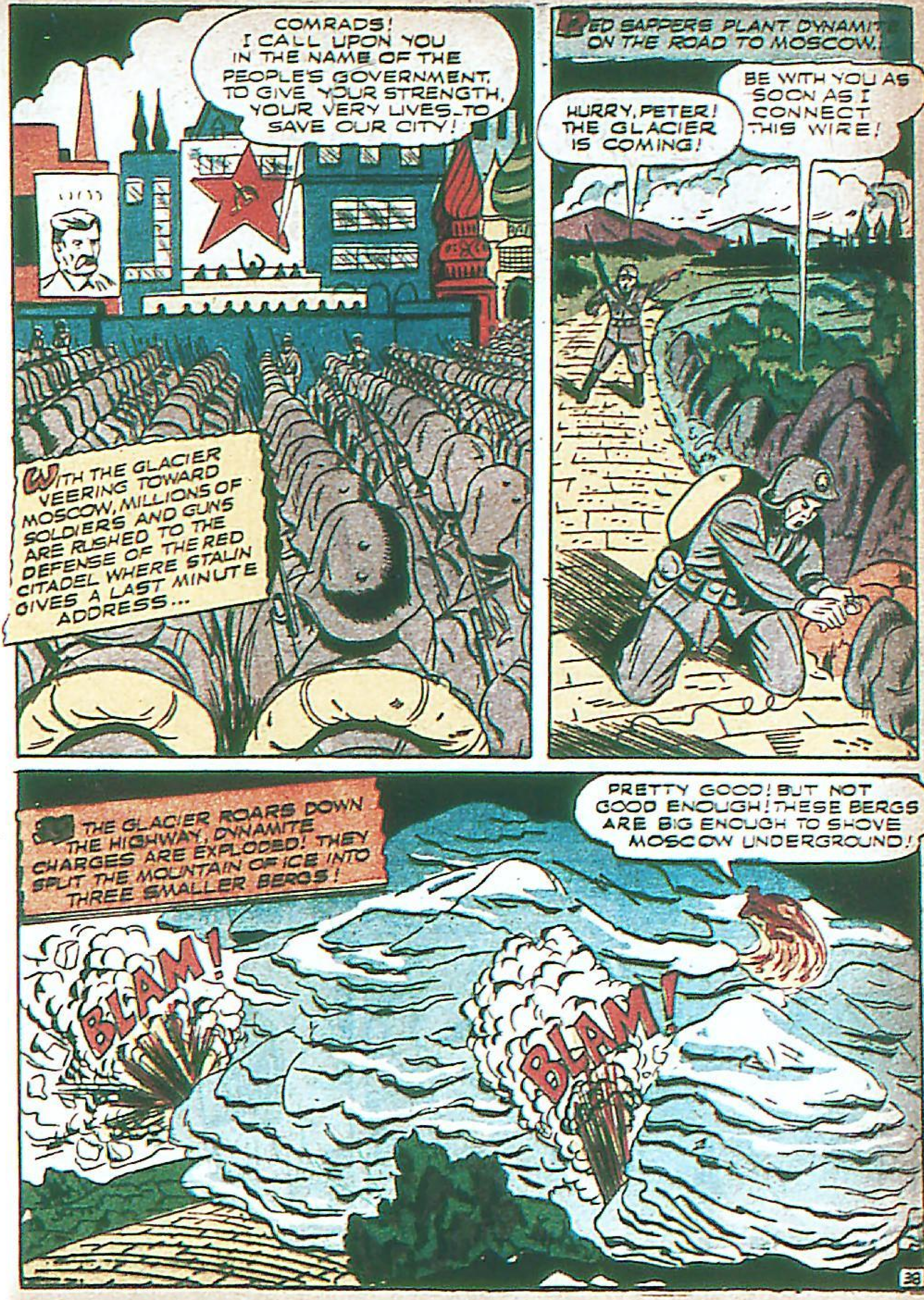

IN THE MISTAKEN BELIEF THAT NAZIS HAVE OCCUPIED GIBRALTAR, ITALIAN SUBMARINES HURRY TO THE SCENE TO BORROW SOME OF THE GLORY...
KEELS OF STEEL WHALES SIGHTED DEAD AHEAD! STOP WHILE WE SIGNAL THEM!
BUT SUB MARINER HAS NO DESIRE TO SHARE THE GLORY! HE ORDERS HIS WHALE FLEET TO DIVE AND A TERRIFIC UNDERSEA-BATTLE ENSUES . THE ITALIAN SUBMARINES TAKE FLIGHT! TWO OF THEM COLLIDING IN THEIR HASTE TO ESCAPE... SUB MARINER SLAMS ONE AGAINST A ROCK, AND TORPEDOES FINISH THE JOB!
BAM!
THIS IS THE WAY TO TREAT MUSSY'S JACKALS!

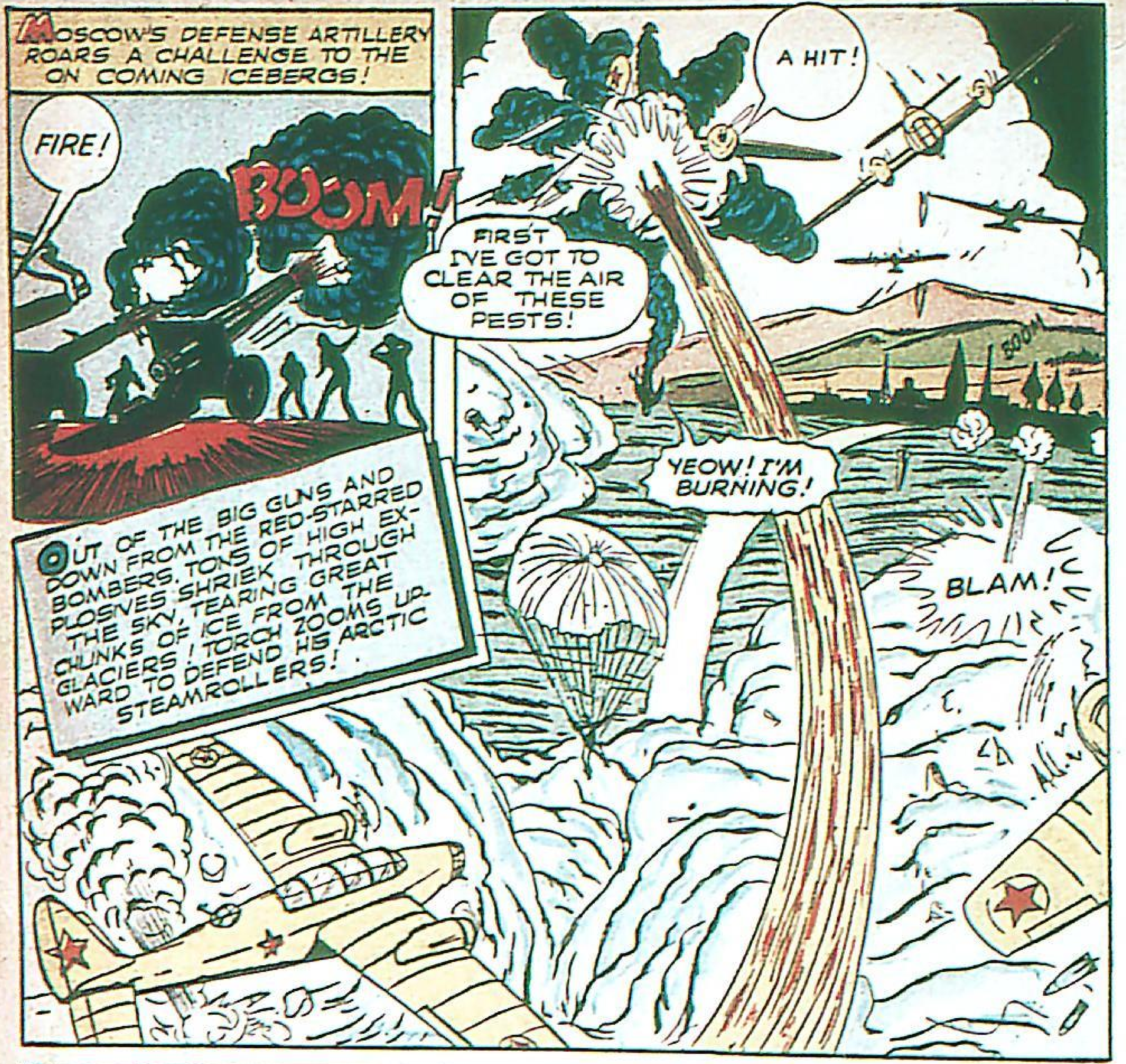

SPEEDING TO THE RESCUE OF GIBRALTER BRITAINS MEDITERRANEAN FLEET ENGAGES THE WHALES AND PUTS UP A FINE FIGHT' DESPERATELY, SUB-MARINER ISSUES A SHARP COMMAND...
SHOCK TROOPS, BOARD THE ENEMY!
THOUSAND OF HUMAN 'SHARKS' SKIM ACROSS THE SHELL-CHURNED WATERS, UNDERSEA FIGHTERS IN DISGUISE!
WE'RE ALMOST UPON THEM, AND THEY HAVEN'T FIRED A SHOT AT US- WE'VE FOOLED THE BRITISH!
THIS SCENE IS REPEATED ABOARD A DOZEN BRITISH SHIPS!
SURRENDER! OR DIE!
WE'VE BEEN CAUGHT NAPPING! HOLD YOUR FIRE... WE GIVE UP...
HA! THE WHOLE BRITISH FLEET HAS SURRENDERED! I CONTROL THE MEDITERRANEAN! I! NOW BEFORE I ATTACK EUROPE, I MUST COVER THE REAR BY ATTACKING AFRICA!

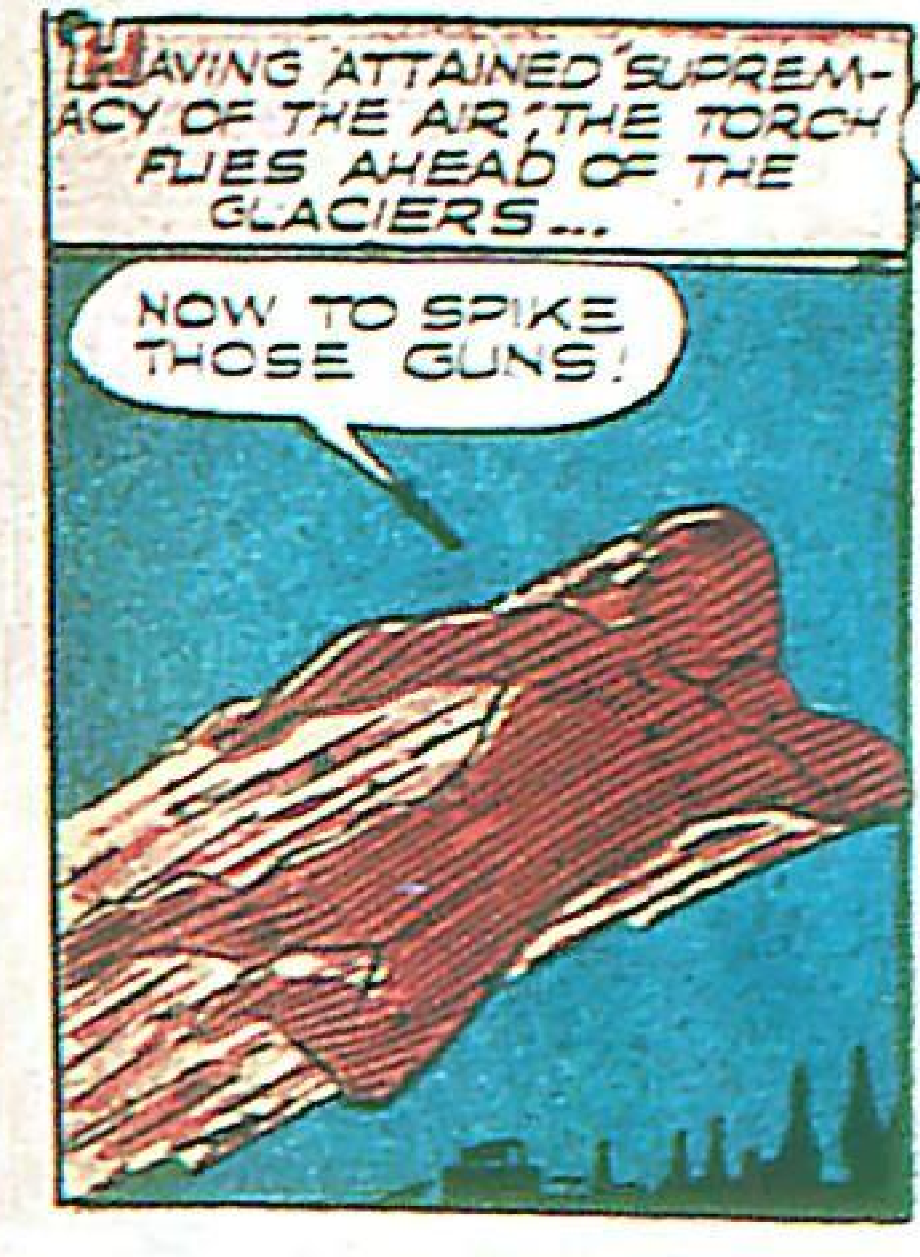

SUB MARINER PREPARES TO UNLEASH THE FULL FURY OF THE TURBINES ON AFRICA!
OKAY, MEN... LET'EM SPIN!
RISING FROM THE SEA, A GIGANTIC TIDAL WAVE SWEEPS SOUTHWARD ACROSS THE DARK CONTINENT... AFRICA!
MOROCCO, LIBYA, EGYPT... ALL OF NORTHERN AFRICA FALLS BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE TURBINES! THE DELUGE THUNDERS UPON THE JUNGLES, FLATTENING THE TREES LIKE TOOTHPICKS! BUT KA-ZAR IS READY! WITH A LOW RUMBLE, HIS GREAT ARK, LOADED TO THE "GUNNELS" WITH WILD BEASTS, SHUDDERS AS IT TAKES THE FULL SHOCK OF THE TIDAL WAVE, REELS, THEN RIGHTS ITSELF... AND FLOATS, BREASTING THE STORM!
THE WAVE OUGHT TO SPEND ITSELF BY THE TIME WE REACH CAPE TOWN! AND I'VE ENOUGH PROVISIONS TO CARRY US BEYOND THAT POINT! LUCKY THE TORCH WARNED ME!
AIEEE!
KAROOO!
W-A-H-O-O!

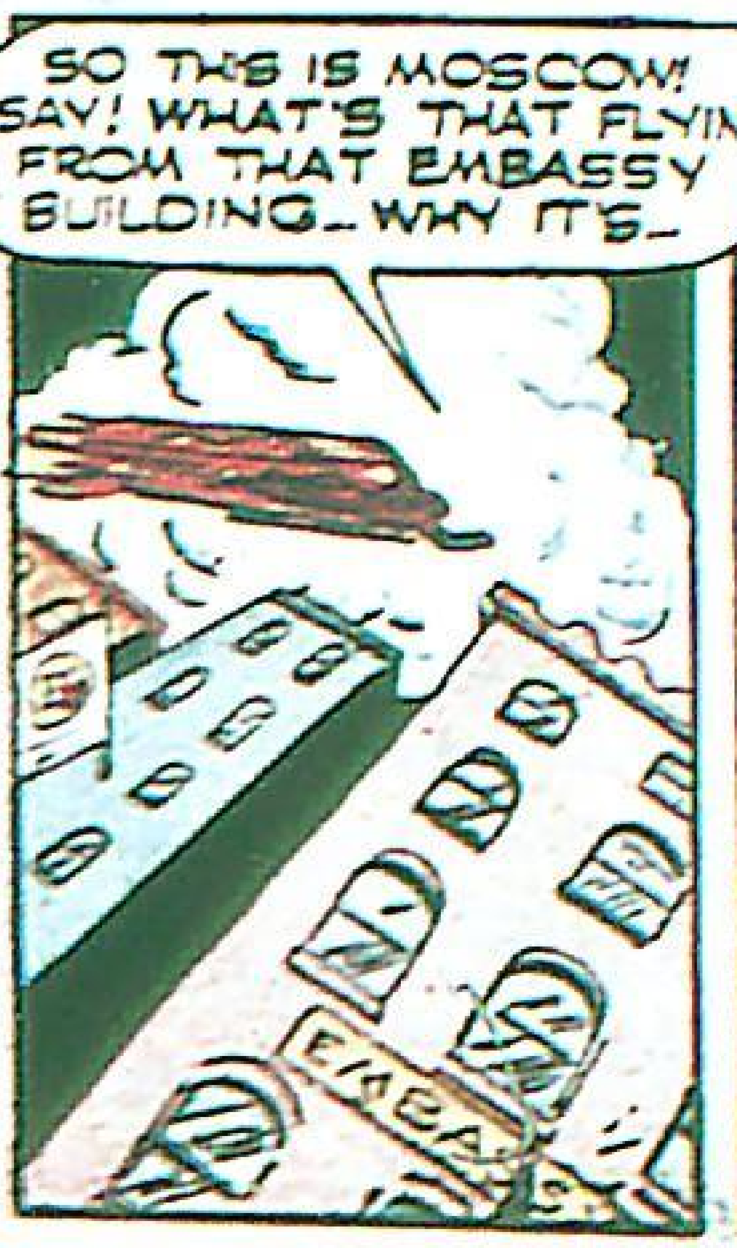

NOW TO CUT MYSELF A PIECE OF GLACIER! WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH RUSSIA, THEY WILL THINK A NEW ICE AGE HAS COME!
ONE MAN ARMY--- INFANTRY ARTILLERY AND AIR FORCE, ALL ROLLED UP INTO ONE! THE HUMAN TORCH, STILL UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF SUB MARINER'S DRUG, FLIES TO THE ARCTIC ICE SHEETS TO LAUNCH THE ATTACK FROM THE NORTH!
HIS FLAMING BODY CHOPS OFF A HUGE GLACIER!
THINK I'LL SLOWLY MELT THE REAR OF THIS ICEBERG AND PRODUCE ENOUGH STEAM TO GIVE IT SPEED!
STEAM RISES FROM THE DENT CAUSED BY HIS BLAZING BODY...
C'MON ICEBERG! STEP ON IT!
HEAR IT ROAR! IT'S DOING SIXTY MILES AN HOUR WITH GAS TO SPARE! MOSCOW, HERE WE COME!
--BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE TORCH THE HEAT OF HIS BODY DETATCHED ANOTHER GLACIER FROM THE ICE-SHEET! FROM THE TOP OF THE WORLD, IT SLOWLY RUMBLES, HEADED FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT!

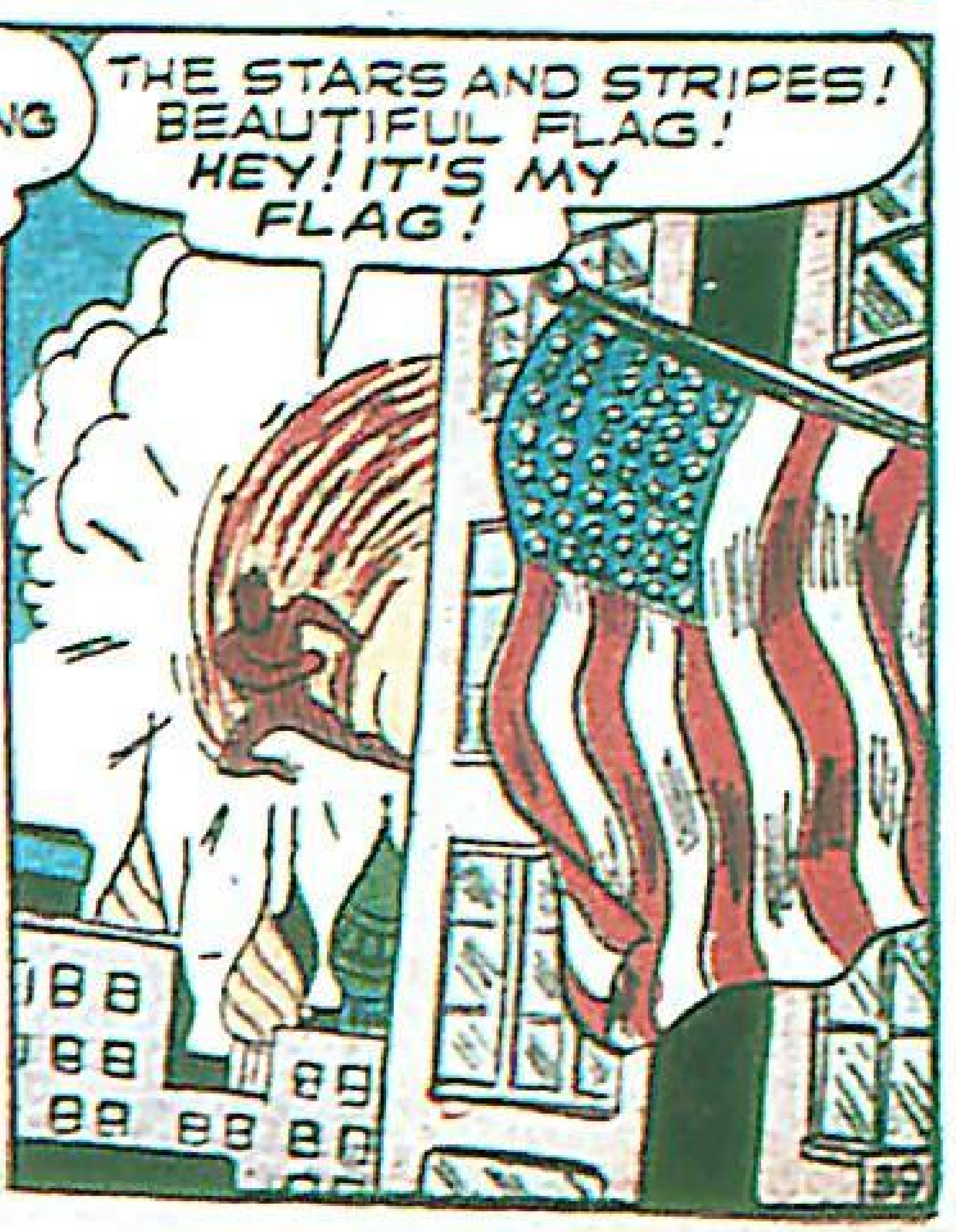

A MIGHTY JUGGERNAUT OF ICE, PROPELLED BY TORCH, SMASHES EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH... AND WITH IT MARCHES ONE, WHOSE GHASTLY VISAGE WILL BE KNOWN TO EUROPE FOR MONTHS TO COME!
NEVER! HA! HA! NEVER!
FIRST WAR. NOW THIS! WON'T IT EVER STOP?
HELP! HELP!
MEANWHILE, ON RUSSIA'S CENTRAL FRONT...
THIS REPORT SAYS A GLACIER IS DESTROYING HUNDREDS OF RED VILLAGES! IT WILL PROBABLY MELT BY THE TIME IT REACHES THE SOUTH!
THINK I'LL CONCENTRATE ALL MY DIVISIONS ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT. WITH THE RED ARMY DEMORALIZED BY BAD NEWS FROM HOME, VICTORY SHOULD BE MINE!
OH, NO, ADOLPH! THE FINAL VICTORY SHALL BE MINE!
THE SOUTHERN FRONT FLAMES, AS HITLER LAUNCHES AN ALL OUT DRIVE AT THE UKRAINE, AND THE REDS FALL BACK!
HERE'S A POTATO MASHER FOR YOU!
I'LL RIP YOU APART!

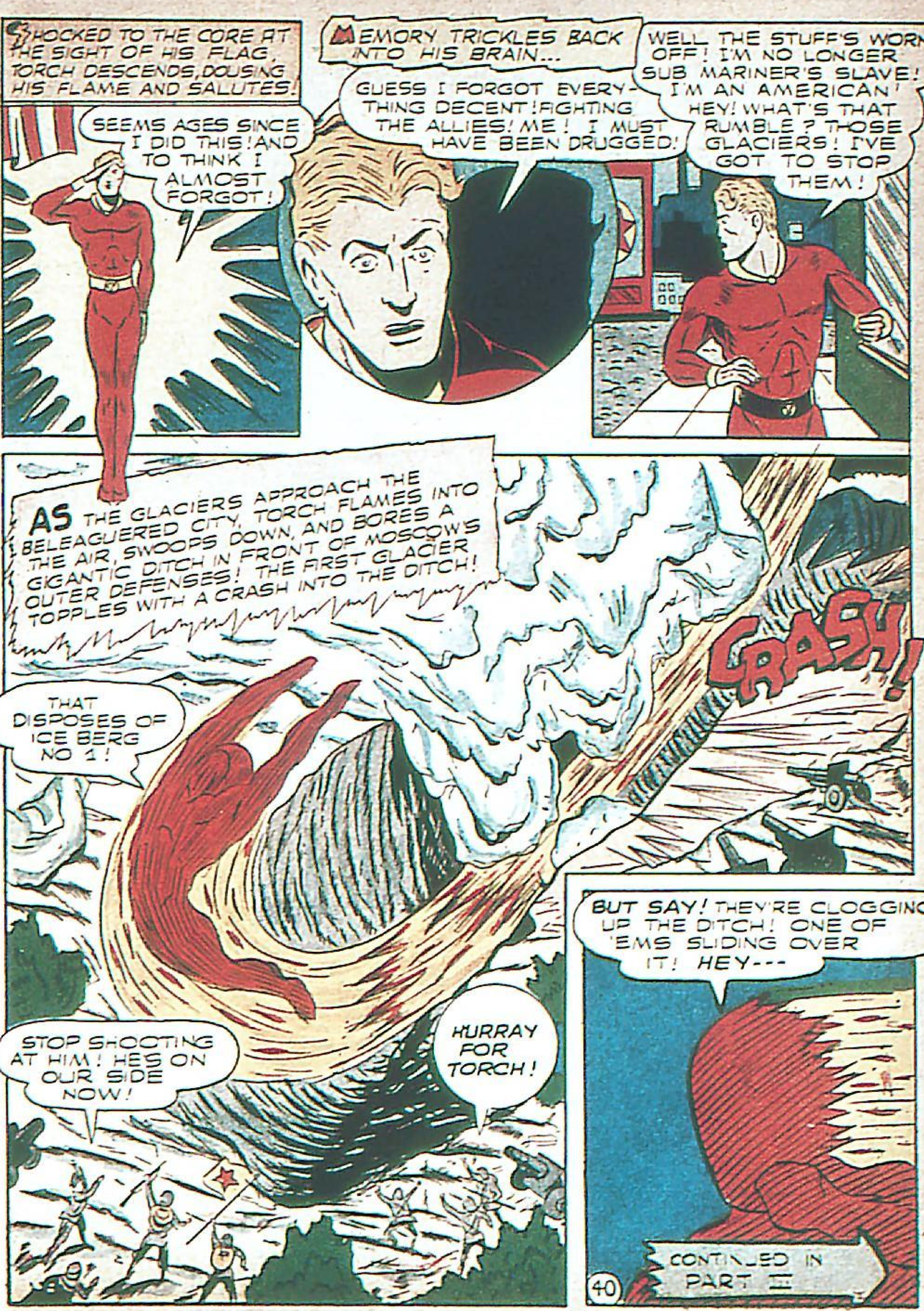

COMRADS! I CALL UPON YOU IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT, TO GIVE YOUR STRENGTH, YOUR VERY LIVES–TO SAVE OUR CITY!
WITH THE GLACIER VEERING TOWARD MOSCOW, MILLIONS OF SOLDIERS AND GUNS ARE RUSHED TO THE DEFENSE OF THE RED CITADEL WHERE STALIN GIVES A LAST MINUTE ADDRESS...
RED SAPPERS PLANT DYNAMITE ON THE ROAD TO MOSCOW!
HURRY, PETER! THE GLACIER IS COMING!
BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I CONNECT THIS WIRE!
AS THE GLACIER ROARS DOWN THE HIGHWAY, DYNAMITE CHARGES ARE EXPLODED! THEY SPLIT THE MOUNTAIN OF ICE INTO THREE SMALLER BERGS!
PRETTY GOOD! BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH! THESE BERGS ARE BIG ENOUGH TO SHOVE MOSCOW UNDERGROUND!
BLAM!
BLAM!


MOSCOW'S DEFENSE ARTILLERY ROARS A CHALLENGE TO THE ON COMING ICEBERGS!
FIRE!
BOOM!
OUT OF THE BIG GUNS AND DOWN FROM THE RED-STARRED BOMBERS, TONS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES SHRIEK THROUGH THE SKY, TEARING GREAT CHUNKS OF ICE FROM THE GLACIERS! TORCH ZOOMS UPWARD TO DEFEND HIS ARCTIC STEAMROLLERS!
A HIT!
FIRST I'VE GOT TO CLEAR THE AIR OF THESE PESTS!
BOOM
YEOW! I'M BURNING!
BLAM!


HAVING ATTAINED SUPREMACY OF THE AIR, THE TORCH FLIES AHEAD OF THE GLACIERS...
NOW TO SPIKE THOSE GUNS!


SO THIS IS MOSCOW! SAY! WHAT'S THAT FLYING FROM THAT EMBASSY BUILDING... WHY IT'S...
EMBA


THE STARS AND STRIPES! BEAUTIFUL FLAG! HEY! IT'S MY FLAG!


SHOCKED TO THE CORE AT THE SIGHT OF HIS FLAG, TORCH DESCENDS, DOUSING HIS FLAME AND SALUTES!
SEEMS AGES SINCE I DID THIS! AND TO THINK I ALMOST FORGOT!
MEMORY TRICKLES BACK INTO HIS BRAIN...
GUESS I FORGOT EVERYTHING DECENT! FIGHTING THE ALLIES! ME! I MUST HAVE BEEN DRUGGED!
WELL THE STUFF'S WORN OFF! I'M NO LONGER SUB MARINER'S SLAVE! I'M AN AMERICAN! HEY! WHAT'S THAT RUMBLE? THOSE GLACIERS! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
AS THE GLACIERS APPROACH THE BELEAGUERED CITY, TORCH FLAMES INTO THE AIR, SWOOPS DOWN, AND BORES A GIGANTIC DITCH IN FRONT OF MOSCOW'S OUTER DEFENSES! THE FIRST GLACIER TOPPLES WITH A CRASH INTO THE DITCH!
CRASH!
THAT DISPOSES OF ICE BERG NO 1!
STOP SHOOTING AT HIM! HE'S ON OUR SIDE NOW!
HURRAY FOR TORCH!
BUT SAY! THEY'RE CLOGGING UP THE DITCH! ONE OF 'EMS SLIDING OVER IT! HEY---
CONTINUED IN PART II
40

Murder In The Underground

INSPECTOR HORATIO CROWN COMES TO A WEIGHTY CONCLUSION!

By Bill Jay

INSPECTOR HORATIO CROWN, one of the fattest as well as one of the shrewdest men at New Scotland Yard, cast a wary eye at the moon. Despite his 300 pounds, Mr. Crown was a man of sentiment and, at any other time but this, the full moon would have fetched a sigh from the very depths of him. But Mr. Crown did not sigh. He cursed. For now England was at war, and a full moon, even with most of the Luftwaffe concentrated on the Russian front, might well mean an air-raid. Might? Mr. Crown had barely dropped his gaze when the wail of a siren, like the wail of a lost soul, came beating against his ear-drums!

WHO-O-O-O-O-O!

BLAM!

The "show" had started.

DOWN IN THE Underground, people weren't talking. Unless you shouted it was almost impossible to make yourself heard in the bedlam that came from upstairs.

The underground is the place for pantomime, and a sharp-eyed Cockney near Mr. Crown indulged in this privilege by grinning and holding up two fingers in the famous "V" sign. Others grinned, too, and some of the tenseness that always follows the air-raid signal began to melt.

BLAM! TAC-TAC-TAC-TAC! WHO-O-O-O-O-O!

It seemed to Mr Crown that he had been seated on the hard floor of the station platform for at least half an hour He looked at his watch. Four minutes, that was all. Just four

"HELP!"

It barely cut through the noise, but Mr Crown caught it—the voice of a human being in mortal terror!

"Blimey!" cried the Cockney in Mr. Crown's left ear. Mr Crown leaped with unexpected nimbleness to the edge of the platform, dropped to the tracks, and whirled to face the tunnel darkness Without hesitation, he plunged into it.

He had not progressed more than twenty yards across the ties when something white materialized in the darkness, too fast for Mr Crown to see it. It was a human fist. It landed flush on the fat detective's jowl. The back of Mr Crown's head hit the tunnel wall, and the darkness of the tunnel became darker still

WHEN MR. CROWN opened his eyes, the Cockney who had made the "V" sign was bending over him. "Blighter got away, guv'nor," he said. "H'i saw 'im running out of the tunnel, but 'e tripped me up. Couldn't see much of 'is face 'E dashed right through the crowd and up to the street, afore anyone could stop 'im Didn't give a rap about the bombs. Guess 'e was in a hurry!"

"Guess he was," remarked Mr Crown dryly, as he rose. "Now what the devil was he doing here?" A sudden thought made ice trickle down his spine. *"Sabotage?"*

The thin beam of Mr Crown's electric torch leaped from his plump hand and probed the tunnel Mr Crown gasped. For on the ties was not an infernal machine, but a man, and to all appearances the man was dead!

"Blimey!" exclaimed the Cockney

The handle of a knife gleamed dully above his chest

Mr Crown's torch darted from the knife to the face It was a lean face, hard and brown The clothing indicated the deceased had been a seaman Mr Crown ran expert hands through the pockets A locker key, some shillings, but nothing else The torch made a quick but thorough survey of the corpse, lingered on the right hand lingered and stayed there. The hand was clenched into a fist, as if it were holding something. Forcing open the fingers, Mr. Crown drew away something small and round and grey. It was a button, slightly chipped. He pressed it reflectively "I'll be—!" *The Button had cracked into four pieces in his hand!*

"Queer," he muttered, as he straightened up "Queer," he was still muttering as, the air-raid over, he was making his way toward the grim cluster of buildings known as New Scotland Yard

IT WAS PURELY yard routine that the photograph of the murdered seaman should be sent to the Foreign Office, among other places But it was not routine that the Foreign Office should have any connection with the case But it had. There it was, all written down on a [illegible] sheet of blue paper. Mr. Crown scanned the report for the third time.

"Deceased — Allan Smythe, British secret agent Assigned to Berlin to obtain latest German code key Last report filed indicated he was on the trail.

"On the trail." Mr Crown smiled whimsically What a world of meaning three words can hold

He hired a cab and when he alighted, the aroma of coffee and tea and spice and oil enveloped him. He had reached East India Dock

Road. He moved without haste past a ship with the Stars-and-Stripes painted on its side, and another big liner loaded with refugees and bound for New York, but he stopped in front of a dirty little tramp steamer, just out of Africa with a load of ivory and tin. Most of the crew were on shore leave, apparently, but the captain was in his cabin. Mr. Crown showed him a photograph of the murdered secret agent.

The captain raised his eyebrows. "Smythe, you say? I knew him as Able Seaman Williams. Decent fellow. Quiet—except for that little tussle he had a few days ago."

"Tussle?" The padding of fat on Mr. Crown's face rippled with excitement. "With whom?"

The captain smiled. "Another sailor—named Bennett. It was nothing. Just a foc'sle row—"

Mr. Crown cut him short. "Is Bennett on shore leave?"

"He was. But he returned to the ship a little while ago. I'll send for him."

Bennett was a hefty customer, with a cool eye and a cool smile. When he learned who Mr. Crown was, he exhibited the smile. His fight with Able Seaman Williams, he said, was of little consequence. An argument over a debt. He and Williams had shaken hands over it later. As Bennett spoke, calmly, assuredly, Mr. Crown's eyes slid over him. Wearing a jacket, but the buttons were blue. The button in the dead man's hand was grey . . .

"Do you wear a grey jacket, by any chance?" Mr. Crown asked suddenly.

Bennett didn't bat an eye. "No."

Suddenly Mr. Crown's hand leaped out, closed over the blue button and tore it off Bennett's jacket. Bennett recoiled, then laughed "Button, button, who has the button?" he said. "Kind of a game, eh?"

Mr. Crown nodded grimly. "Queer game—that coat you're wearing was made in Germany!"

The smile died on Bennett's lips, and his eyes swung away, like the eyes of a rat seeking the nearest rat-hole. "You—you're crazy!" The words came out of him in jerks. "It—it's British-made! I—wouldn't wear—anything else!"

Mr. Crown held up his hand. In the palm lay the blue button, or what was left of it, six broken pieces, shattered by his fingers. He muttered a word, the German word for "imitation."

"Ersatz," he said, quietly. "Nearly all German-made clothes, except uniforms, are ersatz!"

With a bellow of rage, Bennett flung himself at Mr. Crown. Instinctively, the detective ducked, but that was futile, for Bennett was aiming lower. The punch caught Mr. Crown at the belt-line and, quite appropriately, Mr. Crown said: "Oof!" As Bennett, knocking aside the startled captain with a swipe of his fist, made for the door, Mr. Crown's hand tugged at a pocket, whipped out an automatic, and pressed the trigger.

The gun spat flame, and smoke curled up to the doorway, and Bennett paused, grasping his shoulder. But he stopped only for a split-second then dashed down the passageway.

Mr. Crown's movements may be best described as elephantine, but, on occasion, an elephant can travel fast. Mr. Crown traveled precisely that way. He paused just once, to empty the automatic, but the elusive Bennett had plunged out of sight.

"Wager a quid the dirty spy's headed for his bunk!" gasped Mr. Crown, as he lumbered down narrow stairs. "He'll probably try to destroy the code book he stole when he killed Smythe—that or his own!"

When he landed at the foot of the companionway, Mr. Crown heard a door slam. He lunged toward the door.

Ping!

Splinters flew as a bullet pierced the door and whistled uncomfortably close to Mr. Crown's right ear. Mr. Crown drew back a size 12 shoe and drove it at the door. The door swung violently inward, to the accompaniment of another shot, and Mr. Crown felt lead burn a crease in his scalp.

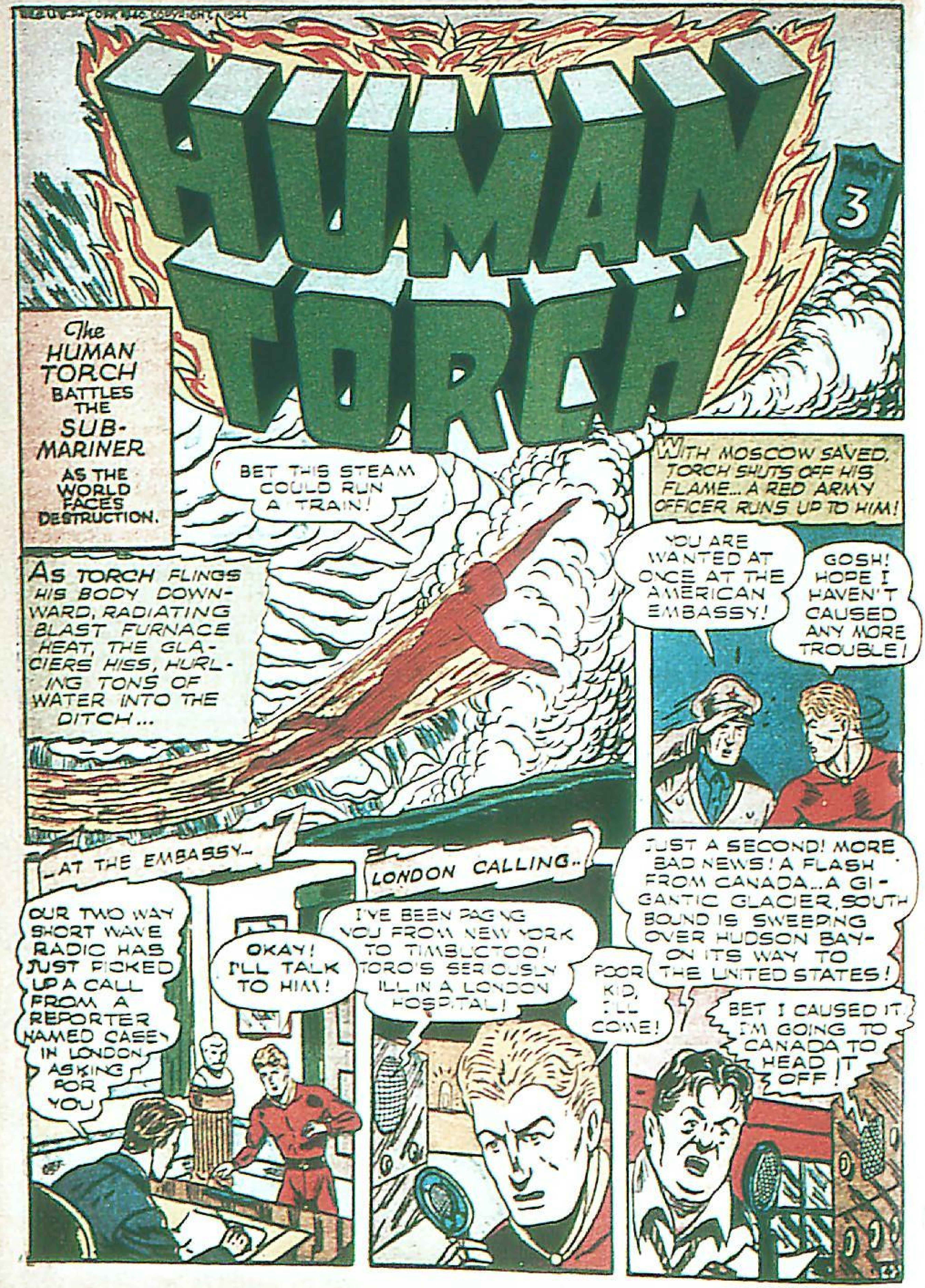
Bennett's mouth formed a tight smile as he took deliberate aim. He fired at point-blank range, but Mr. Crown, although a perfect target at any range, droped like a sack of potatoes, and the slug buried itself in the wall behind him. Before Bennett could fire another shot, Mr. Crown's big fist, with 300 pounds behind it, swung up from the floor and slammed against the Nazi spy's jaw. The spy's face seemed to blur. He tottered a moment, then fell into Mr. Crown's waiting arms, just as the captain entered the room.

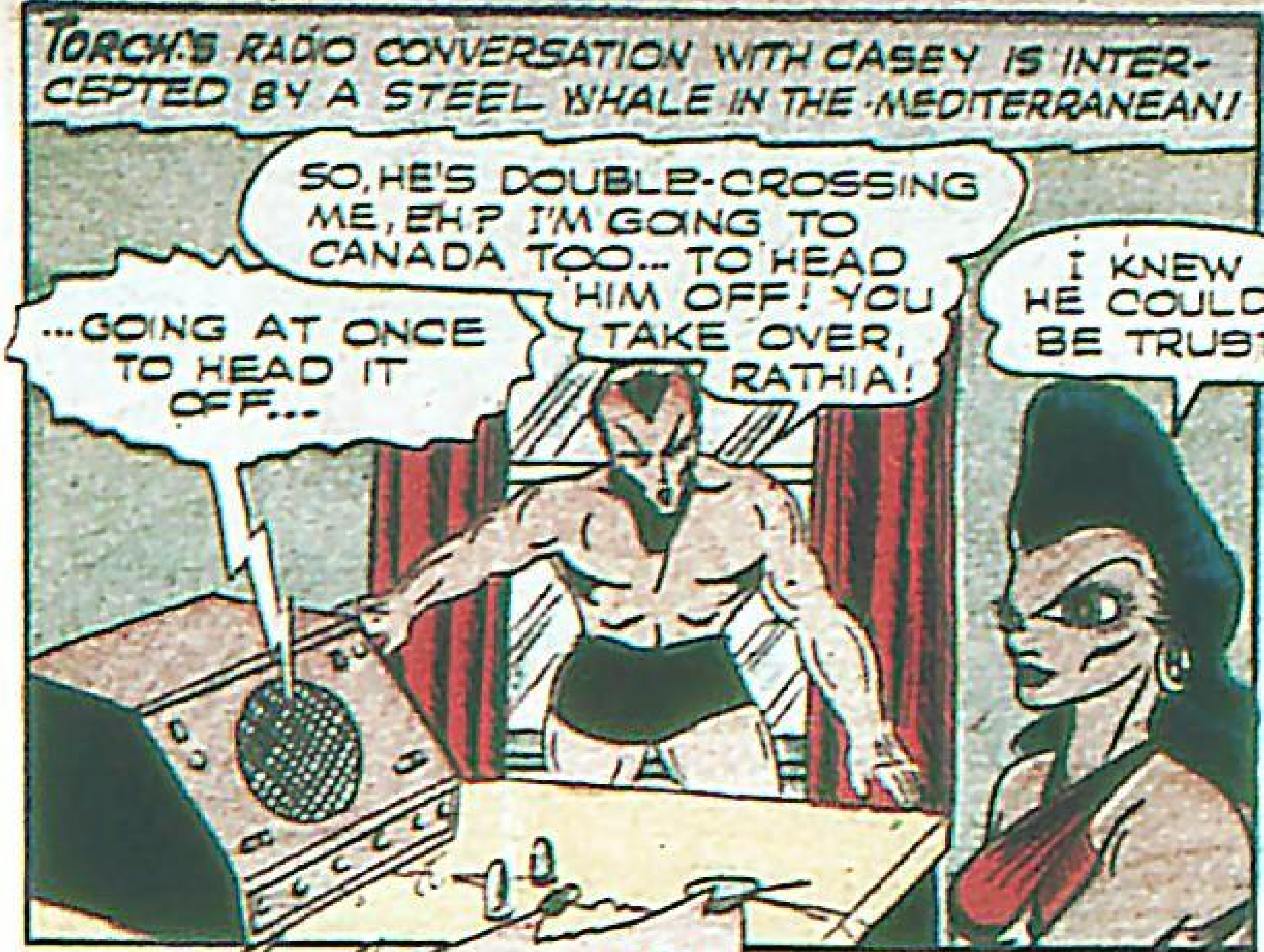
"REMEMBER," SAID MR. Crown, giving the time-honored warning, as he rode with his manacled prisoner in the Yard van, "anything you say will be used against you!"

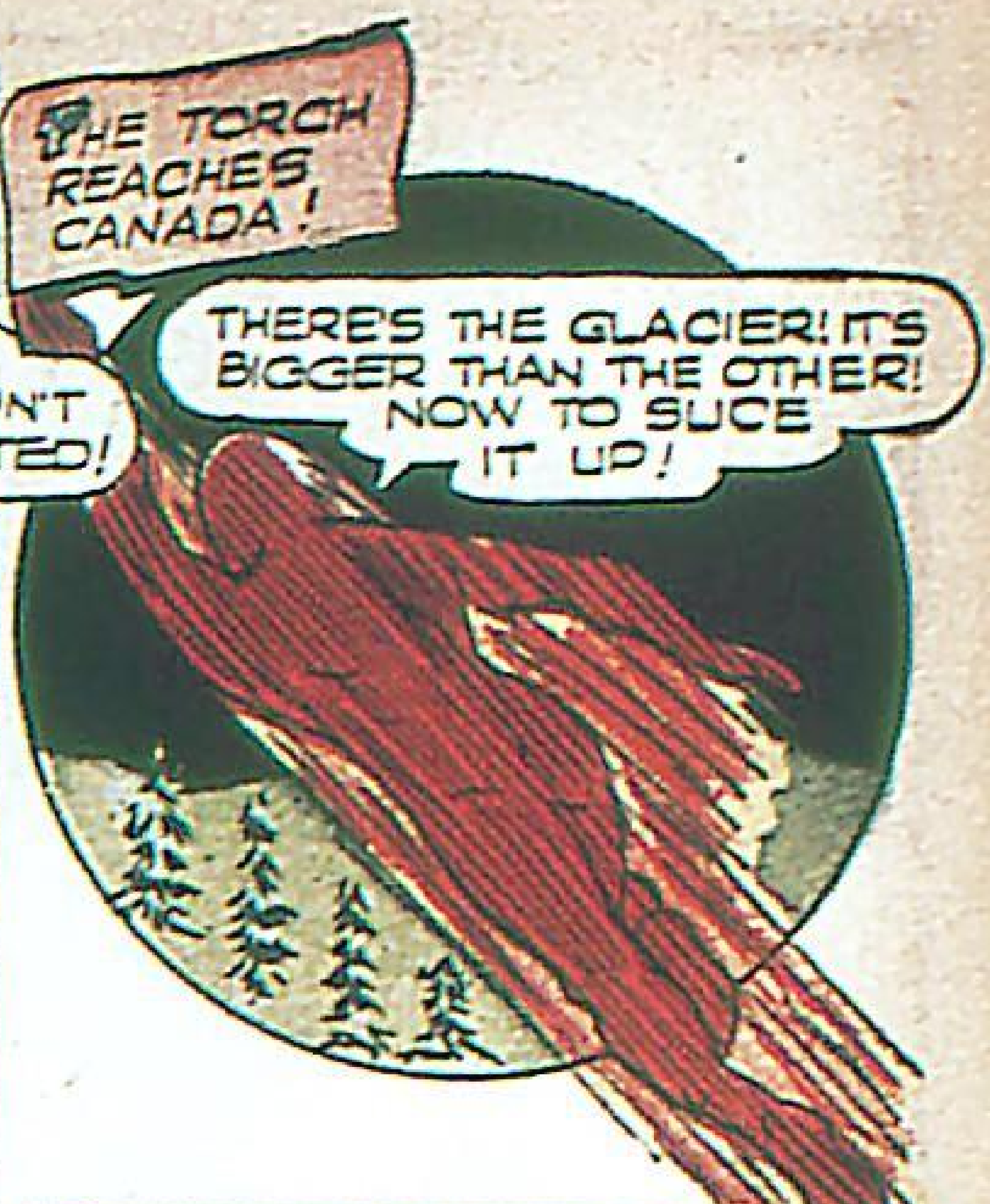
Bennett—the name, of course, was an alias—shrugged resignedly. "You've got me right, so why quibble? When the Gestapo learned that Smythe had gotten hold of the new code book, I was assigned to retrieve it. He took a roundabout way, Smythe did—I picked up the trail in Africa! I signed articles on the same ship at Cape Town. When I saw my chance, I tried to kill him in his bunk, but he slept with one eye open. I had to kill him—but had to wait till we landed to get him. Too bad I had to knife him, but he was obstinate." The spy spat out an oath. "Most of you Britishers are!"

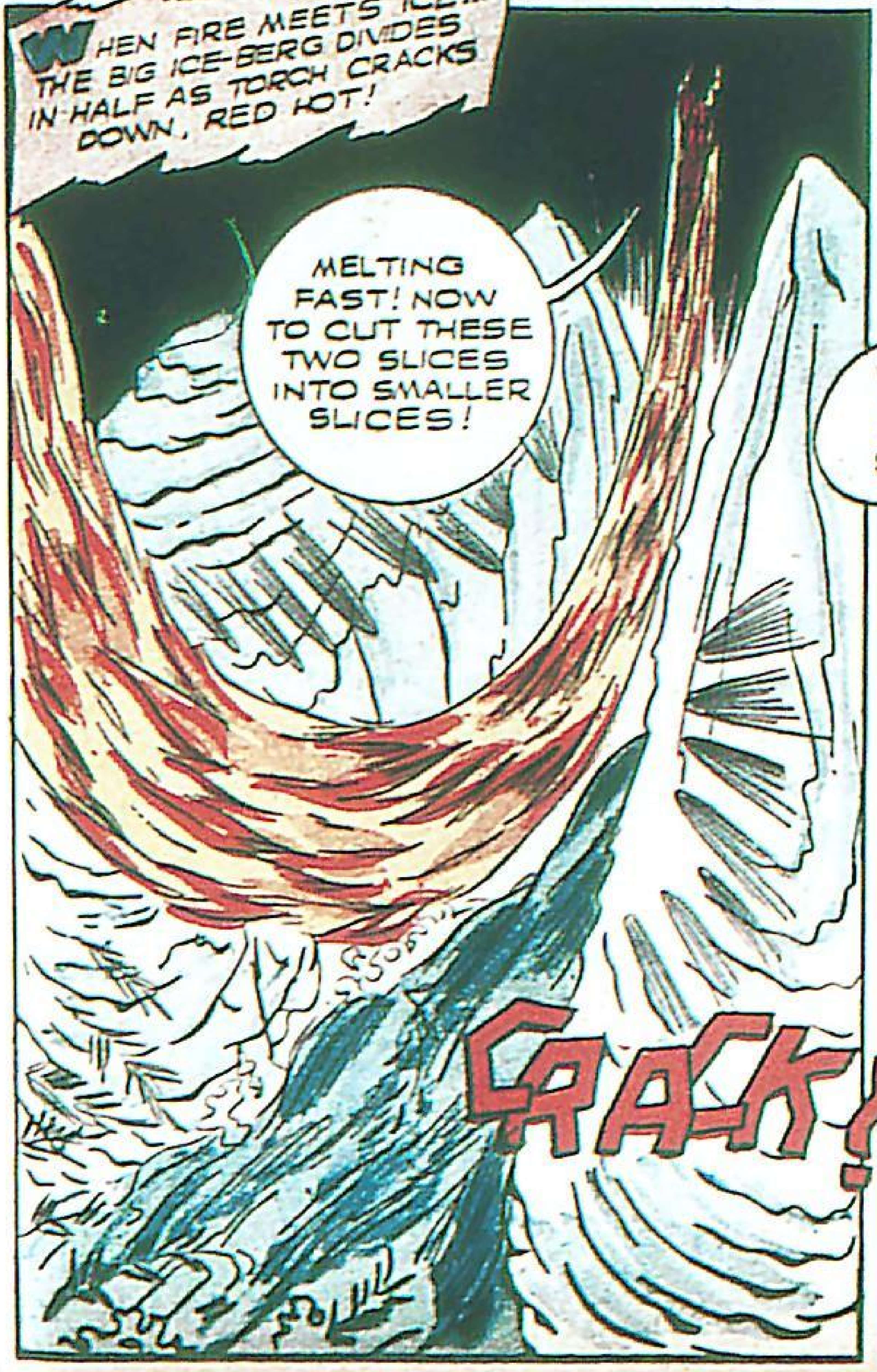
Mr. Crown grinned and raised two fat fingers that formed the letter "V". "Right-o!" he said smugly, as the van rolled into the Yard.

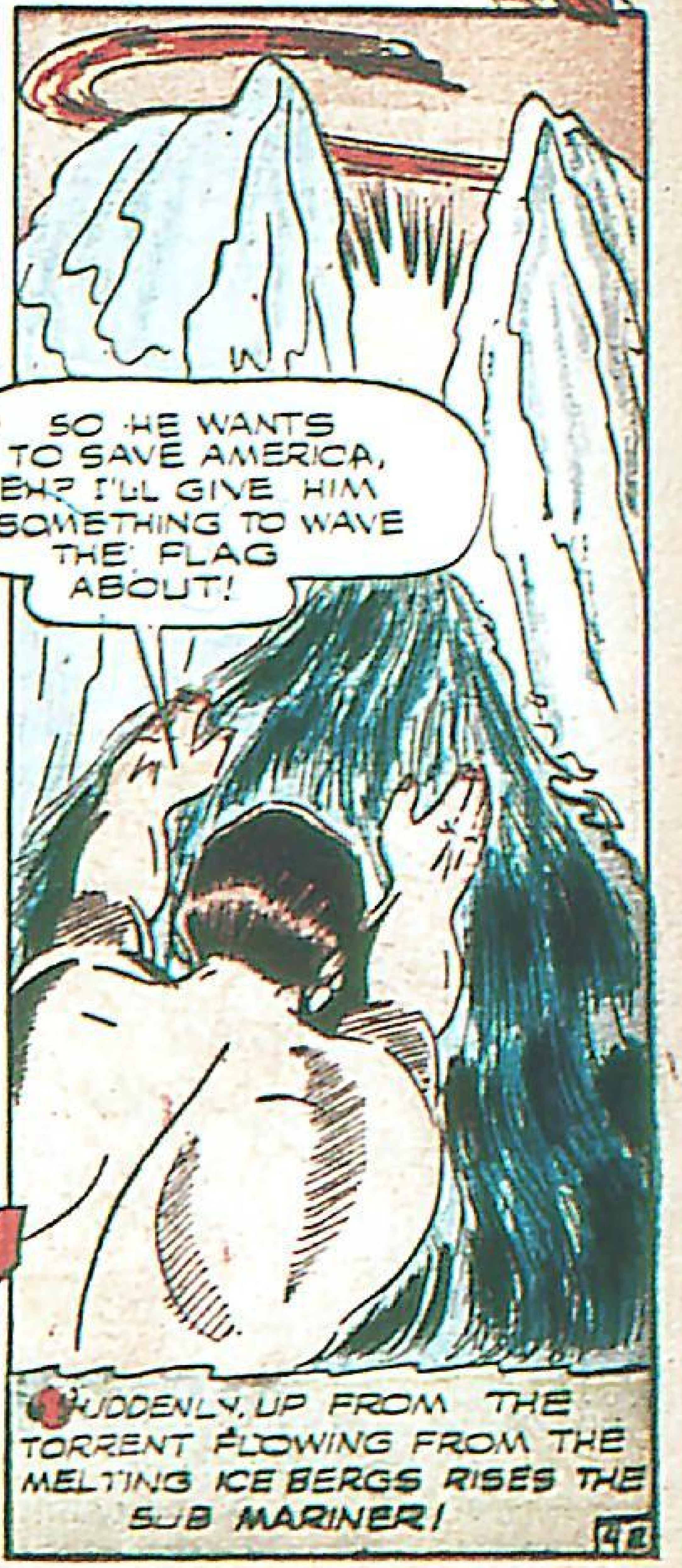
THE END

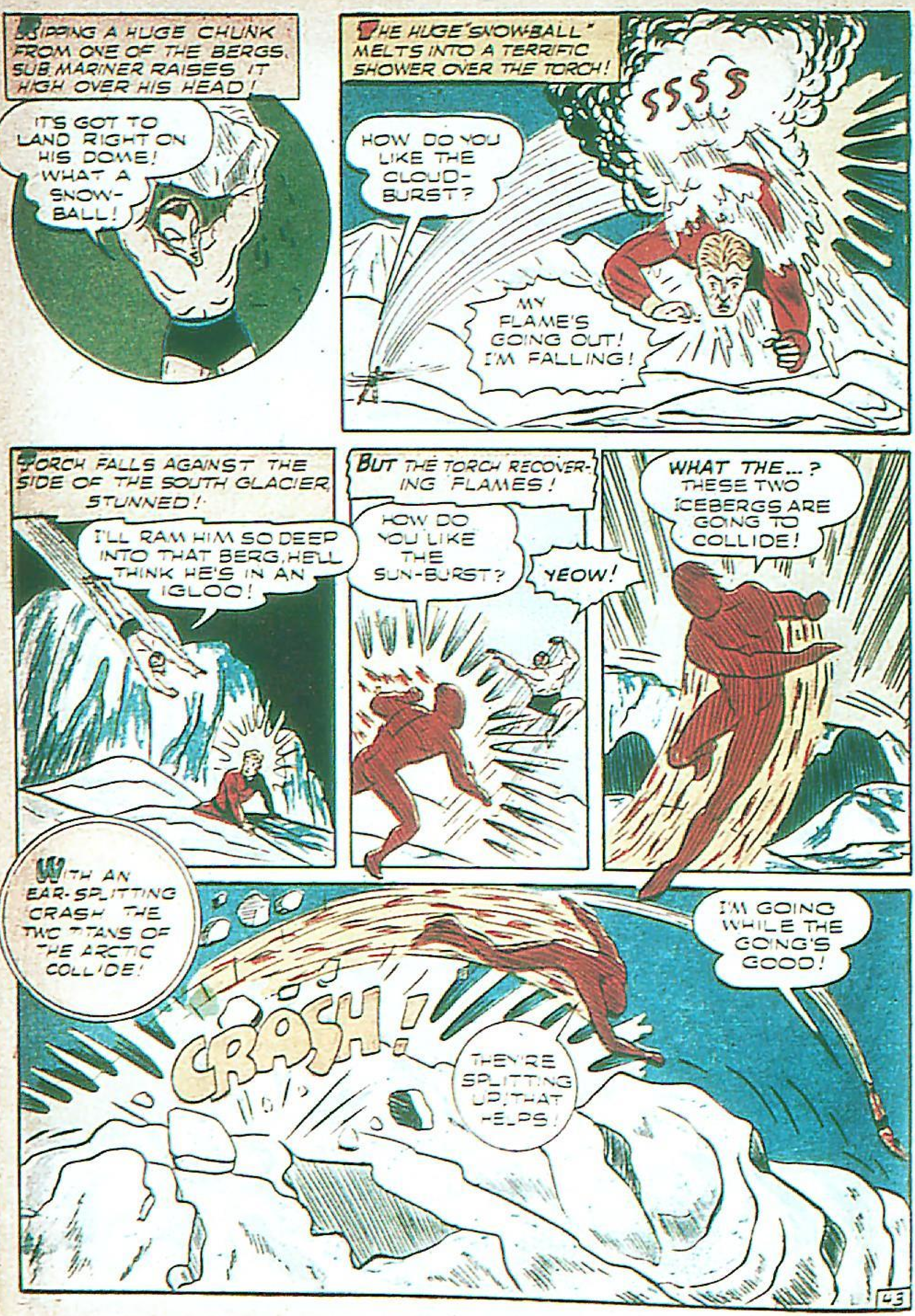

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940. COPYRIGHT 1941
HUMAN TORCH
PART 3
The HUMAN TORCH BATTLES THE SUB-MARINER AS THE WORLD FACES DESTRUCTION.
BET THIS STEAM COULD RUN A TRAIN!
AS TORCH FLINGS HIS BODY DOWNWARD, RADIATING BLAST FURNACE HEAT, THE GLACIERS HISS, HURLING TONS OF WATER INTO THE DITCH...
WITH MOSCOW SAVED, TORCH SHUTS OFF HIS FLAME... A RED ARMY OFFICER RUNS UP TO HIM!
YOU ARE WANTED AT ONCE AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY!
GOSH! HOPE I HAVEN'T CAUSED ANY MORE TROUBLE!
...AT THE EMBASSY...
OUR TWO WAY SHORT WAVE RADIO HAS JUST PICKED UP A CALL FROM A REPORTER NAMED CASEY IN LONDON, ASKING FOR YOU
OKAY! I'LL TALK TO HIM!
LONDON CALLING..
I'VE BEEN PAGING YOU FROM NEW YORK TO TIMBUCTOO! TORO'S SERIOUSLY ILL IN A LONDON HOSPITAL!
POOR KID, I'LL COME!
JUST A SECOND! MORE BAD NEWS! A FLASH FROM CANADA... A GIGANTIC GLACIER, SOUTH BOUND IS SWEEPING OVER HUDSON BAY- ON ITS WAY TO THE UNITED STATES!
BET I CAUSED IT. I'M GOING TO CANADA TO HEAD IT OFF!

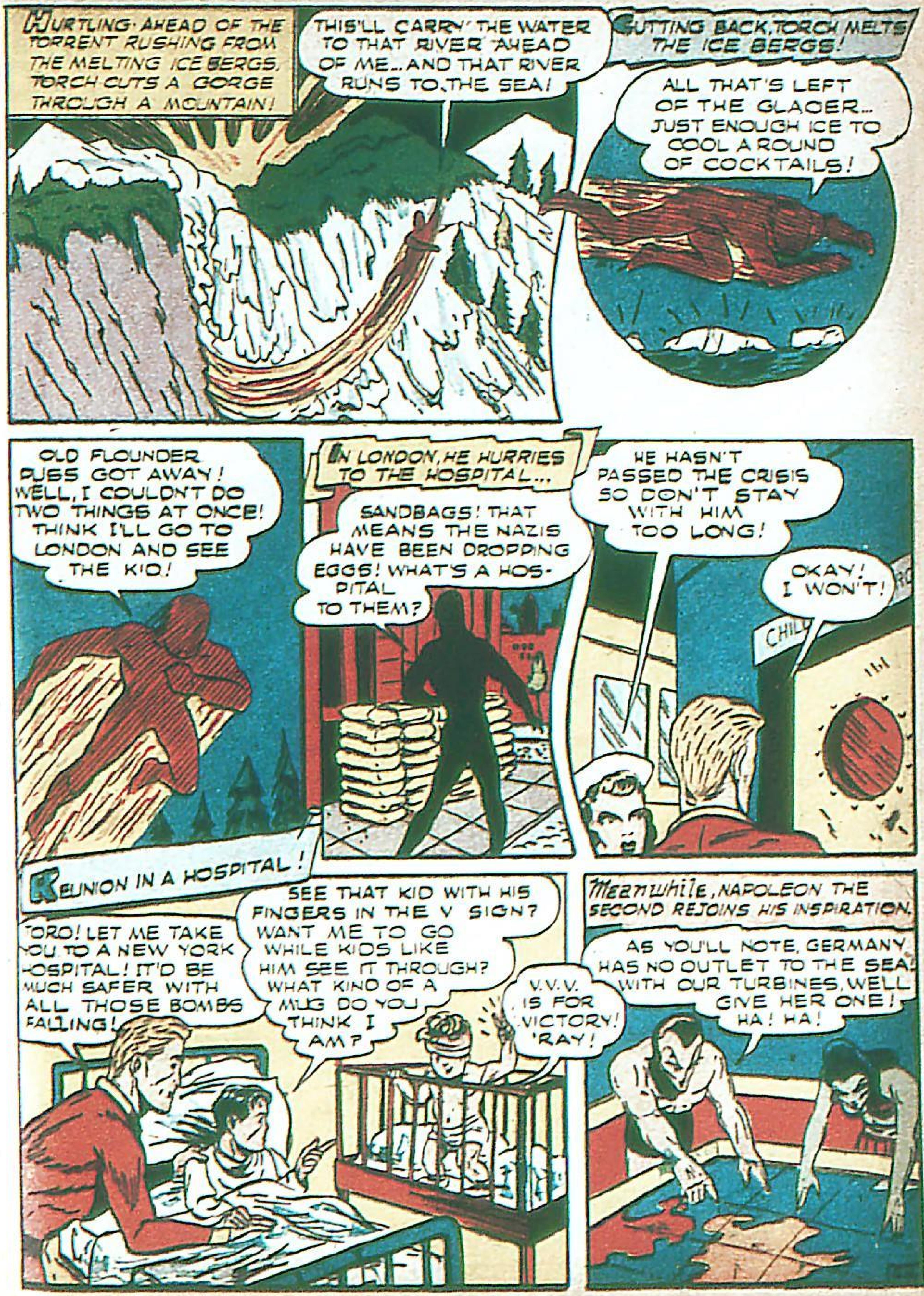

TORCH'S RADIO CONVERSATION WITH CASEY IS INTERCEPTED BY A STEEL WHALE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN!
...GOING AT ONCE TO HEAD IT OFF...
SO, HE'S DOUBLE-CROSSING ME, EH? I'M GOING TO CANADA TOO... TO HEAD HIM OFF! YOU TAKE OVER, RATHIA!
I KNEW HE COULDN'T BE TRUSTED!

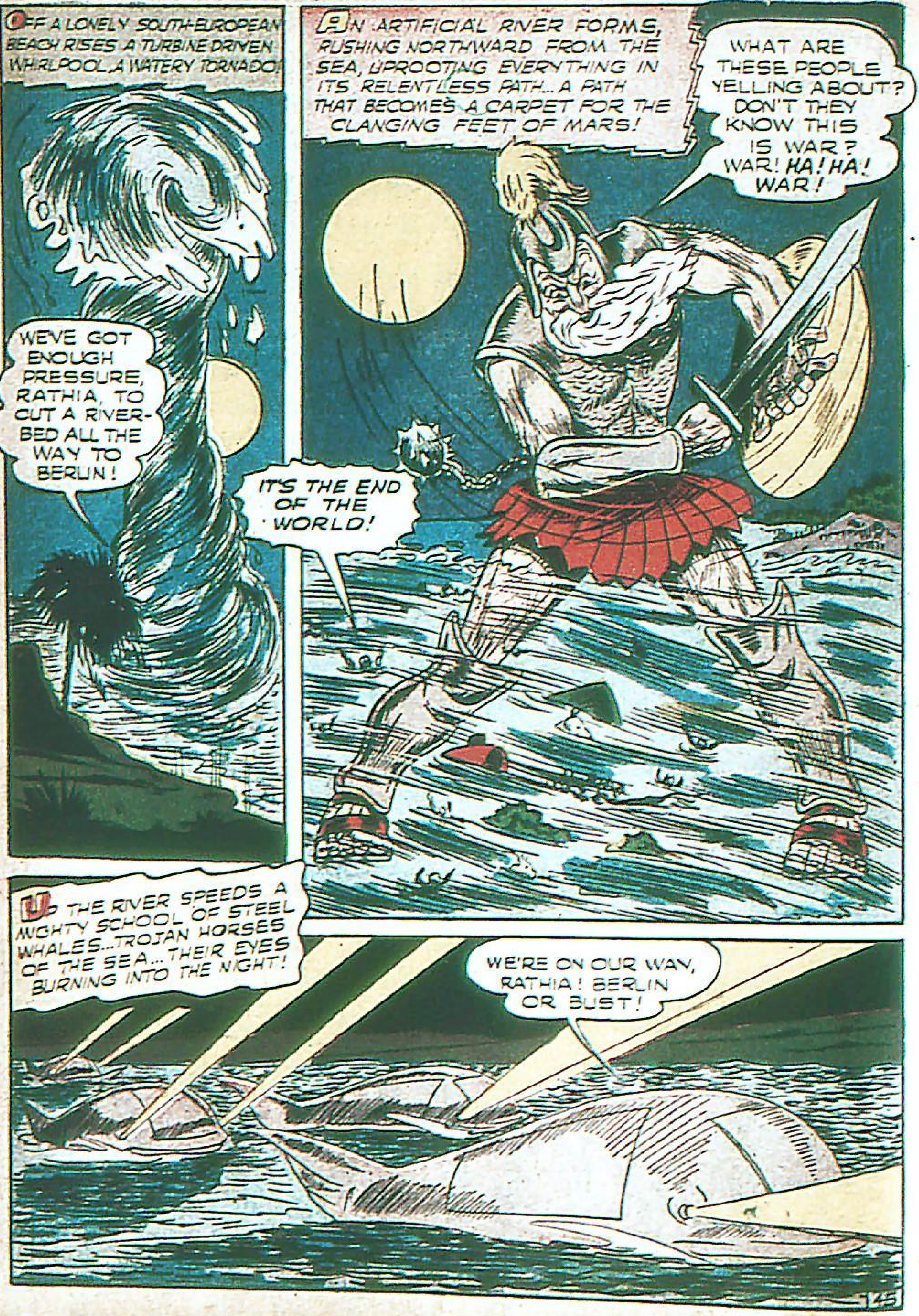

THE TORCH REACHES CANADA!
THERE'S THE GLACIER! IT'S BIGGER THAN THE OTHER! NOW TO SLICE IT UP!

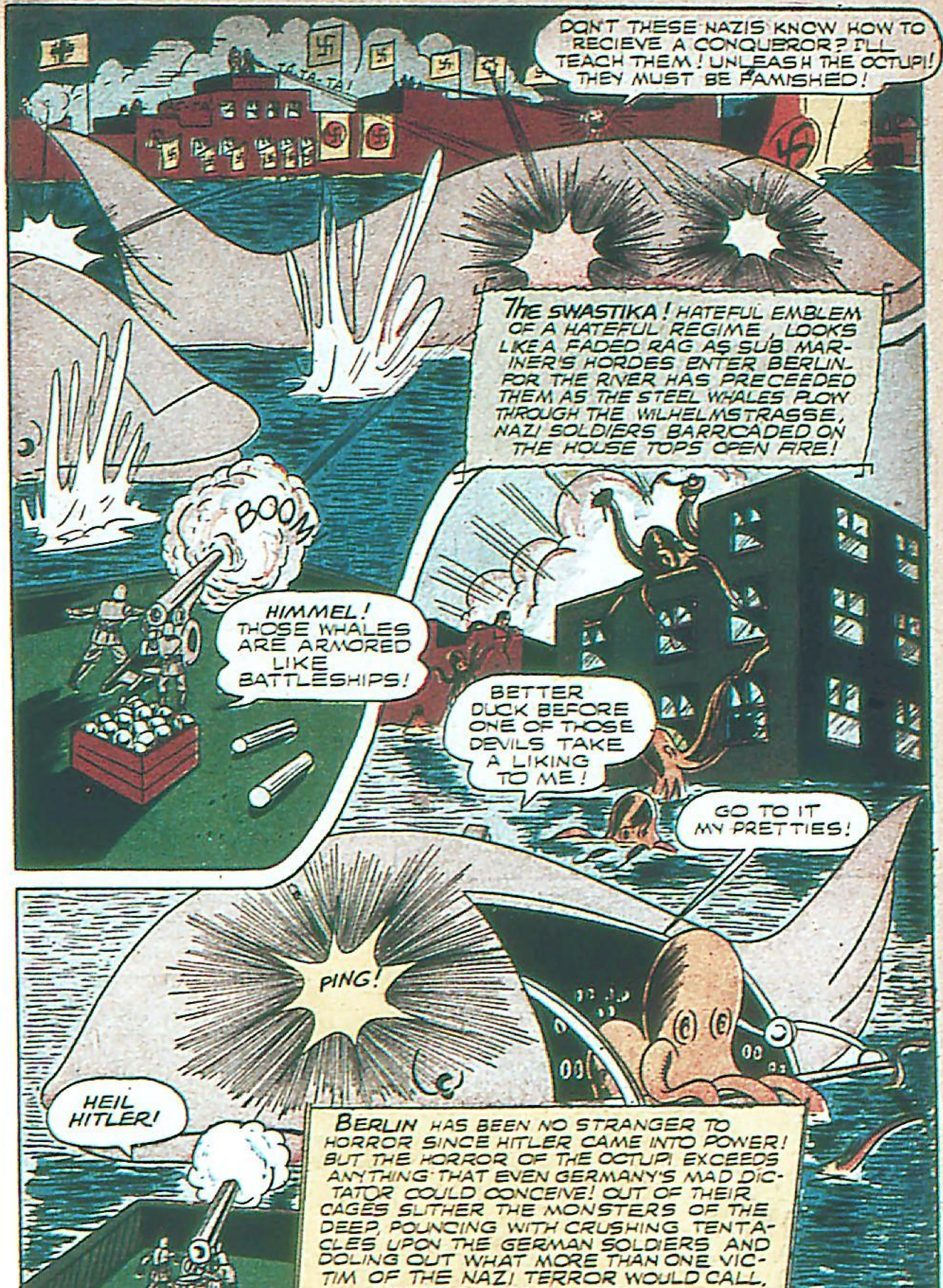

WHEN FIRE MEETS ICE... THE BIG ICE-BERG DIVIDES IN HALF AS TORCH CRACKS DOWN, RED HOT!
MELTING FAST! NOW TO CUT THESE TWO SLICES INTO SMALLER SLICES!
CRACK!

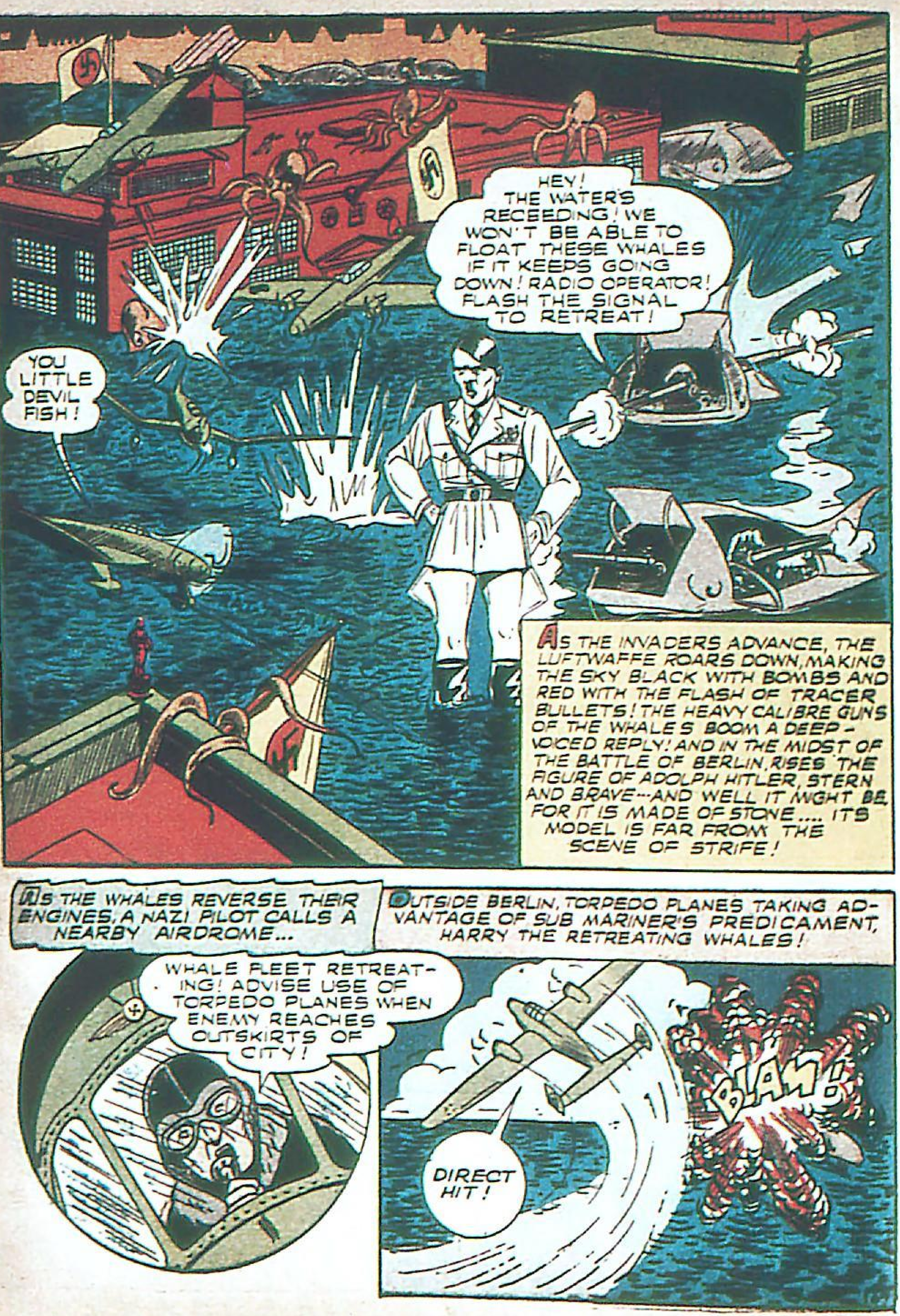

SO HE WANTS TO SAVE AMERICA, EH? I'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO WAVE THE FLAG ABOUT!
SUDDENLY, UP FROM THE TORRENT FLOWING FROM THE MELTING ICEBERGS RISES THE SUB MARINER!

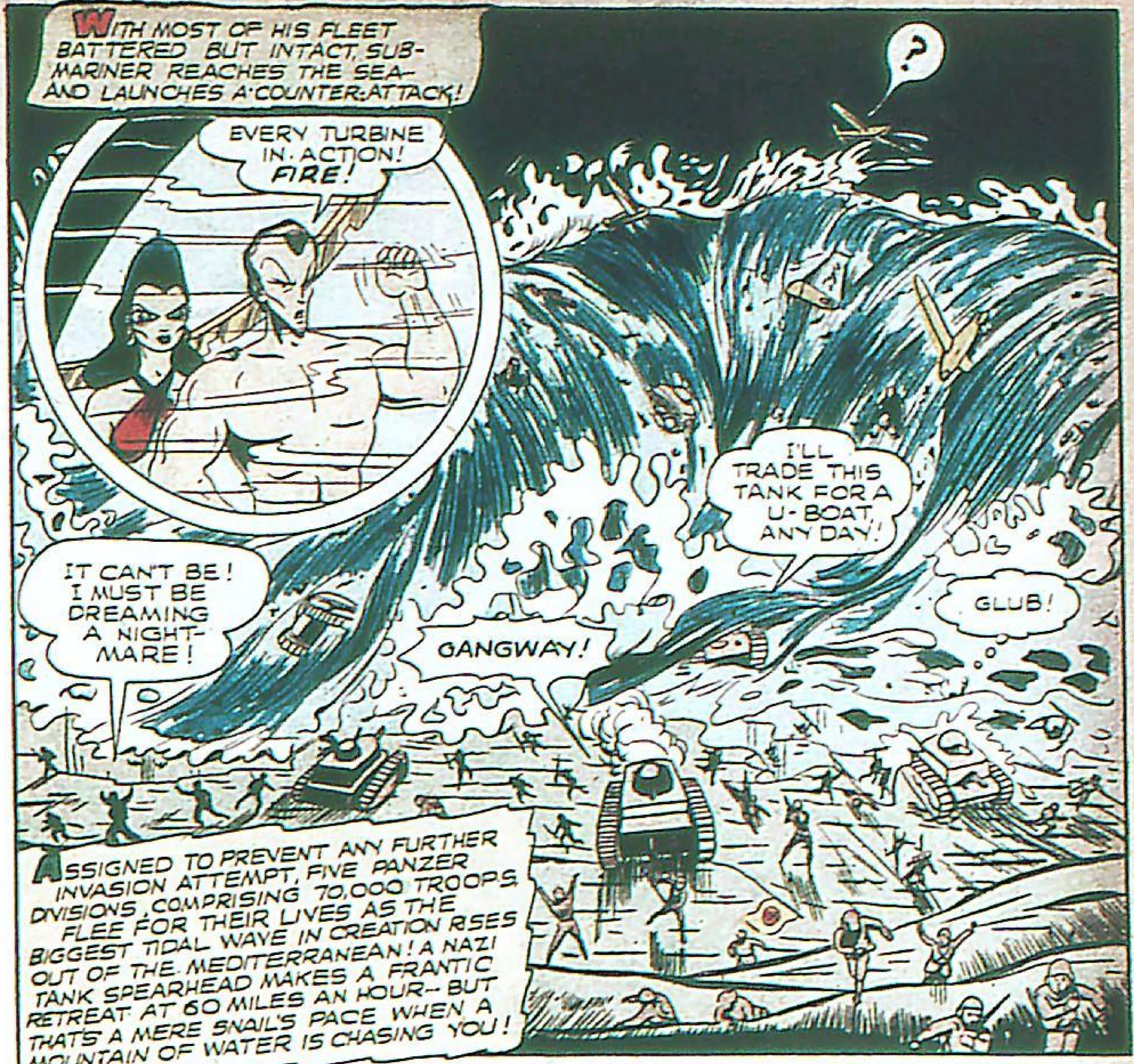

RIPPING A HUGE CHUNK FROM ONE OF THE BERGS, SUB-MARINER RAISES IT HIGH OVER HIS HEAD!
IT'S GOT TO LAND RIGHT ON HIS DOME! WHAT A SNOW-BALL!
THE HUGE "SNOW-BALL" MELTS INTO A TERRIFIC SHOWER OVER THE TORCH!
SSSS
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE CLOUD-BURST?
MY FLAME'S GOING OUT! I'M FALLING!
TORCH FALLS AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE SOUTH GLACIER, STUNNED!
I'LL RAM HIM SO DEEP INTO THAT BERG, HE'LL THINK HE'S IN AN IGLOO!
BUT THE TORCH RECOVERING FLAMES!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE SUN-BURST?
YEOW!
WHAT THE...? THESE TWO ICEBERGS ARE GOING TO COLLIDE!
WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING CRASH THE TWO TITANS OF THE ARCTIC COLLIDE!
I'M GOING WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD!
CRASH!
THEY'RE SPLITTING UP! THAT HELPS!

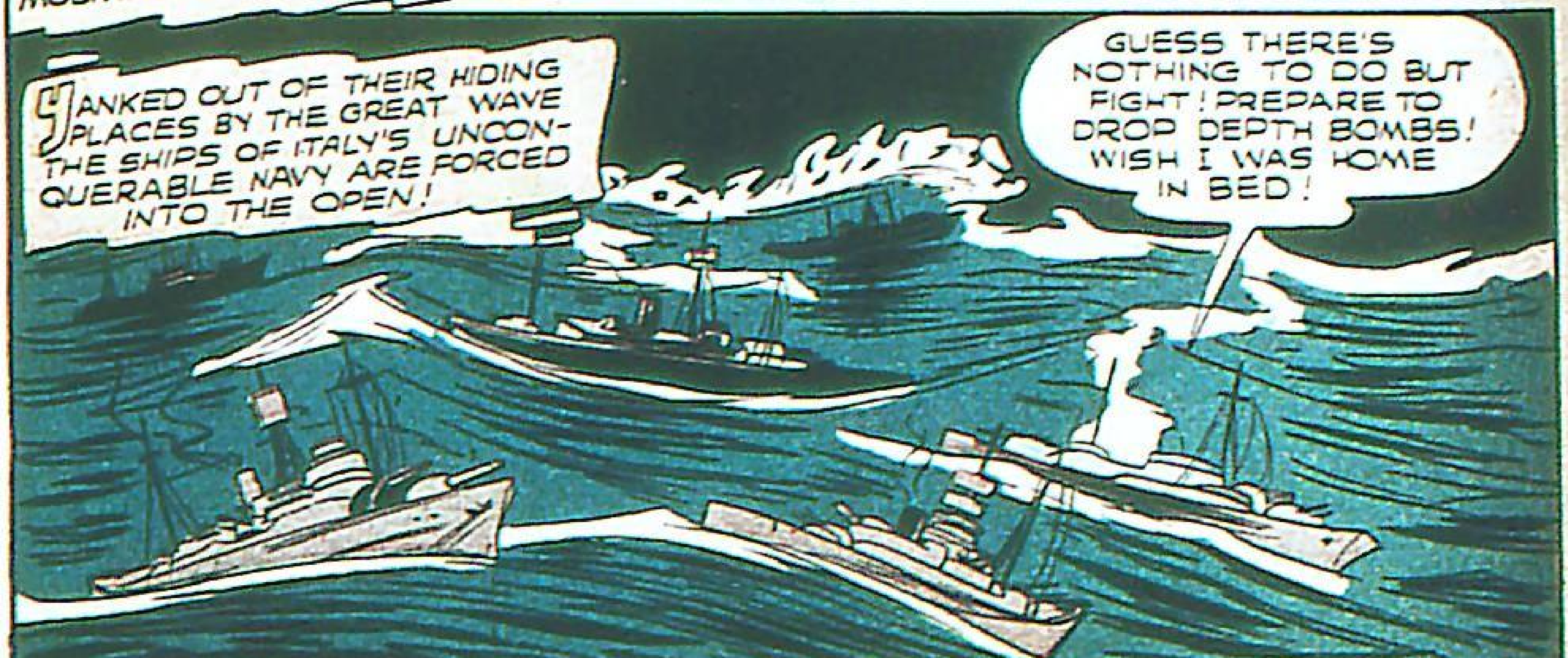

HURTLING AHEAD OF THE TORRENT RUSHING FROM THE MELTING ICE BERGS, TORCH CUTS A GORGE THROUGH A MOUNTAIN!
THIS'LL CARRY THE WATER TO THAT RIVER AHEAD OF ME... AND THAT RIVER RUNS TO THE SEA!
CUTTING BACK, TORCH MELTS THE ICE BERGS!
ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE GLACIER... JUST ENOUGH ICE TO COOL A ROUND OF COCKTAILS!
OLD FLOUNDER PUSS GOT AWAY! WELL, I COULDN'T DO TWO THINGS AT ONCE! THINK I'LL GO TO LONDON AND SEE THE KID!
IN LONDON, HE HURRIES TO THE HOSPITAL...
SANDBAGS! THAT MEANS THE NAZIS HAVE BEEN DROPPING EGGS! WHAT'S A HOSPITAL TO THEM?
HE HASN'T PASSED THE CRISIS SO DON'T STAY WITH HIM TOO LONG!
OKAY! I WON'T!
CHIL
REUNION IN A HOSPITAL!
TORO! LET ME TAKE YOU TO A NEW YORK HOSPITAL! IT'D BE MUCH SAFER WITH ALL THOSE BOMBS FALLING!
SEE THAT KID WITH HIS FINGERS IN THE V SIGN? WANT ME TO GO WHILE KIDS LIKE HIM SEE IT THROUGH? WHAT KIND OF A MUG DO YOU THINK I AM?
V.V.V. IS FOR VICTORY! 'RAY!
MEANWHILE, NAPOLEON THE SECOND REJOINS HIS INSPIRATION.
AS YOU'LL NOTE, GERMANY HAS NO OUTLET TO THE SEA! WITH OUR TURBINES, WE'LL GIVE HER ONE! HA! HA!

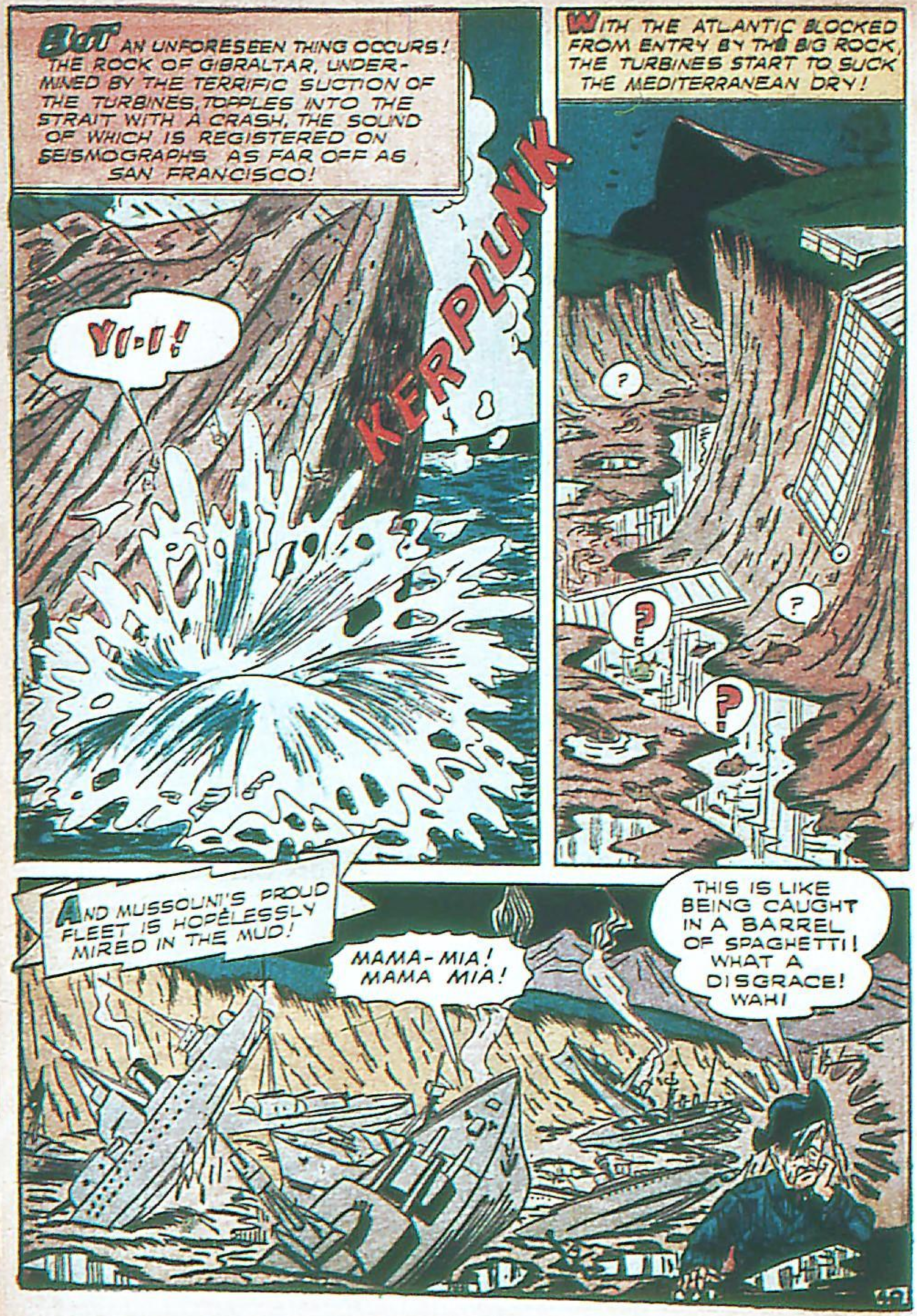

OFF A LONELY SOUTH-EUROPEAN BEACH RISES A TURBINE DRIVEN WHIRLPOOL, A WATERY TORNADO!
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PRESSURE, RATHIA, TO CUT A RIVER-BED ALL THE WAY TO BERLIN!
AN ARTIFICIAL RIVER FORMS, RUSHING NORTHWARD FROM THE SEA, UPROOTING EVERYTHING IN ITS RELENTLESS PATH... A PATH THAT BECOMES A CARPET FOR THE CLANGING FEET OF MARS!
WHAT ARE THESE PEOPLE YELLING ABOUT? DON'T THEY KNOW THIS IS WAR? WAR! HA! HA! WAR!
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!
UP THE RIVER SPEEDS A MIGHTY SCHOOL OF STEEL WHALES... TROJAN HORSES OF THE SEA... THEIR EYES BURNING INTO THE NIGHT!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY, RATHIA! BERLIN OR BUST!

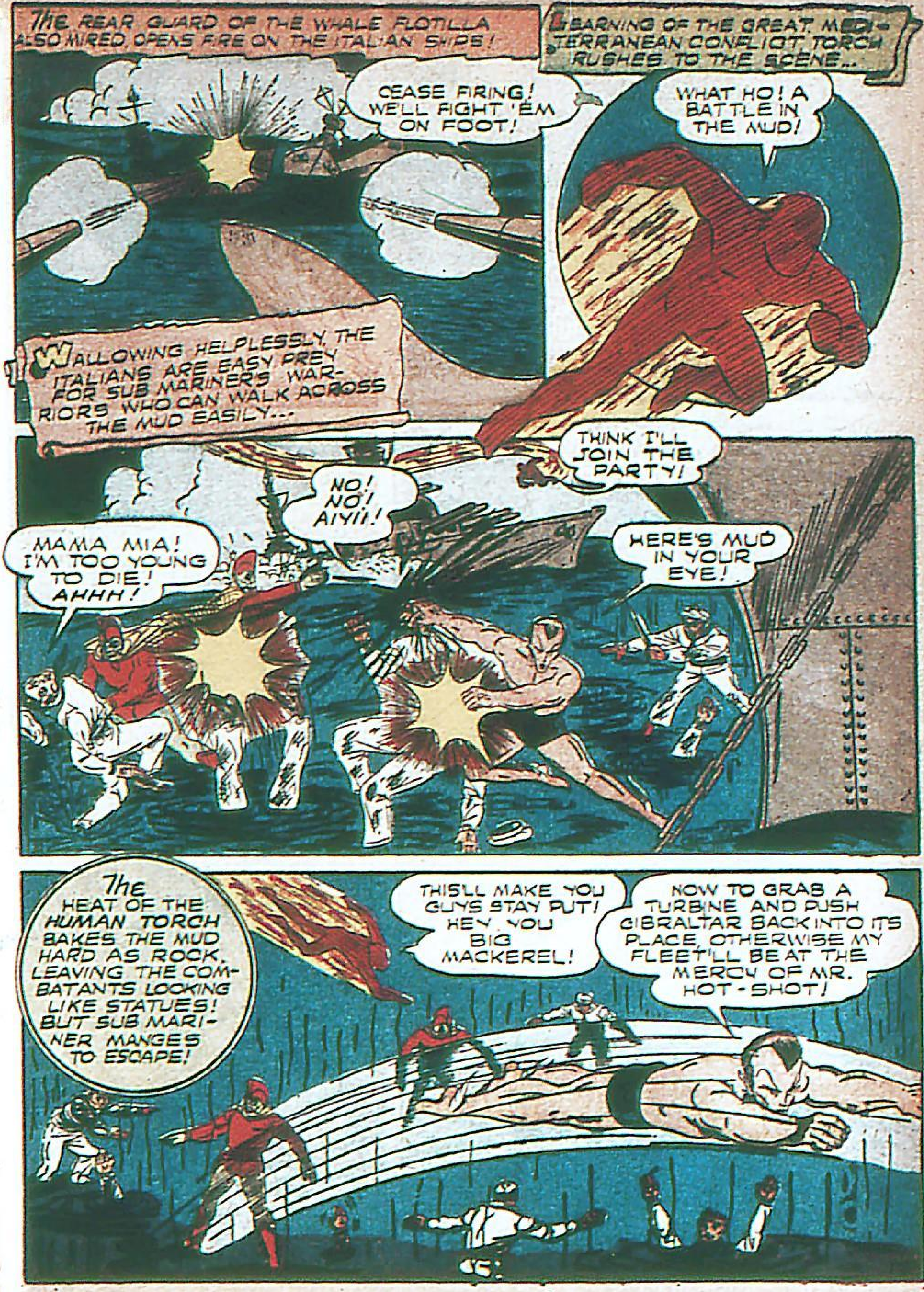

DON'T THESE NAZIS KNOW HOW TO RECIEVE A CONQUEROR? I'LL TEACH THEM! UNLEASH THE OCTUPI! THEY MUST BE FAMISHED!
TA-TA-TA
The SWASTIKA! HATEFUL EMBLEM OF A HATEFUL REGIME, LOOKS LIKE A FADED RAG AS SUB MARINER'S HORDES ENTER BERLIN. FOR THE RIVER HAS PRECEEDED THEM AS THE STEEL WHALES PLOW THROUGH THE WILHELMSTRASSE, NAZI SOLDIERS BARRICADED ON THE HOUSE TOPS OPEN FIRE!
BOOM
HIMMEL! THOSE WHALES ARE ARMORED LIKE BATTLESHIPS!
BETTER DUCK BEFORE ONE OF THOSE DEVILS TAKE A LIKING TO ME!
GO TO IT MY PRETTIES!
PING!
HEIL HITLER!
BERLIN HAS BEEN NO STRANGER TO HORROR SINCE HITLER CAME INTO POWER! BUT THE HORROR OF THE OCTUPI EXCEEDS ANYTHING THAT EVEN GERMANY'S MAD DICTATOR COULD CONCEIVE! OUT OF THEIR CAGES SLITHER THE MONSTERS OF THE DEEP, POUNCING WITH CRUSHING TENTACLES UPON THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AND DOLING OUT WHAT MORE THAN ONE VICTIM OF THE NAZI TERROR WOULD CALL "POETIC RETRIBUTION!"

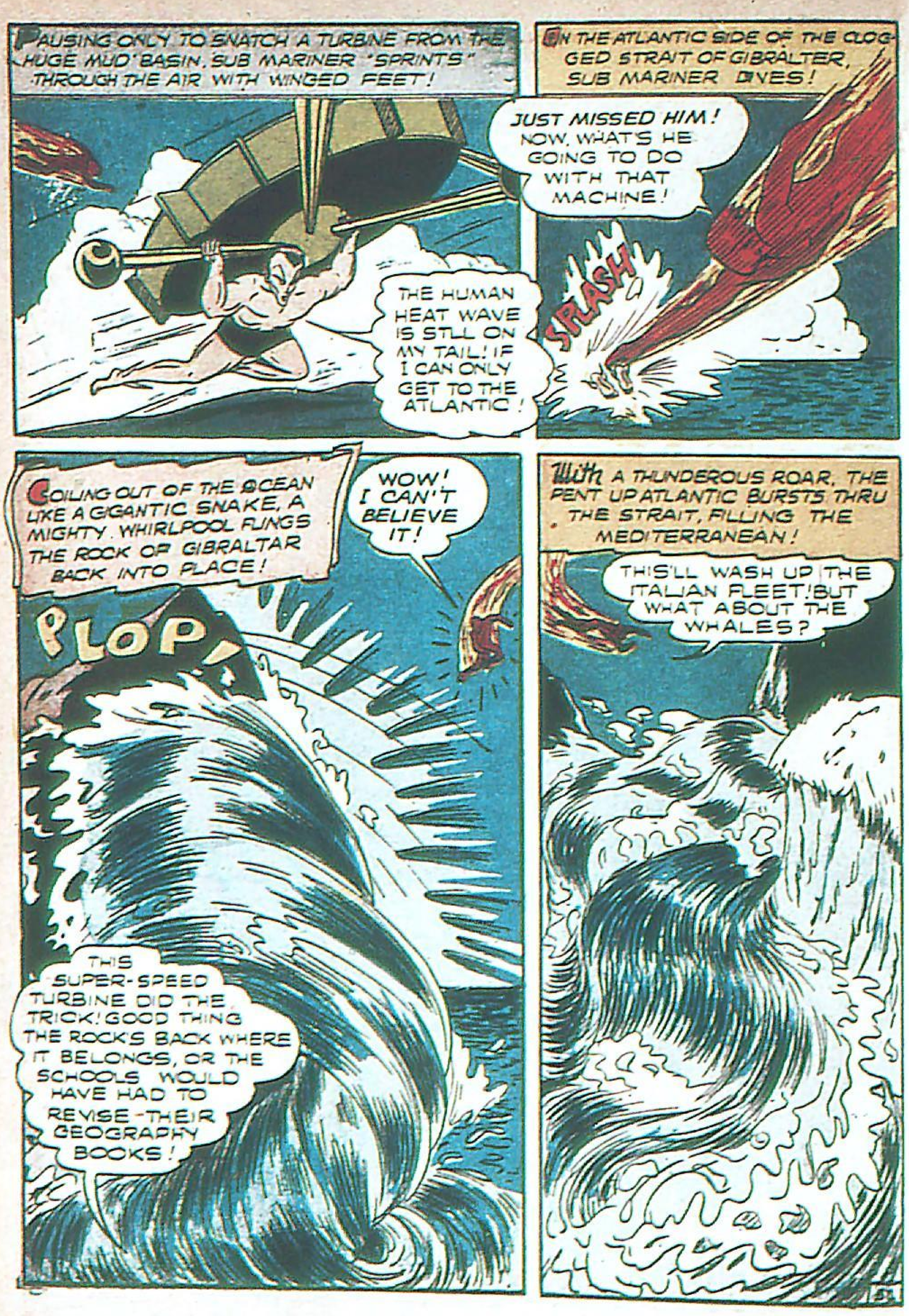

HEY! THE WATER'S RECEEDING! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO FLOAT THESE WHALES IF IT KEEPS GOING DOWN! RADIO OPERATOR! FLASH THE SIGNAL TO RETREAT!
YOU LITTLE DEVIL FISH!
AS THE INVADERS ADVANCE, THE LUFTWAFFE ROARS DOWN, MAKING THE SKY BLACK WITH BOMBS AND RED WITH THE FLASH OF TRACER BULLETS! THE HEAVY CALIBRE GUNS OF THE WHALES BOOM A DEEP-VOICED REPLY! AND IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE OF BERLIN, RISES THE FIGURE OF ADOLPH HITLER, STERN AND BRAVE--- AND WELL IT MIGHT BE, FOR IT IS MADE OF STONE.... ITS MODEL IS FAR FROM THE SCENE OF STRIFE!
AS THE WHALES REVERSE THEIR ENGINES, A NAZI PILOT CALLS A NEARBY AIRDROME...
WHALE FLEET RETREATING! ADVISE USE OF TORPEDO PLANES WHEN ENEMY REACHES OUTSKIRTS OF CITY!
OUTSIDE BERLIN, TORPEDO PLANES TAKING ADVANTAGE OF SUB MARINER'S PREDICAMENT, HARRY THE RETREATING WHALES!
DIRECT HIT!
BLAM!

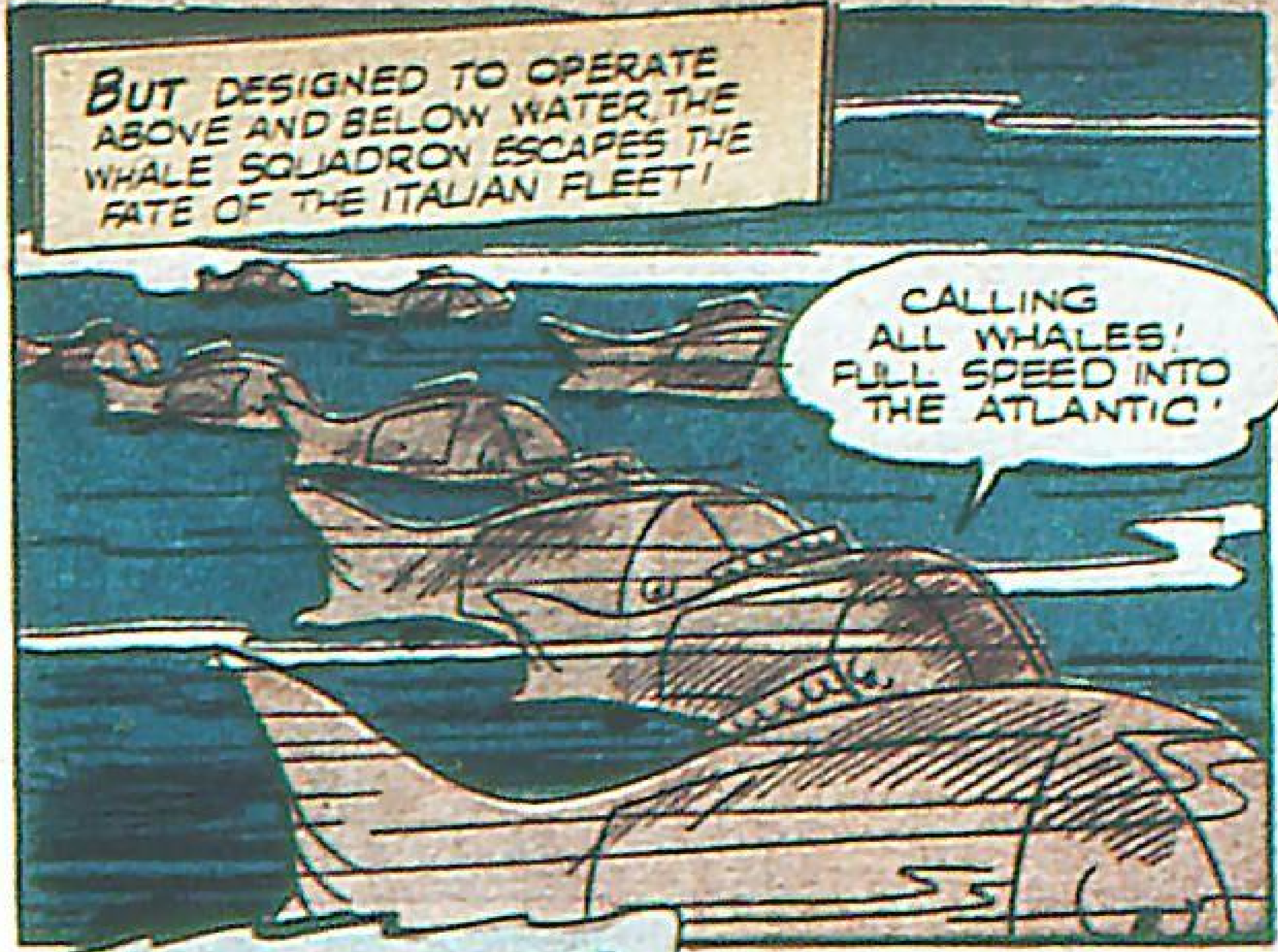

WITH MOST OF HIS FLEET BATTERED BUT INTACT, SUB-MARINER REACHES THE SEA-AND LAUNCHES A COUNTER-ATTACK!
EVERY TURBINE IN ACTION! FIRE!
?
I'LL TRADE THIS TANK FOR A U-BOAT ANY DAY!
IT CAN'T BE! I MUST BE DREAMING A NIGHTMARE!
GANGWAY!
GLUB!
ASSIGNED TO PREVENT ANY FURTHER INVASION ATTEMPT, FIVE PANZER DIVISIONS, COMPRISING 70,000 TROOPS FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES AS THE BIGGEST TIDAL WAVE IN CREATION RISES OUT OF THE MEDITERRANEAN! A NAZI TANK SPEARHEAD MAKES A FRANTIC RETREAT AT 60 MILES AN HOUR-- BUT THAT'S A MERE SNAIL'S PACE WHEN A MOUNTAIN OF WATER IS CHASING YOU!

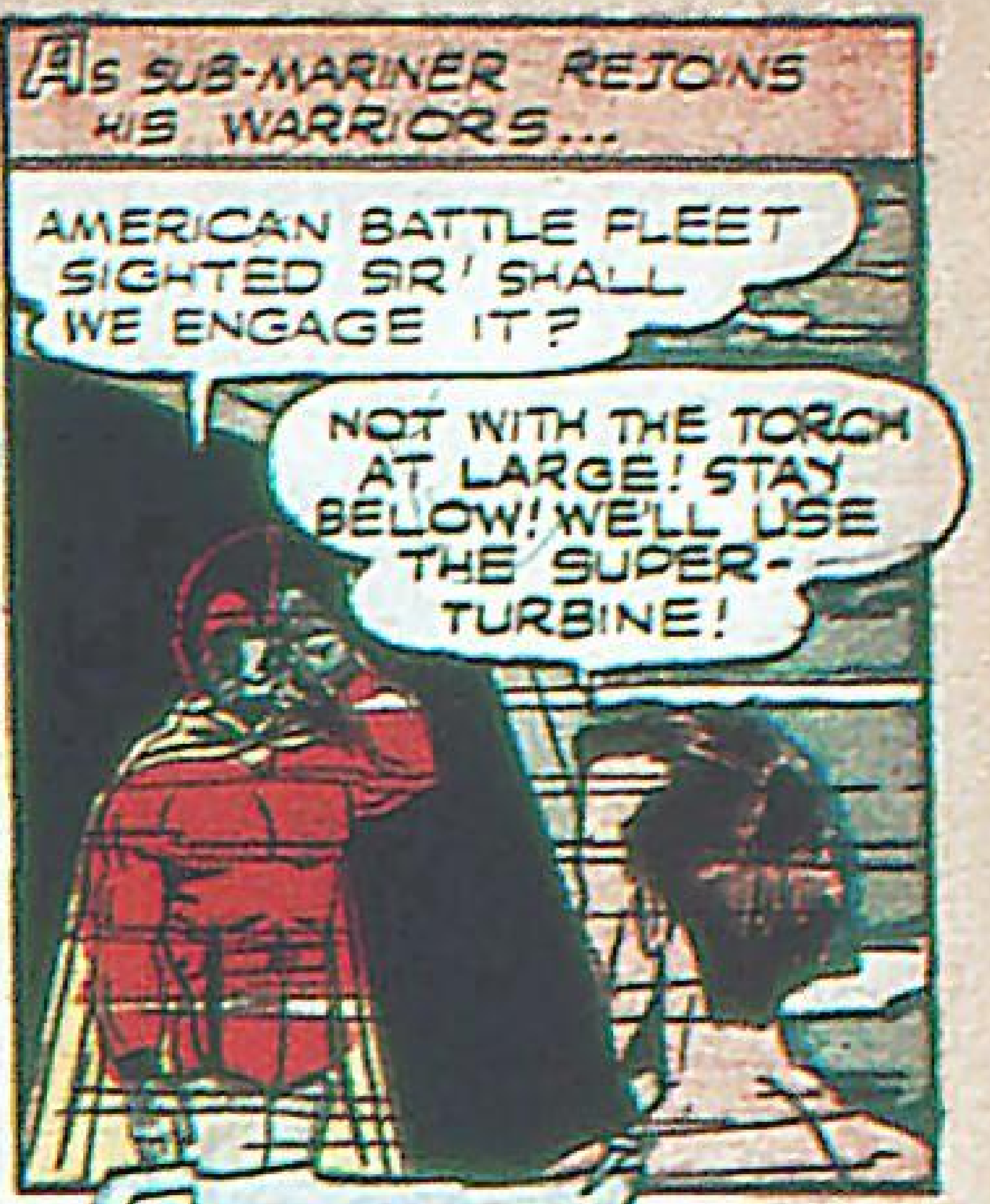

YANKED OUT OF THEIR HIDING PLACES BY THE GREAT WAVE THE SHIPS OF ITALY'S UNCONQUERABLE NAVY ARE FORCED INTO THE OPEN!
GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT FIGHT! PREPARE TO DROP DEPTH BOMBS! WISH I WAS HOME IN BED!

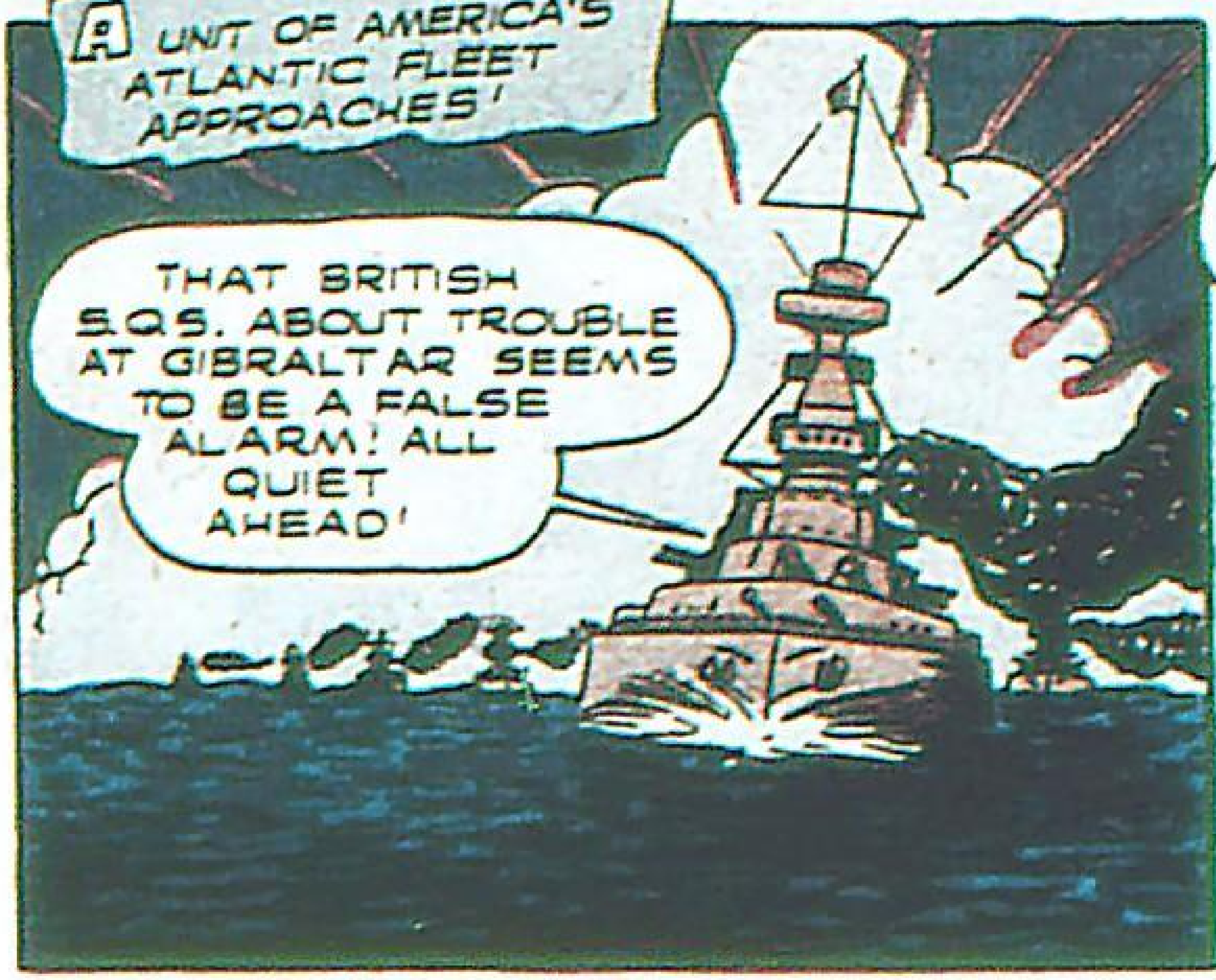

BUT AN UNFORESEEN THING OCCURS! THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, UNDERMINED BY THE TERRIFIC SUCTION OF THE TURBINES, TOPPLES INTO THE STRAIT WITH A CRASH, THE SOUND OF WHICH IS REGISTERED ON SEISMOGRAPHS AS FAR OFF AS SAN FRANCISCO!
KERPLUNK
YI-I!
WITH THE ATLANTIC BLOCKED FROM ENTRY BY THE BIG ROCK, THE TURBINES START TO SUCK THE MEDITERRANEAN DRY!
?
?
?
?
AND MUSSOLINI'S PROUD FLEET IS HOPELESSLY MIRED IN THE MUD!
MAMA-MIA! MAMA MIA!
THIS IS LIKE BEING CAUGHT IN A BARREL OF SPAGHETTI! WHAT A DISGRACE! WAH!

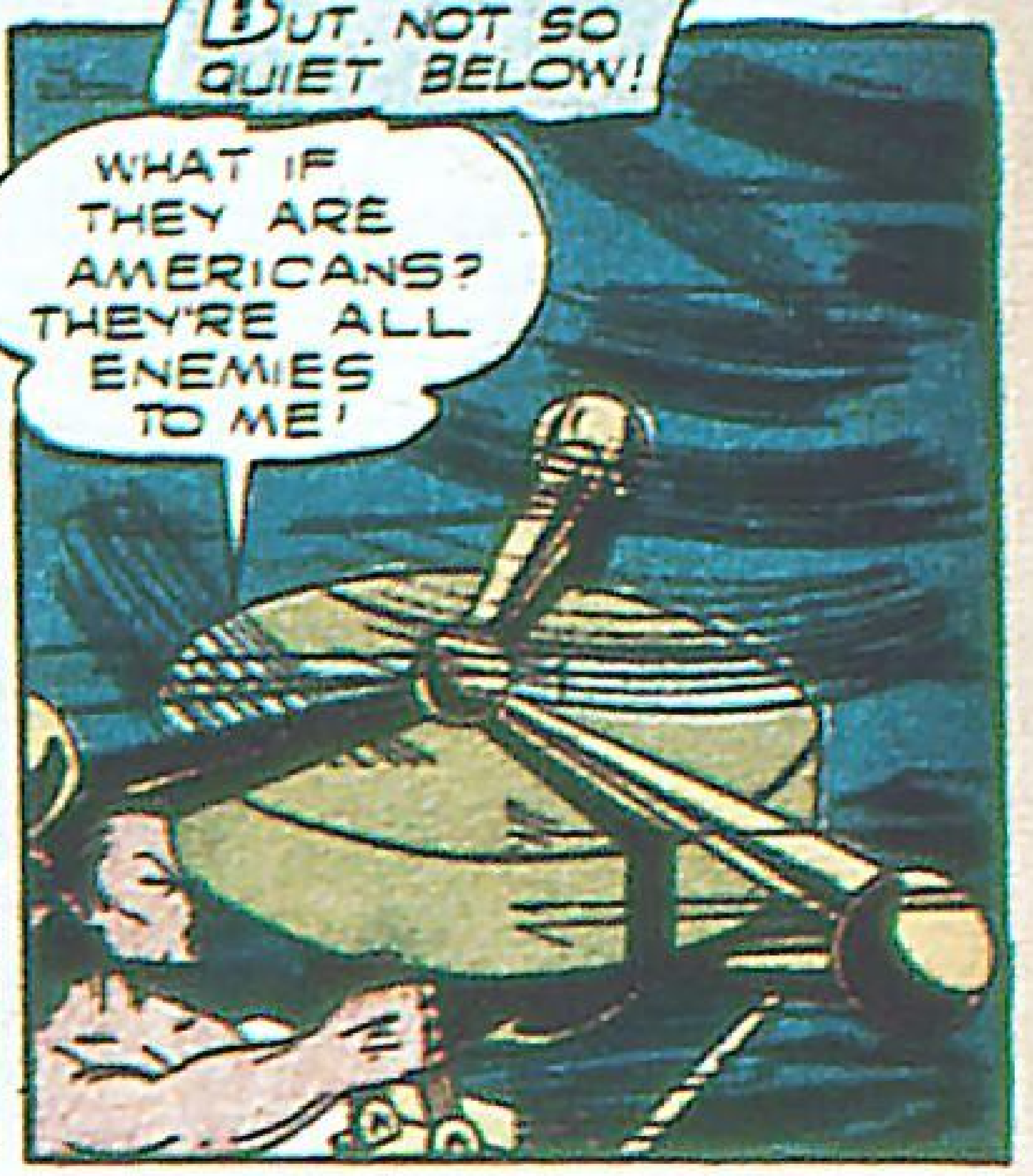

THE REAR GUARD OF THE WHALE FLOTILLA ALSO MIRED, OPENS FIRE ON THE ITALIAN SHIPS!
CEASE FIRING! WE'LL FIGHT 'EM ON FOOT!
LEARNING OF THE GREAT MEDITERRANEAN CONFLICT TORCH RUSHES TO THE SCENE...
WHAT HO! A BATTLE IN THE MUD!
WALLOWING HELPLESSLY, THE ITALIANS ARE EASY PREY FOR SUB MARINER'S WARRIORS WHO CAN WALK ACROSS THE MUD EASILY...
MAMA MIA! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! AHHH!
NO! NO! AIYII!
THINK I'LL JOIN THE PARTY!
HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE!
THE HEAT OF THE HUMAN TORCH BAKES THE MUD HARD AS ROCK, LEAVING THE COMBATANTS LOOKING LIKE STATUES! BUT SUB MARINER MANGES TO ESCAPE!
THIS'LL MAKE YOU GUYS STAY PUT! HEY YOU BIG MACKEREL!
NOW TO GRAB A TURBINE AND PUSH GIBRALTAR BACK INTO ITS PLACE, OTHERWISE MY FLEET'LL BE AT THE MERCY OF MR. HOT-SHOT!

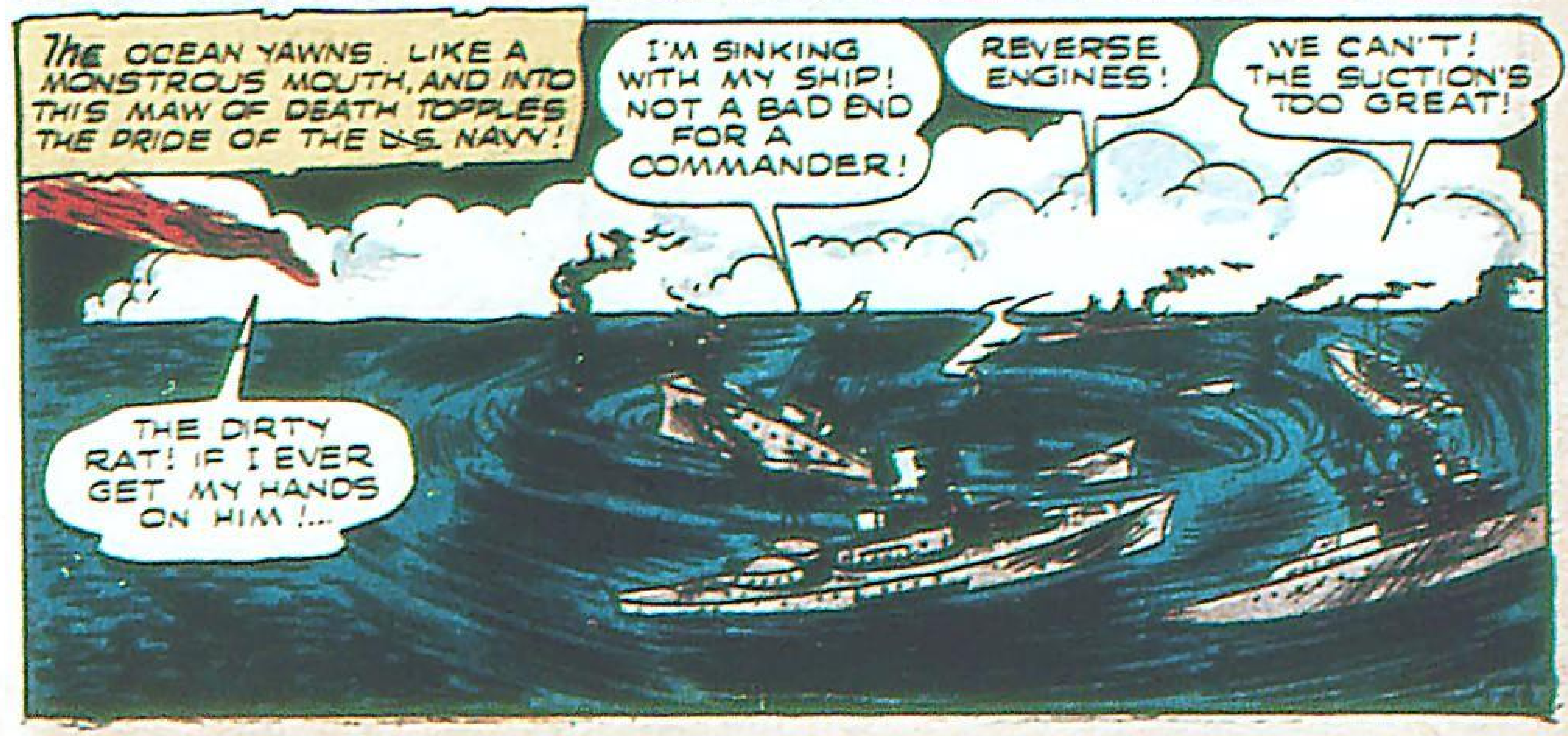

PAUSING ONLY TO SNATCH A TURBINE FROM THE HUGE MUD' BASIN, SUB MARINER "SPRINTS" THROUGH THE AIR WITH WINGED FEET!
THE HUMAN HEAT WAVE IS STLL ON MY TAIL! IF I CAN ONLY GET TO THE ATLANTIC!
ON THE ATLANTIC SIDE OF THE CLOGGED STRAIT OF GIBRALTER, SUB MARINER DIVES!
JUST MISSED HIM! NOW, WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO WITH THAT MACHINE!
SPLASH
COILING OUT OF THE OCEAN LIKE A GIGANTIC SNAKE, A MIGHTY WHIRLPOOL FLINGS THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR BACK INTO PLACE!
WOW! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
PLOP!
THIS SUPER-SPEED TURBINE DID THE TRICK! GOOD THING THE ROCK'S BACK WHERE IT BELONGS, OR THE SCHOOLS WOULD HAVE HAD TO REVISE THEIR GEOGRAPHY BOOKS!
WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, THE PENT UP ATLANTIC BURSTS THRU THE STRAIT, FILLING THE MEDITERRANEAN!
THIS'LL WASH UP THE ITALIAN FLEET! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE WHALES?

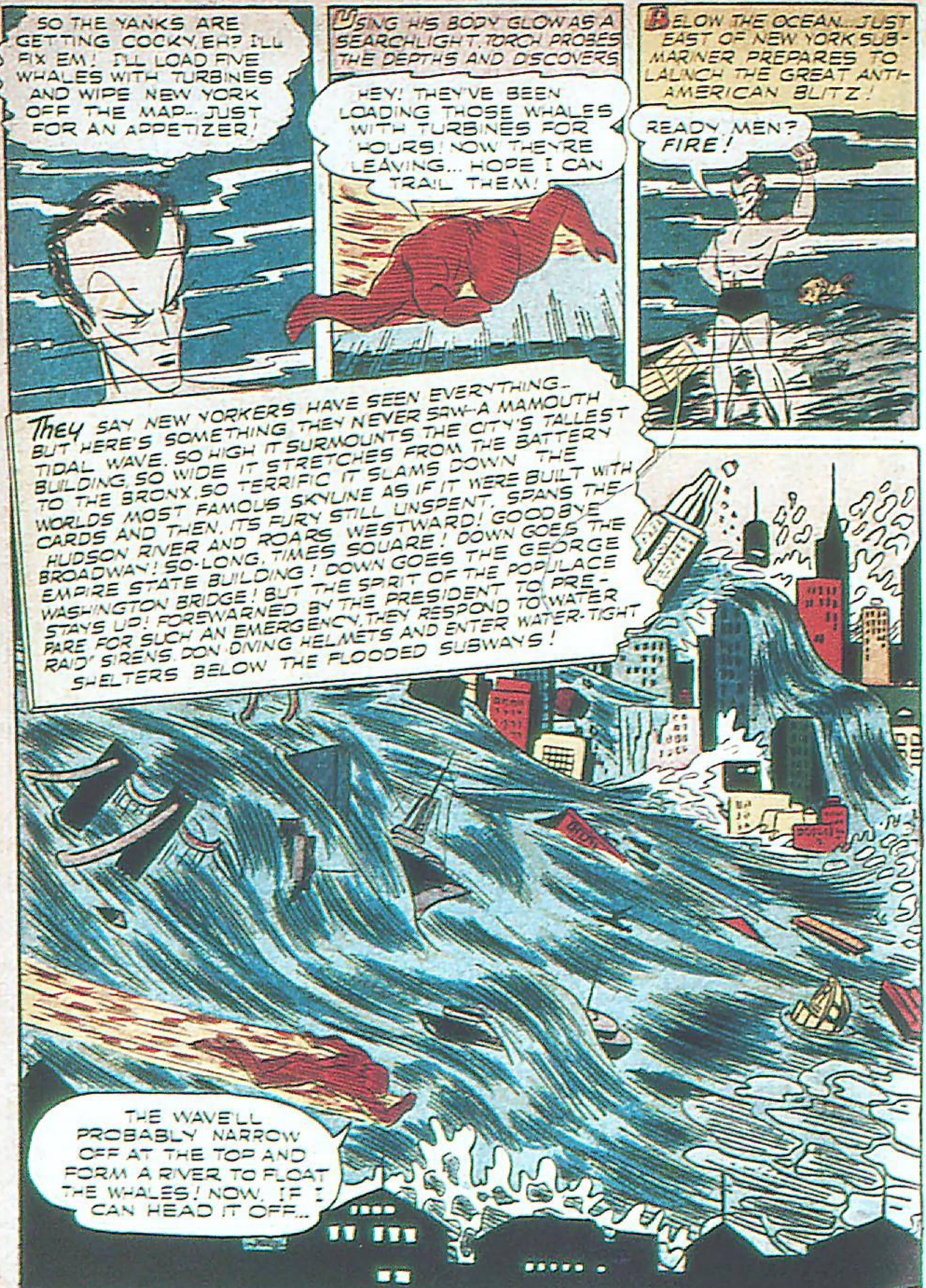

BUT DESIGNED TO OPERATE ABOVE AND BELOW WATER THE WHALE SQUADRON ESCAPES THE FATE OF THE ITALIAN FLEET!
CALLING ALL WHALES! FULL SPEED INTO THE ATLANTIC!

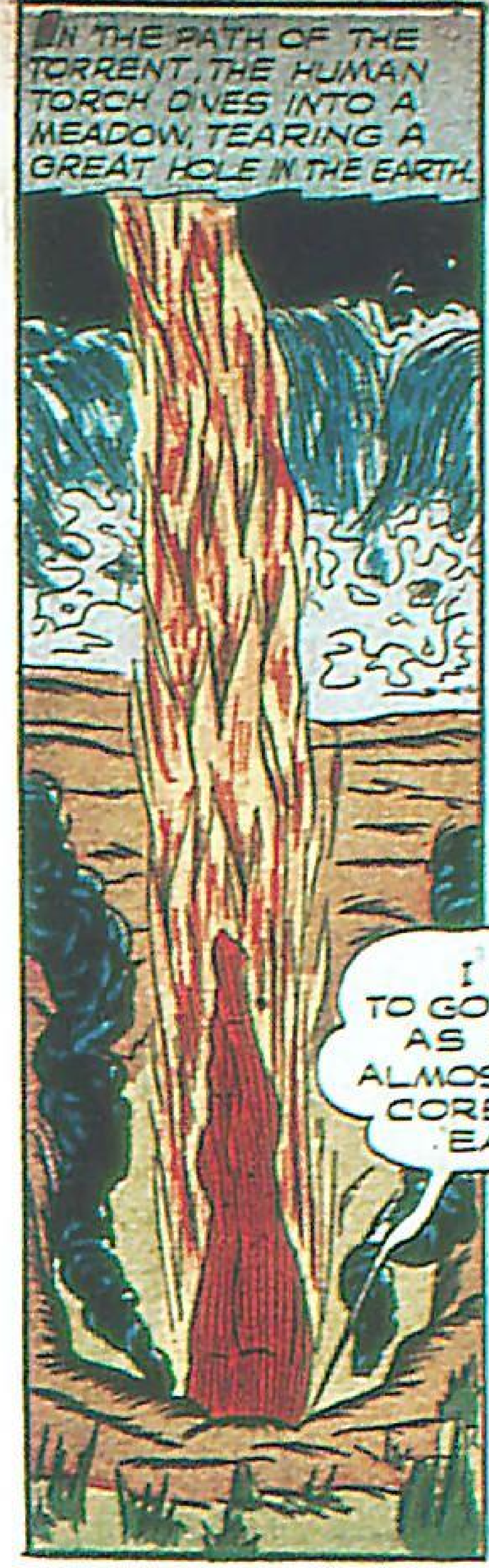

AS SUB-MARINER REJOINS HIS WARRIORS...
AMERICAN BATTLE FLEET SIGHTED SIR! SHALL WE ENGAGE IT?
NOT WITH THE TORCH AT LARGE! STAY BELOW! WE'LL USE THE SUPER-TURBINE!

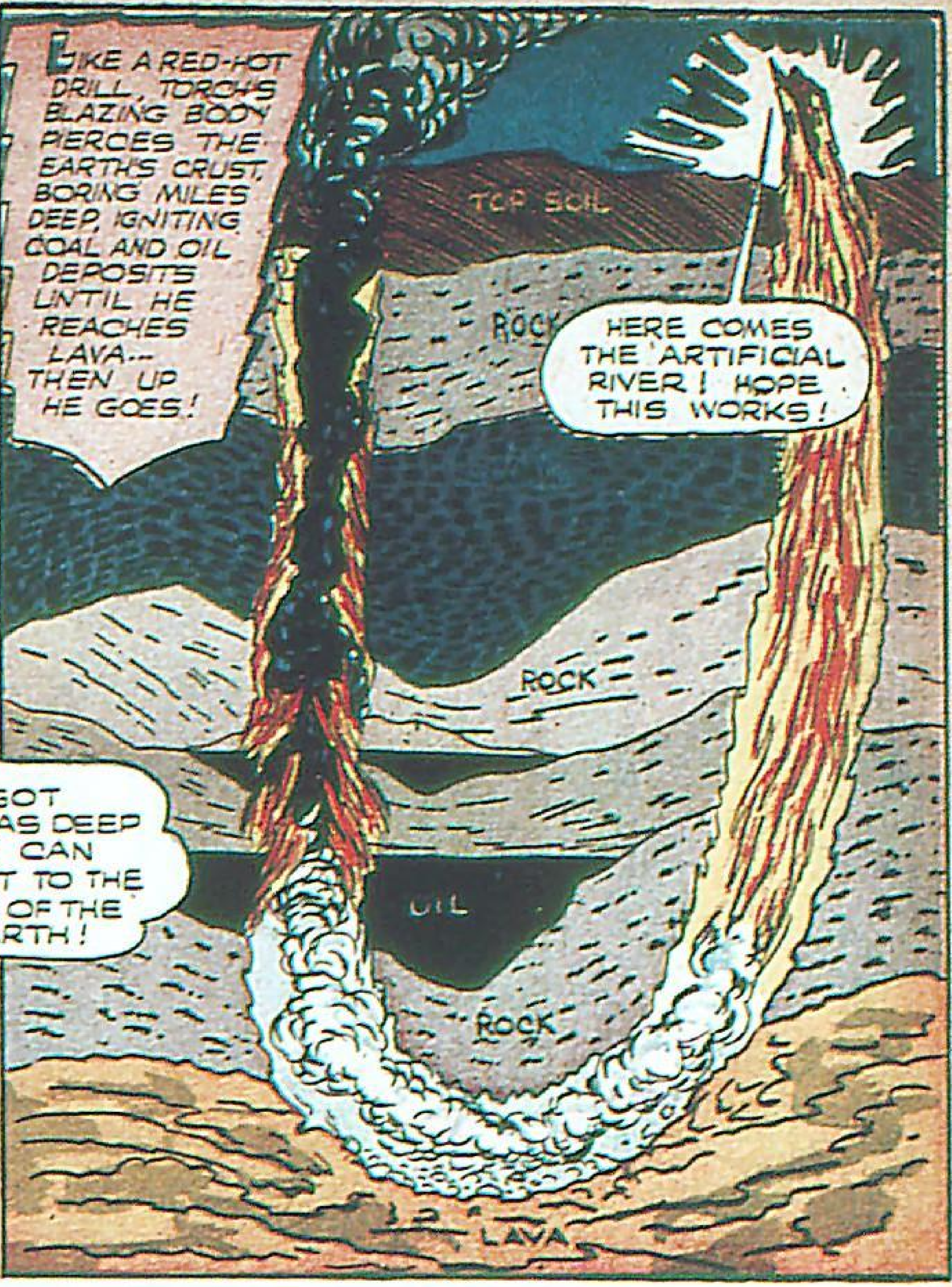

A UNIT OF AMERICA'S ATLANTIC FLEET APPROACHES!
THAT BRITISH S.O.S. ABOUT TROUBLE AT GIBRALTAR SEEMS TO BE A FALSE ALARM! ALL QUIET AHEAD!

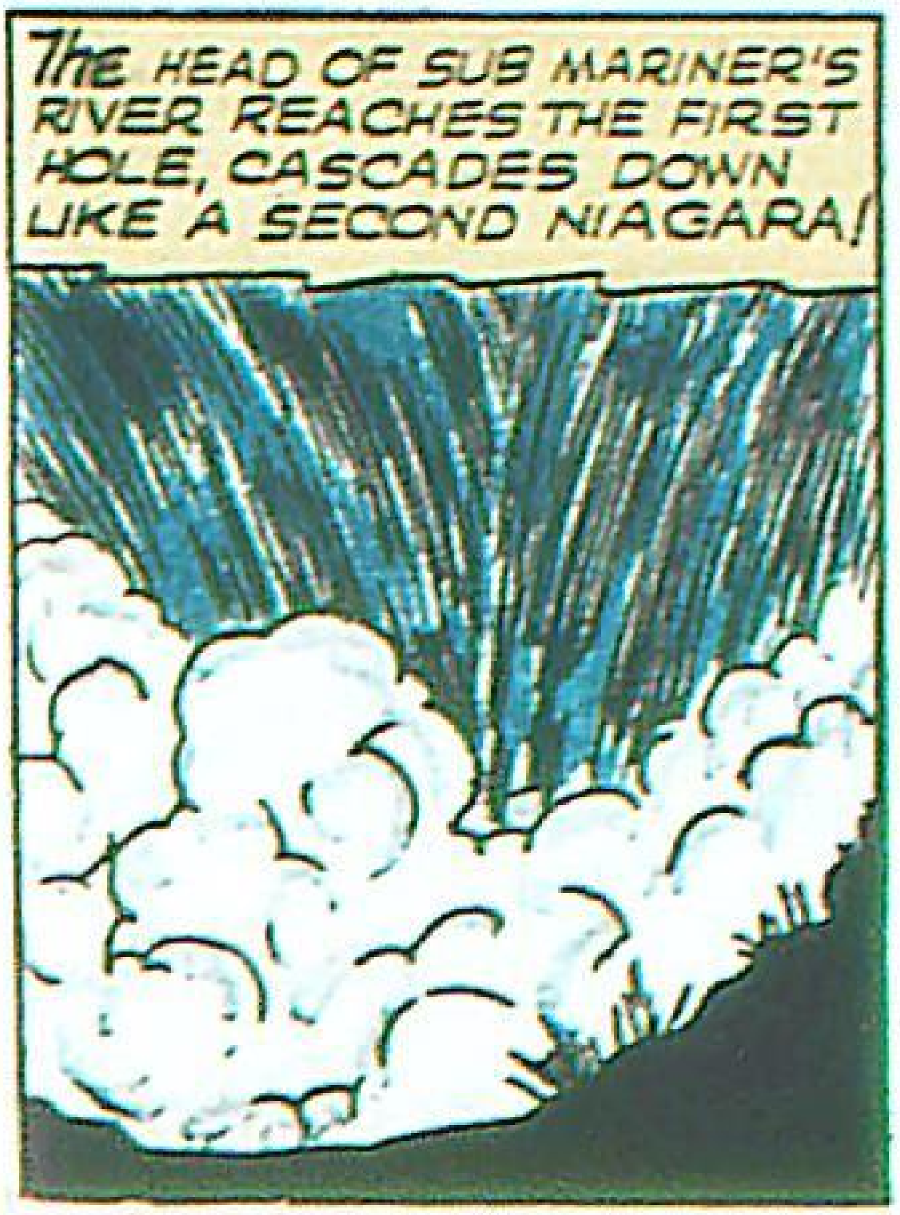

BUT, NOT SO QUIET BELOW!
WHAT IF THEY ARE AMERICANS? THEY'RE ALL ENEMIES TO ME!

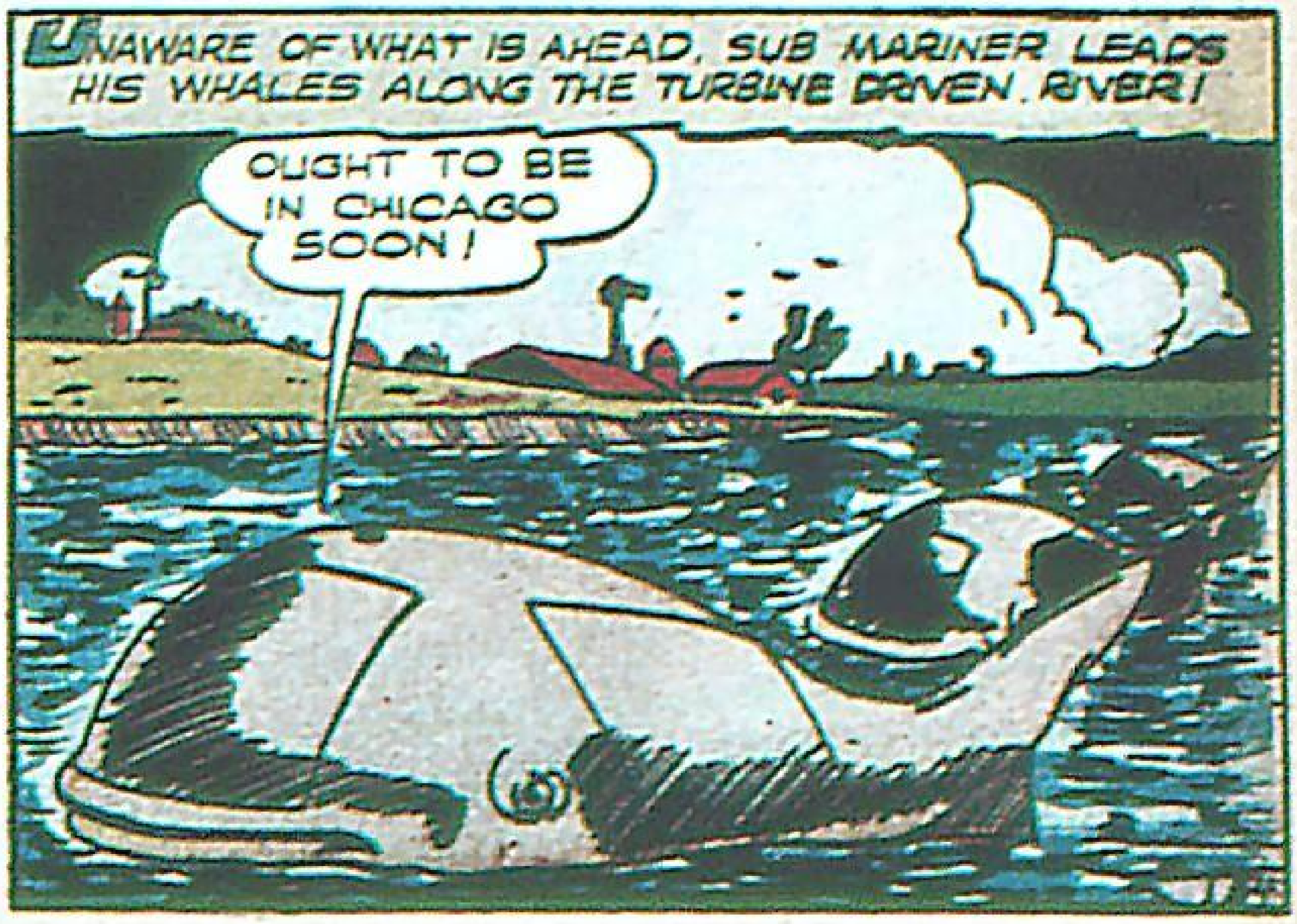

THE OCEAN YAWNS, LIKE A MONSTROUS MOUTH, AND INTO THIS MAW OF DEATH TOPPLES THE PRIDE OF THE U.S. NAVY!
I'M SINKING WITH MY SHIP! NOT A BAD END FOR A COMMANDER!
REVERSE ENGINES!
WE CAN'T! THE SUCTION'S TOO GREAT!
THE DIRTY RAT! IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON HIM!...

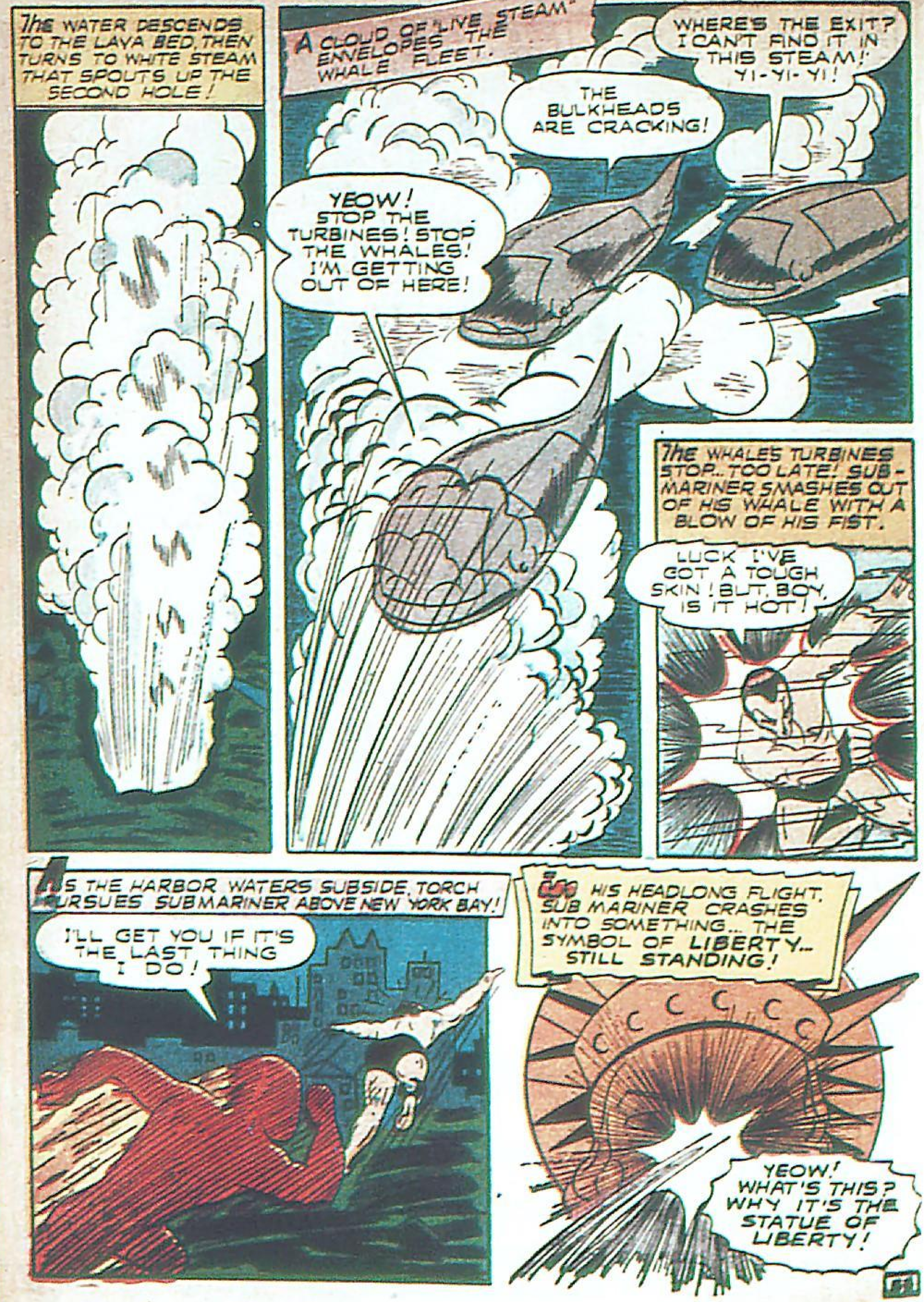

SO THE YANKS ARE GETTING COCKY, EH? I'LL FIX EM! I'LL LOAD FIVE WHALES WITH TURBINES AND WIPE NEW YORK OFF THE MAP-- JUST FOR AN APPETIZER!
USING HIS BODY GLOW AS A SEARCHLIGHT, TORCH PROBES THE DEPTHS AND DISCOVERS
HEY! THEY'VE BEEN LOADING THOSE WHALES WITH TURBINES FOR HOURS! NOW THEYRE LEAVING... HOPE I CAN TRAIL THEM!
BELOW THE OCEAN... JUST EAST OF NEW YORK SUB-MARINER PREPARES TO LAUNCH THE GREAT ANTI-AMERICAN BLITZ!
READY MEN? FIRE!
THEY SAY NEW YORKERS HAVE SEEN EVERYTHING.. BUT HERE'S SOMETHING THEY NEVER SAW--A MAMOUTH TIDAL WAVE, SO HIGH IT SURMOUNTS THE CITY'S TALLEST BUILDING, SO WIDE IT STRETCHES FROM THE BATTERY TO THE BRONX, SO TERRIFIC IT SLAMS DOWN THE WORLDS MOST FAMOUS SKYLINE AS IF IT WERE BUILT WITH CARDS AND THEN, ITS FURY STILL UNSPENT, SPANS THE HUDSON RIVER AND ROARS WESTWARD! GOODBYE BROADWAY! SO-LONG, TIMES SQUARE! DOWN GOES THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING! DOWN GOES THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE! BUT THE SPIRIT OF THE POPULACE STAYS UP! FOREWARNED BY THE PRESIDENT TO PREPARE FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY, THEY RESPOND TO 'WATER RAID' SIRENS, DON DIVING HELMETS AND ENTER WATER-TIGHT SHELTERS BELOW THE FLOODED SUBWAYS!
THE WAVE'LL PROBABLY NARROW OFF AT THE TOP AND FORM A RIVER TO FLOAT THE WHALES! NOW, IF I CAN HEAD IT OFF...

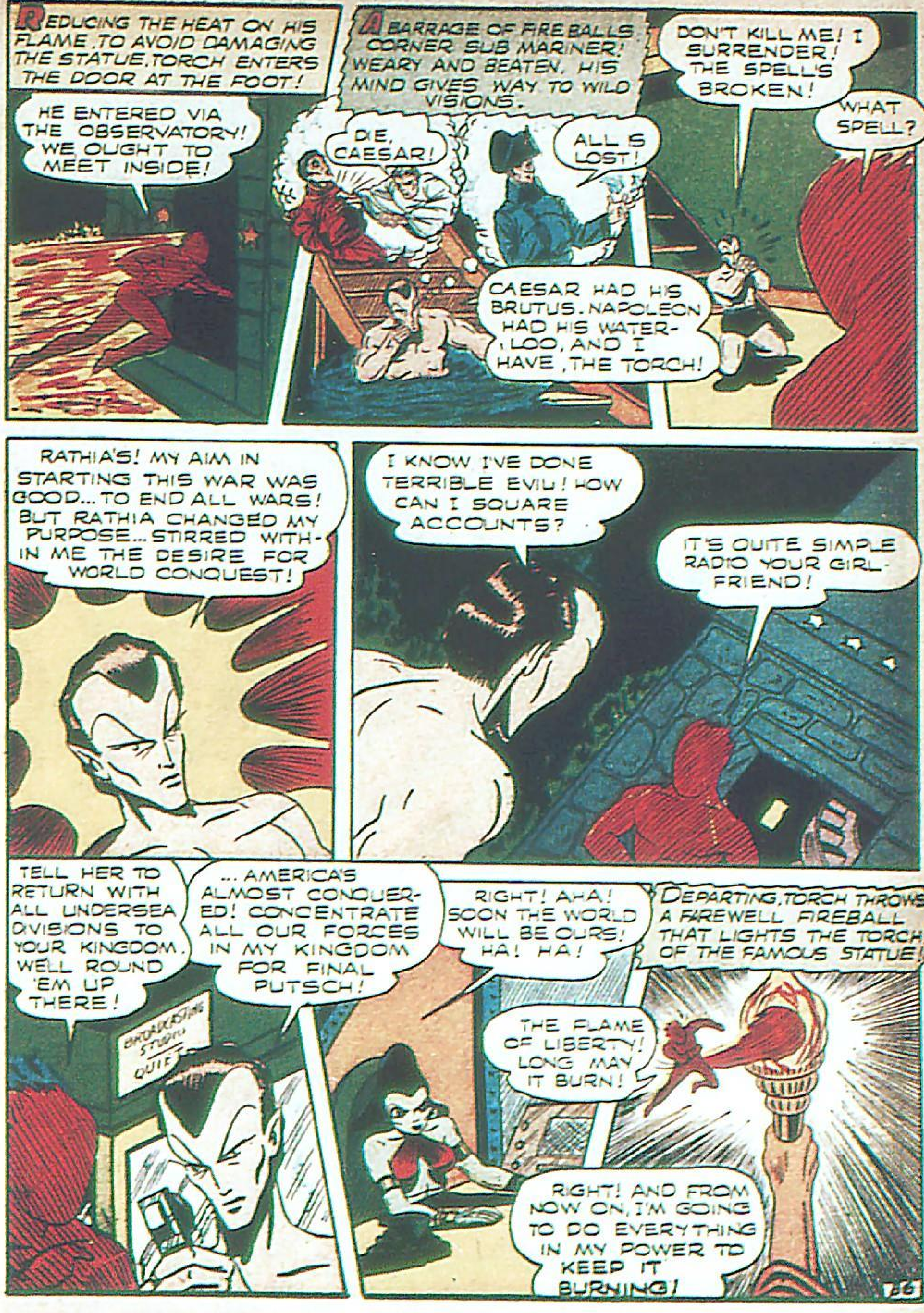

IN THE PATH OF THE TORRENT, THE HUMAN TORCH DIVES INTO A MEADOW, TEARING A GREAT HOLE IN THE EARTH.
I GOT TO GO AS DEEP AS I CAN ALMOST TO THE CORE OF THE EARTH!

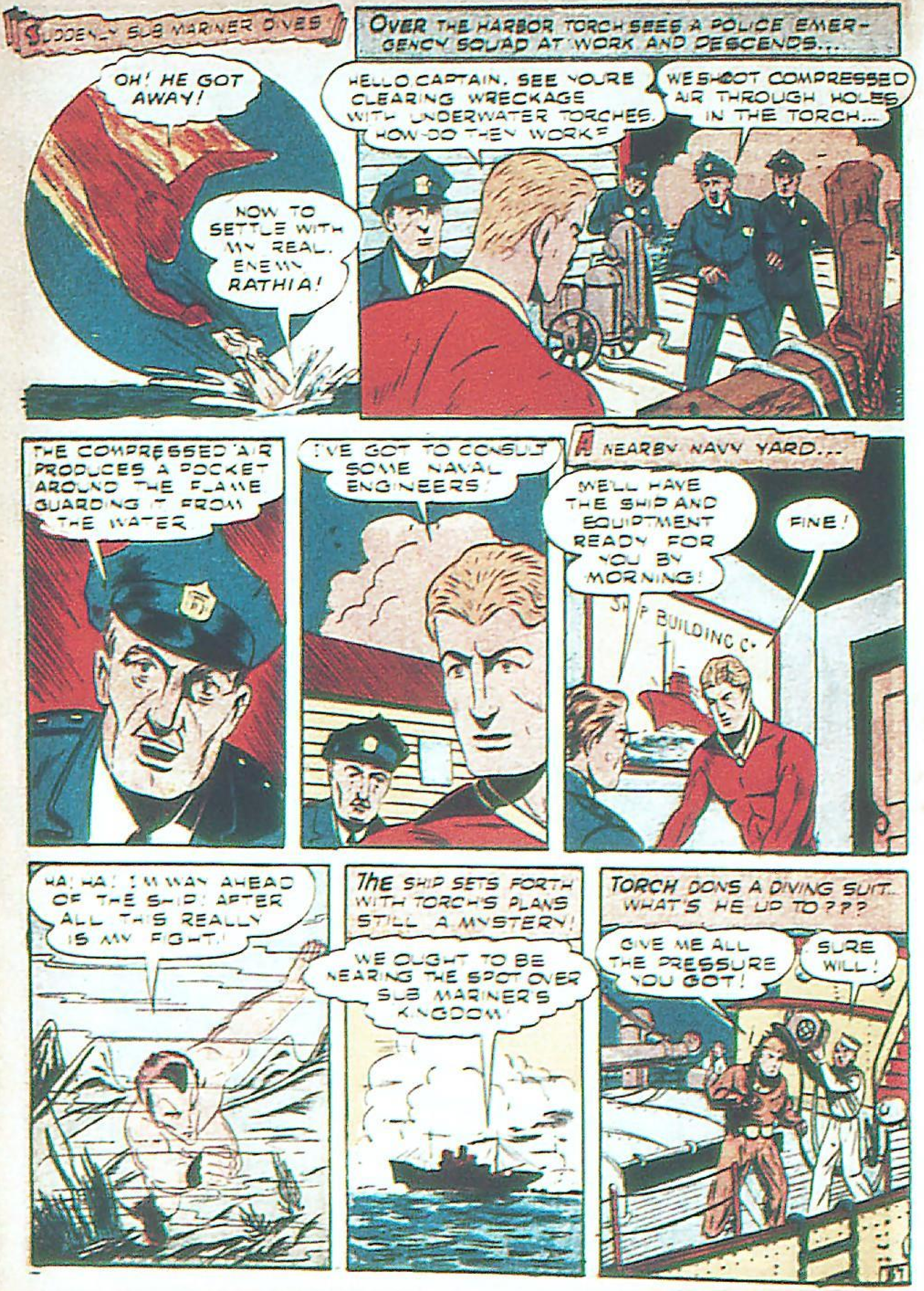

LIKE A RED-HOT DRILL, TORCH'S BLAZING BODY PIERCES THE EARTH'S CRUST, BORING MILES DEEP, IGNITING COAL AND OIL DEPOSITS UNTIL HE REACHES LAVA... THEN UP HE GOES!
TOP SOIL
ROCK
HERE COMES THE ARTIFICIAL RIVER! HOPE THIS WORKS!
ROCK
OIL
ROCK
LAVA

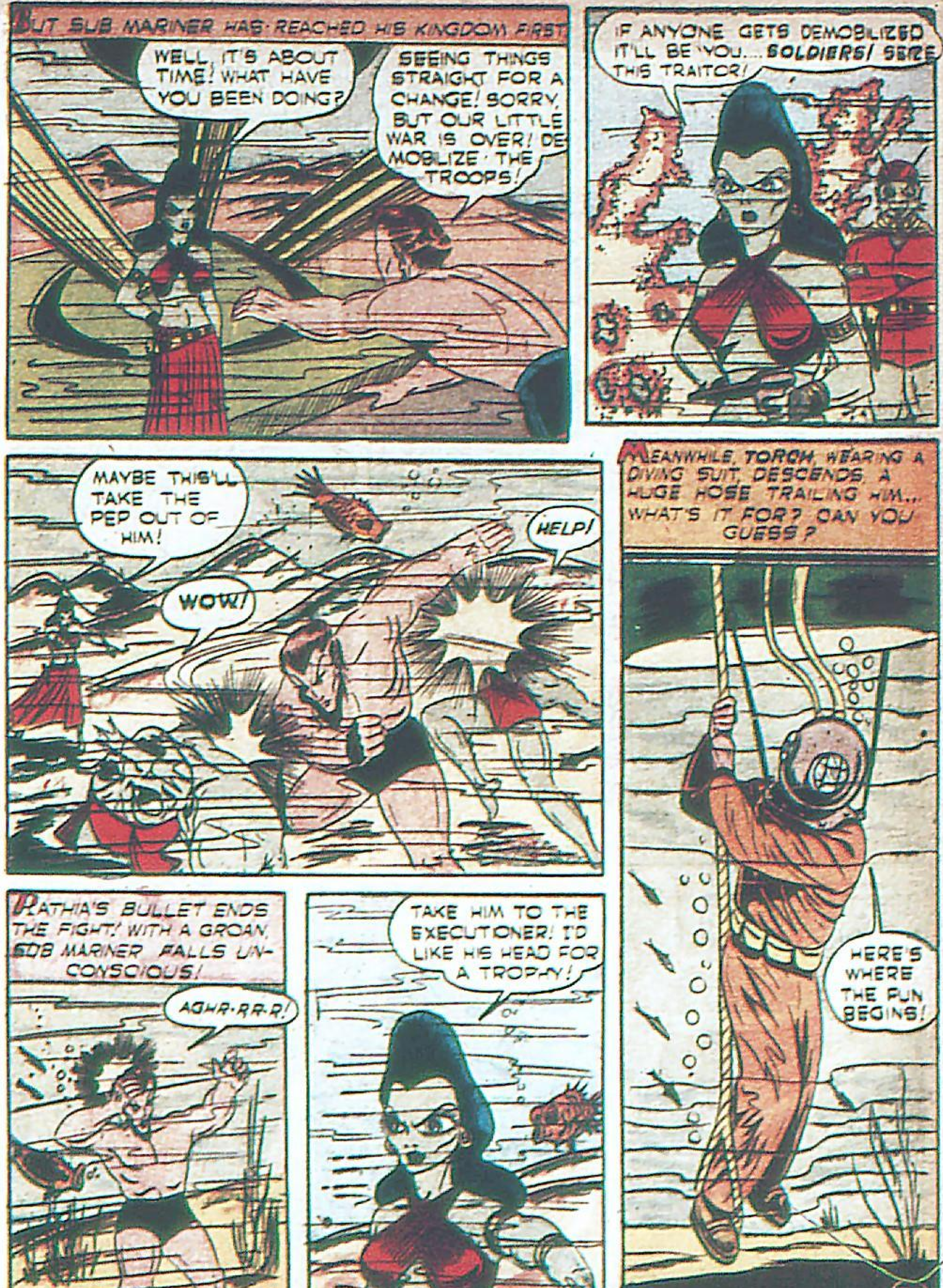

THE HEAD OF SUB MARINER'S RIVER REACHES THE FIRST HOLE, CASCADES DOWN LIKE A SECOND NIAGARA!

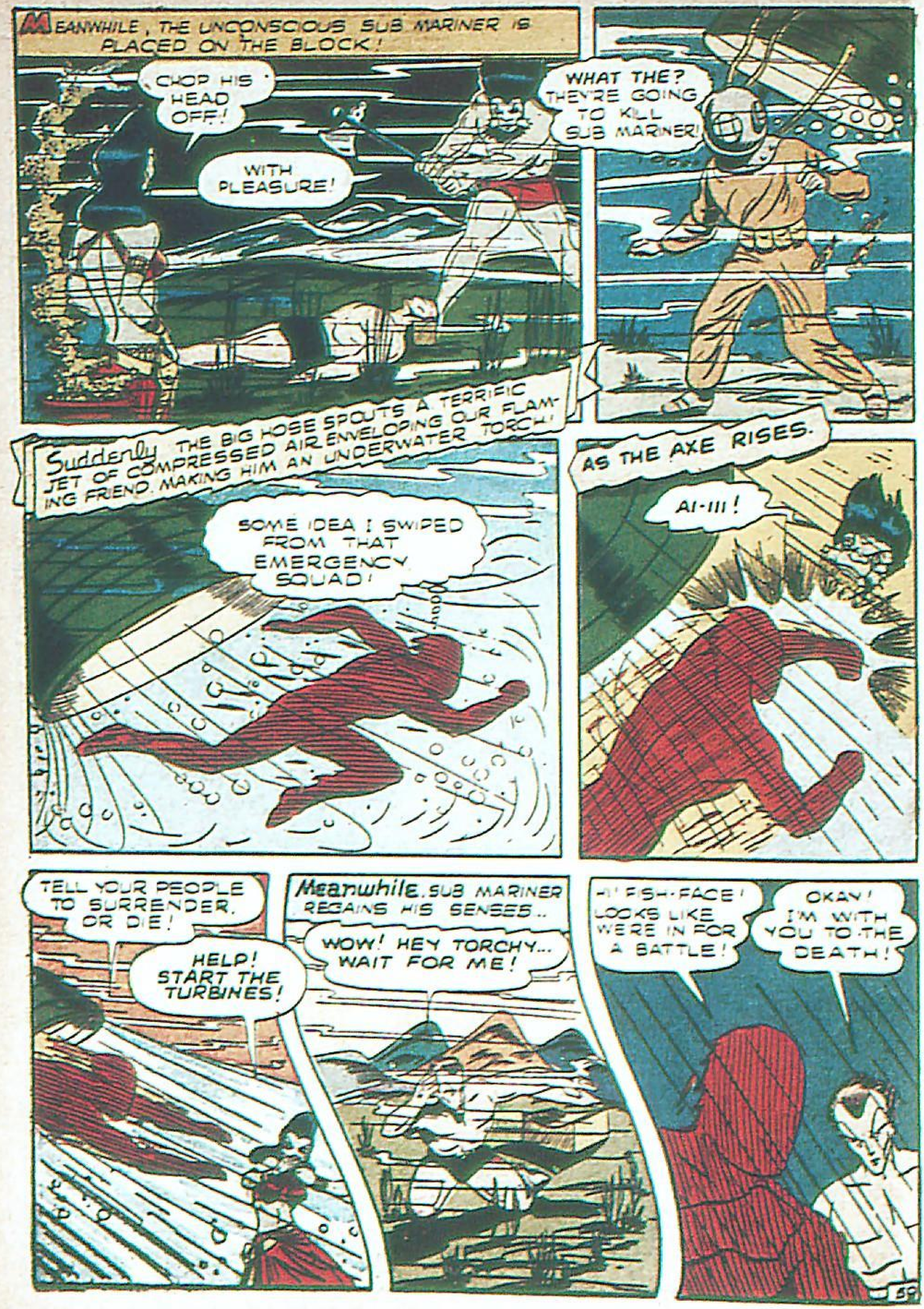

UNAWARE OF WHAT IS AHEAD, SUB MARINER LEADS HIS WHALES ALONG THE TURBINE DRIVEN RIVER!
OUGHT TO BE IN CHICAGO SOON!

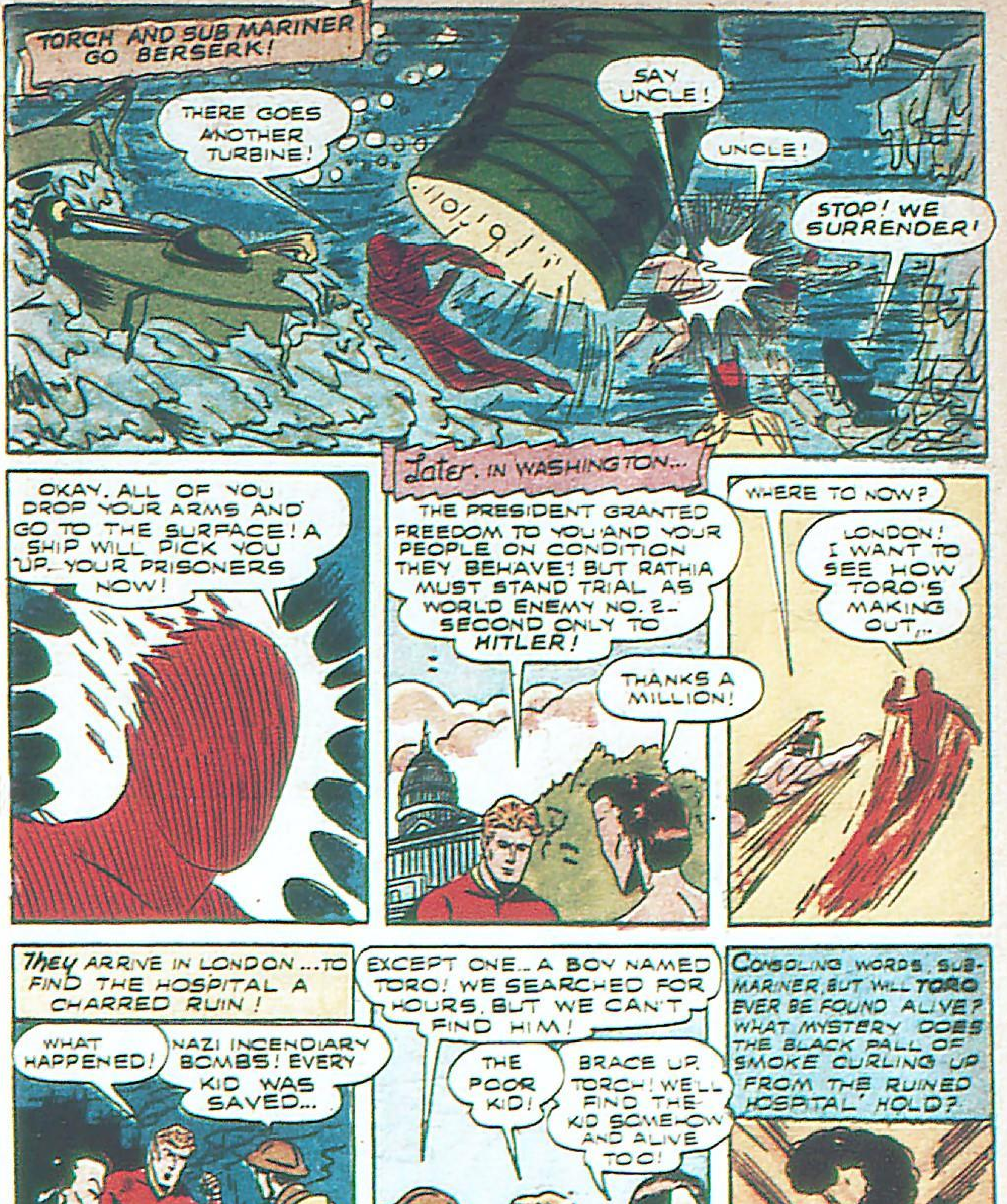

The WATER DESCENDS TO THE LAVA BED, THEN TURNS TO WHITE STEAM THAT SPOUTS UP THE SECOND HOLE!
A CLOUD OF "LIVE STEAM" ENVELOPES THE WHALE FLEET.
WHERE'S THE EXIT? I CAN'T FIND IT IN THIS STEAM! YI-YI-YI!
THE BULKHEADS ARE CRACKING!
YEOW! STOP THE TURBINES! STOP THE WHALES! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
The WHALES TURBINES STOP... TOO LATE! SUB-MARINER SMASHES OUT OF HIS WHALE WITH A BLOW OF HIS FIST.
LUCK I'VE GOT A TOUGH SKIN! BUT, BOY, IS IT HOT!
AS THE HARBOR WATERS SUBSIDE, TORCH PURSUES SUBMARINER ABOVE NEW YORK BAY!
I'LL GET YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
IN HIS HEADLONG FLIGHT, SUB MARINER CRASHES INTO SOMETHING... THE SYMBOL OF LIBERTY... STILL STANDING!
YEOW! WHAT'S THIS? WHY IT'S THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!


REDUCING THE HEAT ON HIS FLAME, TO AVOID DAMAGING THE STATUE, TORCH ENTERS THE DOOR AT THE FOOT!
HE ENTERED VIA THE OBSERVATORY! WE OUGHT TO MEET INSIDE!
A BARRAGE OF FIRE BALLS CORNER SUB MARINER! WEARY AND BEATEN, HIS MIND GIVES WAY TO WILD VISIONS.
DIE, CAESAR!
ALL IS LOST!
CAESAR HAD HIS BRUTUS. NAPOLEON HAD HIS WATERLOO, AND I HAVE, THE TORCH!
DON'T KILL ME! I SURRENDER! THE SPELL'S BROKEN!
WHAT SPELL?
RATHIA'S! MY AIM IN STARTING THIS WAR WAS GOOD... TO END ALL WARS! BUT RATHIA CHANGED MY PURPOSE... STIRRED WITHIN ME THE DESIRE FOR WORLD CONQUEST!
I KNOW I'VE DONE TERRIBLE EVIL! HOW CAN I SQUARE ACCOUNTS?
IT'S QUITE SIMPLE RADIO YOUR GIRL-FRIEND!
TELL HER TO RETURN WITH ALL UNDERSEA DIVISIONS TO YOUR KINGDOM. WE'LL ROUND 'EM UP THERE!
BROADCASTING STUDIO QUIET
...AMERICA'S ALMOST CONQUERED! CONCENTRATE ALL OUR FORCES IN MY KINGDOM FOR FINAL PUTSCH!
RIGHT! AHA! SOON THE WORLD WILL BE OURS! HA! HA!
DEPARTING, TORCH THROWS A FAREWELL FIREBALL THAT LIGHTS THE TORCH OF THE FAMOUS STATUE!
THE FLAME OF LIBERTY! LONG MAY IT BURN!
RIGHT! AND FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO KEEP IT BURNING!

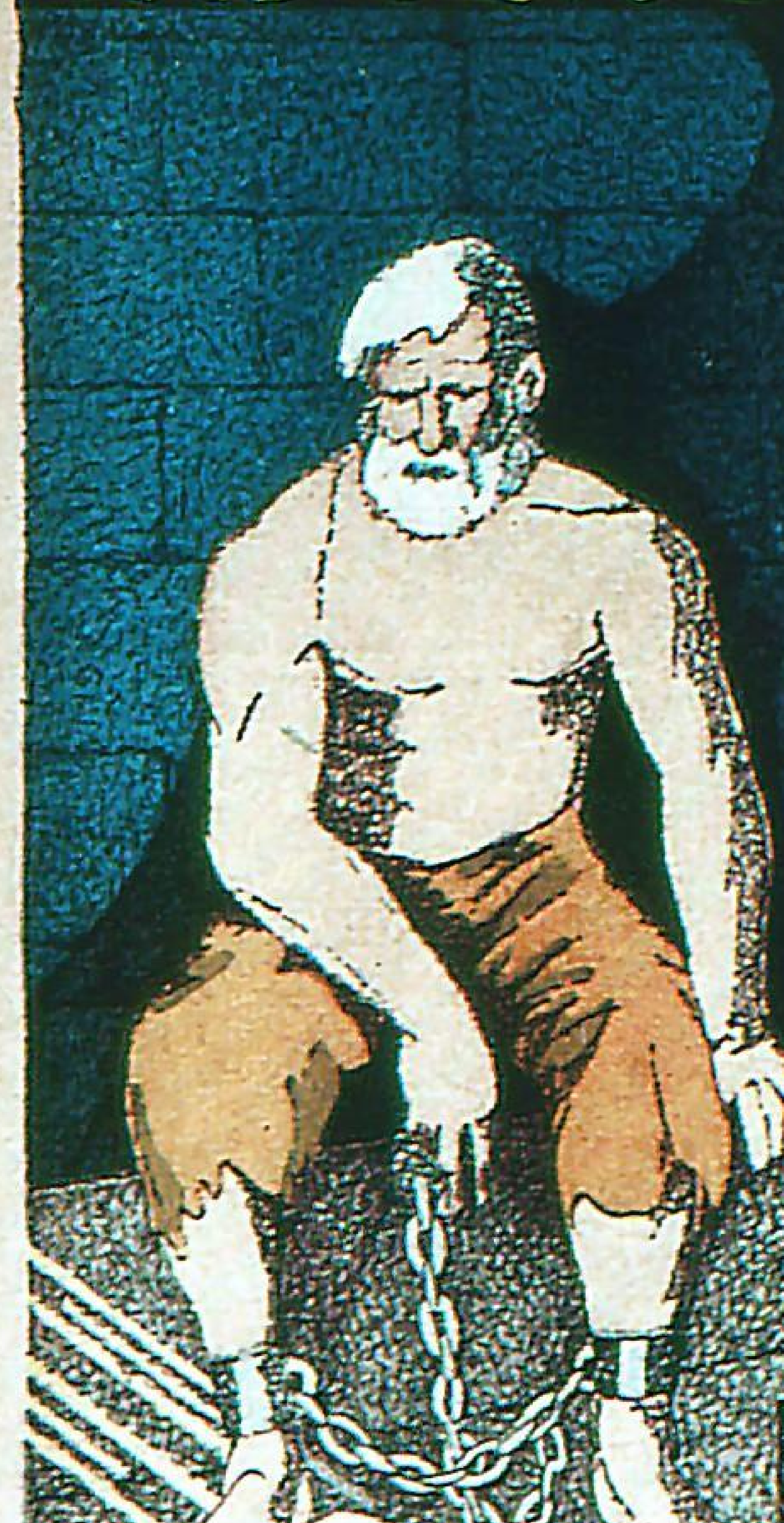

SUDDENLY SUB MARINER DIVES
OH! HE GOT AWAY!
NOW TO SETTLE WITH MY REAL ENEMY RATHIA!
OVER THE HARBOR TORCH SEES A POLICE EMERGENCY SQUAD AT WORK AND DESCENDS...
HELLO CAPTAIN. SEE YOU'RE CLEARING WRECKAGE WITH UNDERWATER TORCHES. HOW DO THEY WORK?
WE SHOOT COMPRESSED AIR THROUGH HOLES IN THE TORCH...
THE COMPRESSED AIR PRODUCES A POCKET AROUND THE FLAME GUARDING IT FROM THE WATER
I'VE GOT TO CONSULT SOME NAVAL ENGINEERS!
A NEARBY NAVY YARD...
WE'LL HAVE THE SHIP AND EQUIPTMENT READY FOR YOU BY MORNING!
FINE!
SHIP BUILDING CO.
HA! HA! I'M WAY AHEAD OF THE SHIP! AFTER ALL THIS REALLY IS MY FIGHT!
THE SHIP SETS FORTH WITH TORCH'S PLANS STILL A MYSTERY!
WE OUGHT TO BE NEARING THE SPOT OVER SUB MARINER'S KINGDOM!
TORCH DONS A DIVING SUIT... WHAT'S HE UP TO???
GIVE ME ALL THE PRESSURE YOU GOT!
SURE WILL!


BUT SUB MARINER HAS REACHED HIS KINGDOM FIRST!
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?
SEEING THINGS STRAIGHT FOR A CHANGE! SORRY, BUT OUR LITTLE WAR IS OVER! DEMOBILIZE THE TROOPS!
IF ANYONE GETS DEMOBILIZED IT'LL BE YOU.... SOLDIERS! SEIZE THIS TRAITOR!
MAYBE THIS'LL TAKE THE PEP OUT OF HIM!
HELP!
WOW!
MEANWHILE, TORCH, WEARING A DIVING SUIT, DESCENDS, A HUGE HOSE TRAILING HIM... WHAT'S IT FOR? CAN YOU GUESS?
HERE'S WHERE THE FUN BEGINS!
RATHIA'S BULLET ENDS THE FIGHT! WITH A GROAN, SUB MARINER FALLS UNCONSCIOUS!
AGHR-RR-R!
TAKE HIM TO THE EXECUTIONER! I'D LIKE HIS HEAD FOR A TROPHY!


MEANWHILE, THE UNCONSCIOUS SUB MARINER IS PLACED ON THE BLOCK!
CHOP HIS HEAD OFF!
WITH PLEASURE!
WHAT THE? THEY'RE GOING TO KILL SUB MARINER!
Suddenly THE BIG HOSE SPOUTS A TERRIFIC JET OF COMPRESSED AIR ENVELOPING OUR FLAMING FRIEND, MAKING HIM AN UNDERWATER TORCH!
SOME IDEA I SWIPED FROM THAT EMERGENCY SQUAD!
AS THE AXE RISES.
AI-III!
TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO SURRENDER, OR DIE!
HELP! START THE TURBINES!
Meanwhile, SUB MARINER REGAINS HIS SENSES..
WOW! HEY TORCHY... WAIT FOR ME!
HI! FISH-FACE! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A BATTLE!
OKAY! I'M WITH YOU TO THE DEATH!


TORCH AND SUB MARINER GO BERSERK!
THERE GOES ANOTHER TURBINE!
SAY UNCLE!
UNCLE!
STOP! WE SURRENDER!
OKAY. ALL OF YOU DROP YOUR ARMS AND GO TO THE SURFACE! A SHIP WILL PICK YOU UP.. YOUR PRISONERS NOW!
Later. IN WASHINGTON...
THE PRESIDENT GRANTED FREEDOM TO YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE ON CONDITION THEY BEHAVE! BUT RATHIA MUST STAND TRIAL AS WORLD ENEMY NO. 2.. SECOND ONLY TO HITLER!
THANKS A MILLION!
WHERE TO NOW?
LONDON! I WANT TO SEE HOW TORO'S MAKING OUT,..
They ARRIVE IN LONDON ...TO FIND THE HOSPITAL A CHARRED RUIN!
WHAT HAPPENED!
NAZI INCENDIARY BOMBS! EVERY KID WAS SAVED...
EXCEPT ONE.. A BOY NAMED TORO! WE SEARCHED FOR HOURS, BUT WE CAN'T FIND HIM!
THE POOR KID!
BRACE UP, TORCH! WE'LL FIND THE KID SOMEHOW AND ALIVE TOO!
CONSOLING WORDS, SUB-MARINER, BUT WILL TORO EVER BE FOUND ALIVE? WHAT MYSTERY DOES THE BLACK PALL OF SMOKE CURLING UP FROM THE RUINED 'HOSPITAL' HOLD?
FINIS

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES



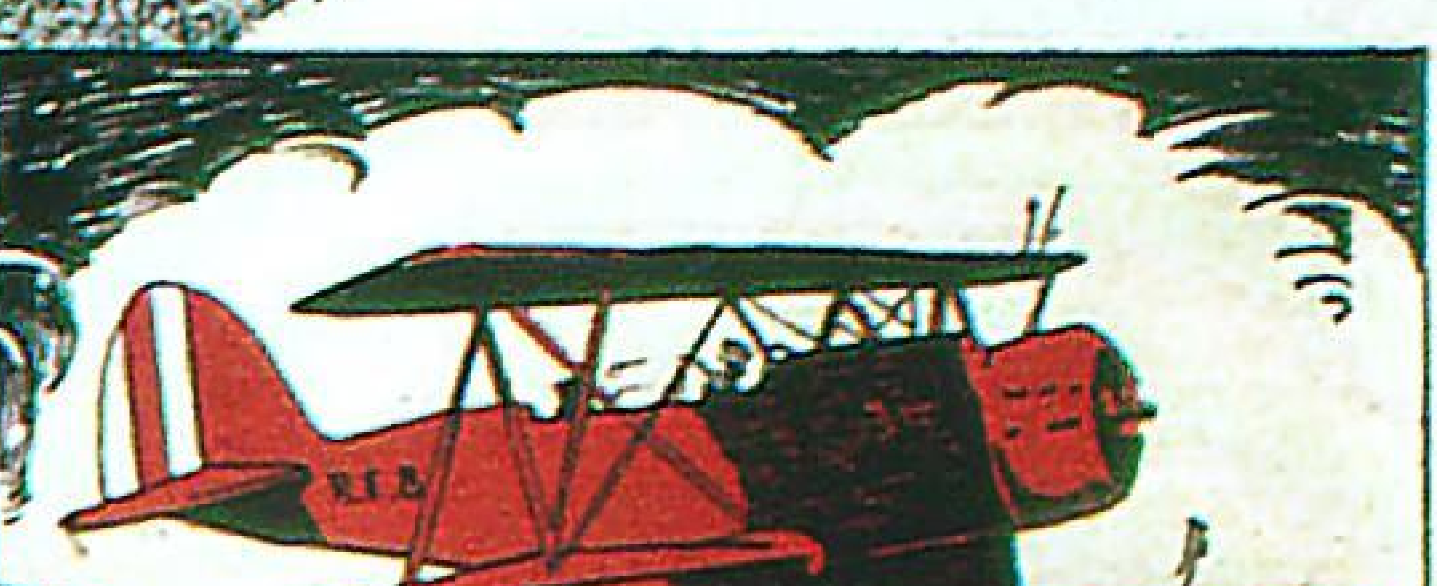
A GHOST CONVICTED OF MURDER

ON JUNE 1928 AT ALTOONA GERMANY A GHOST WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR TEN MURDERS A FEW YEARS LATER AND FOR NO REASON THE GHOST WAS PROVED INNOCENT.

PEER BAASON

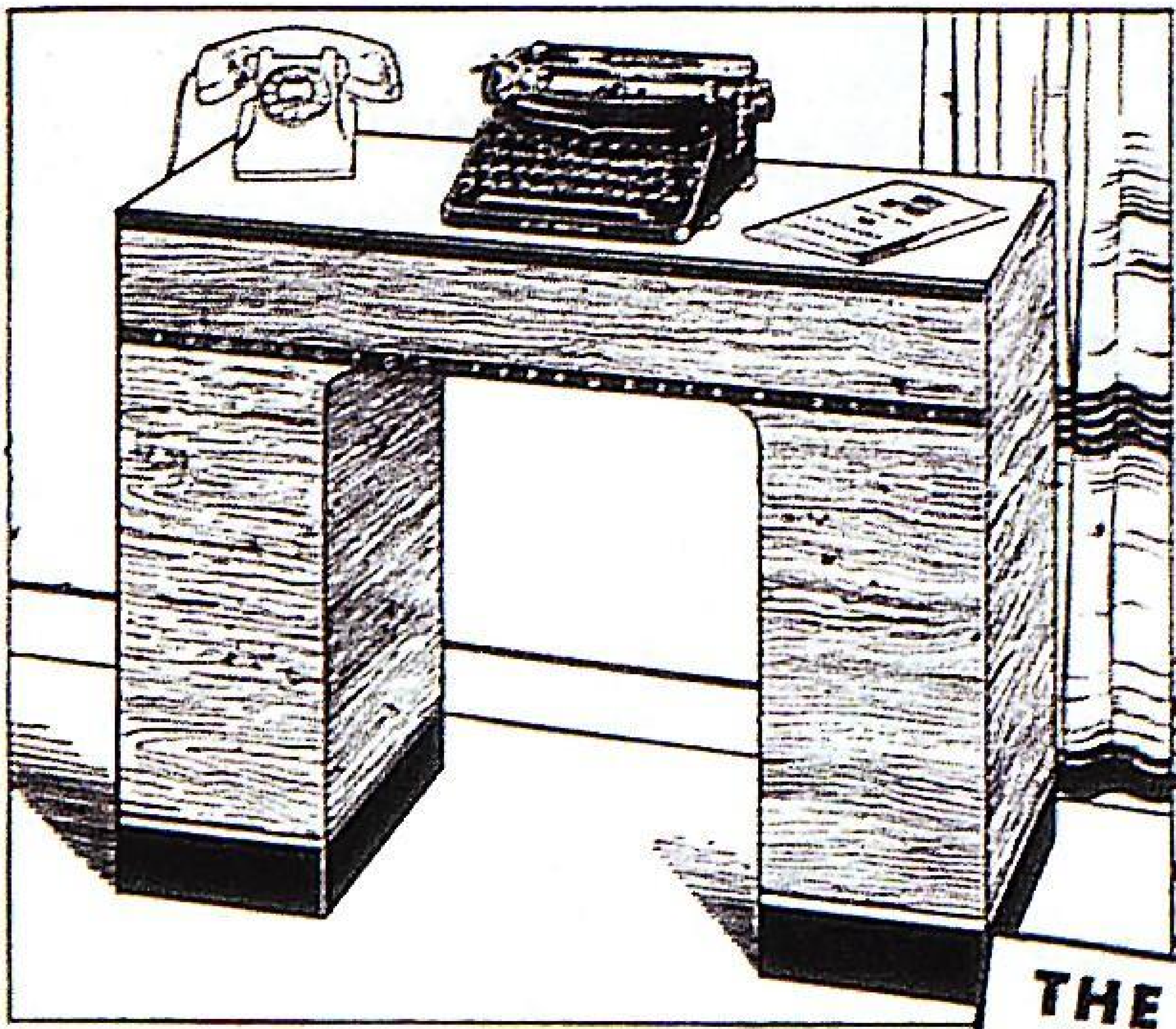
NORWAYS GREATEST CRIMINAL - SPECIAL PRISONS WERE BUILT FOR HIM WITH DAY AND NIGHT WATCH BUT AFTER A MONTH OR TWO HE ALWAYS MADE HIS ESCAPE HOW? NO ONE KNOWS

EGERSUND NORWAY 1842-49



THE STRANGE RETURN OF THE R.E 8

A SEAPLANE BEING FLOWN BY TWO AUSTRALIANS CAME DOWN TO ITS HOME FIELD WITH THE MOTOR DEAD, AND MADE A PERFECT LANDING THE GROUND CREW FOUND THE PILOT AND OBSERVER DEAD **THEY HAD BEEN DEAD FOR HOURS** BUT THE PLANE HAD FLOWN UNTIL THE GAS GAVE OUT - FROM THE BRITISH OFFICIAL RECORDS



ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER

THE COMBINATION FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY

How easy is it to pay for this combination. Just imagine! A small good will deposit and terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon.

THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY $1.00

WITH ANY REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar ($1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU!

LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

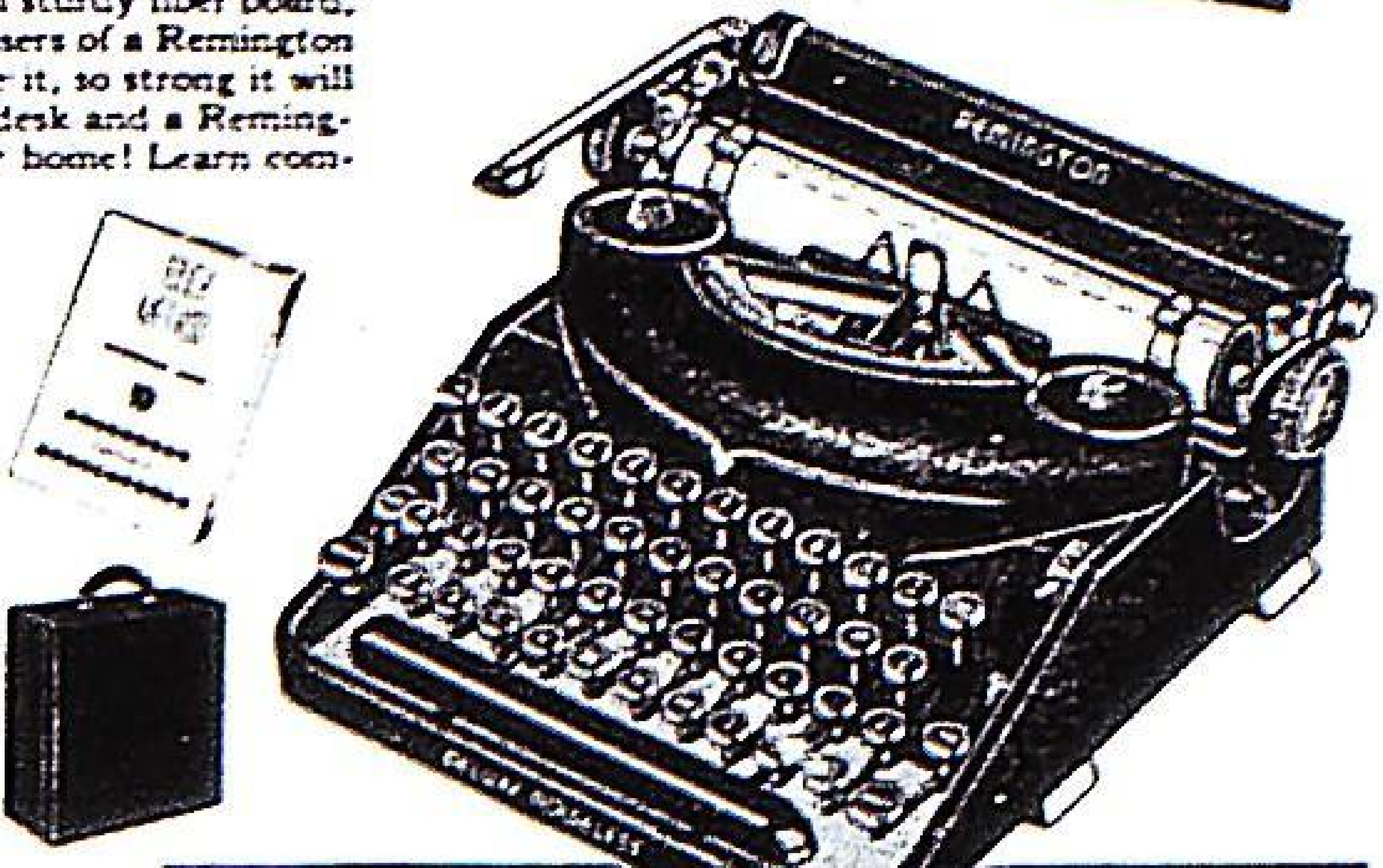
The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard, back spacer, margin stops and margin release, double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse, tabulator; variable line spacer, paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide, writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



SEND COUPON NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 423-11
Buffalo, N. Y.

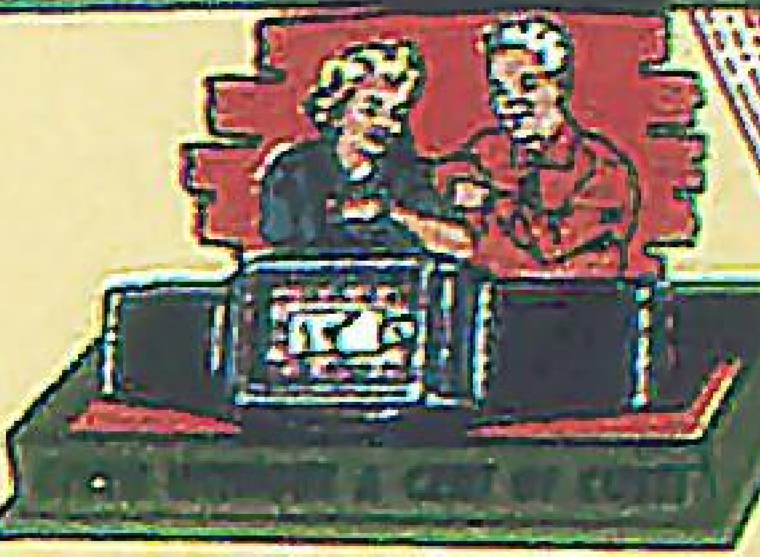
Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about your 10c a day plan. Send Catalogue.

Name ....

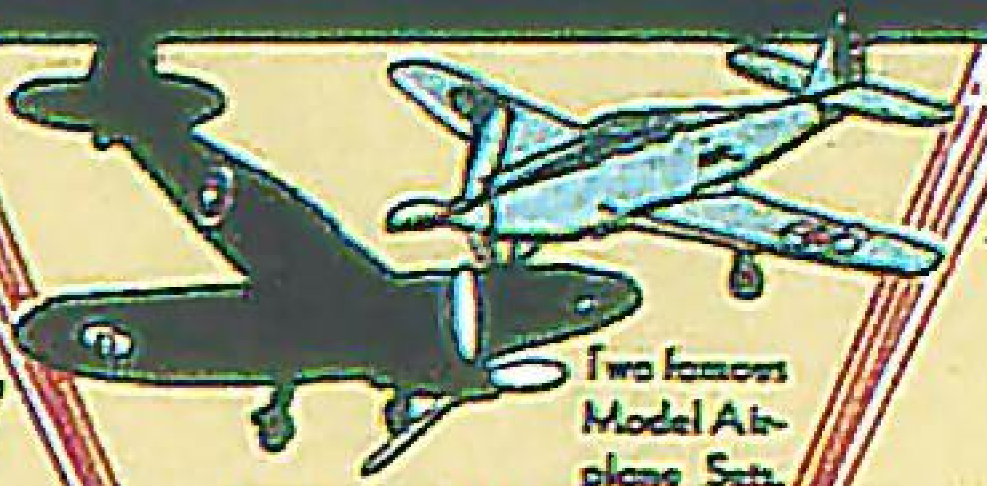
Address ....

City .... State ....

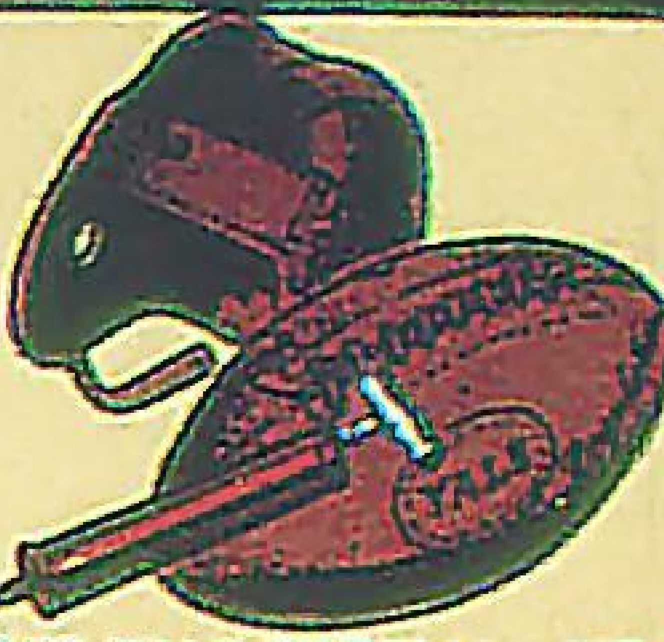
PRIZES! THEY'RE YOURS!



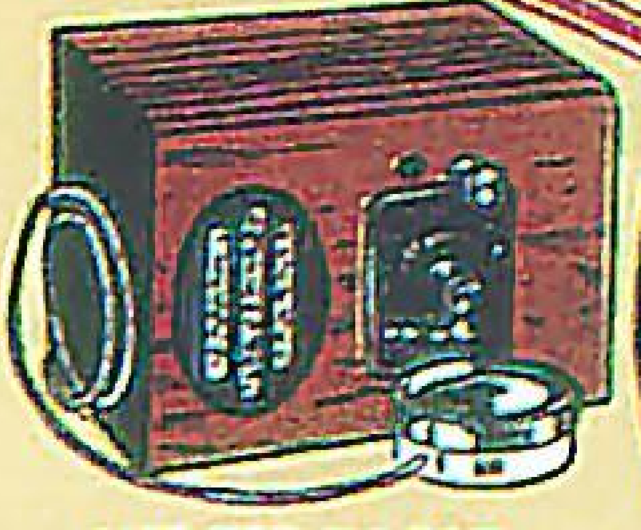
Sell only one order and get a beautiful WRIST WATCH. Styles for boys, girls, men and women.



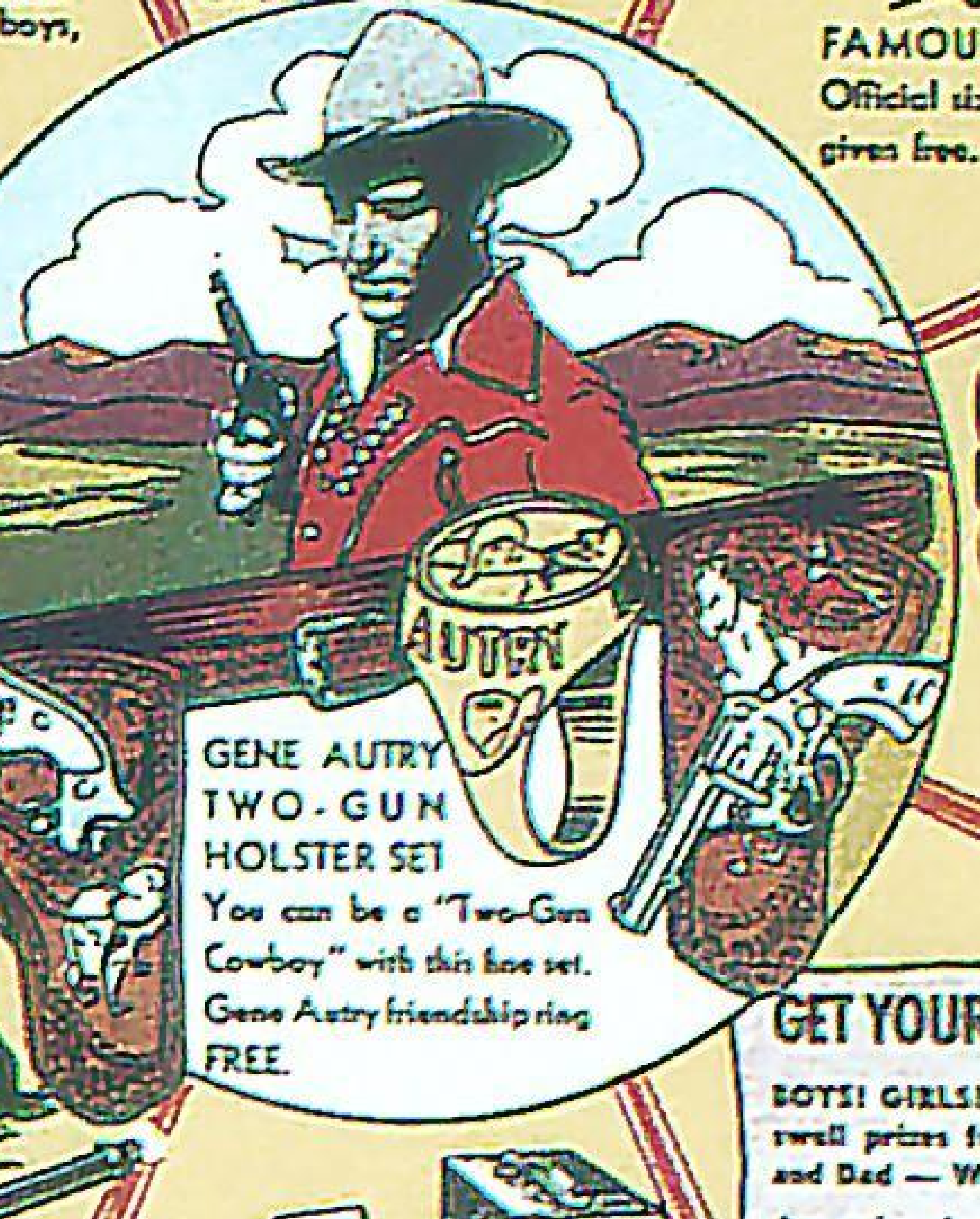
Two famous Model Airplane Sets. BRITISH "SPITFIRE" and U.S. "AIRACOBRA." Both Given.



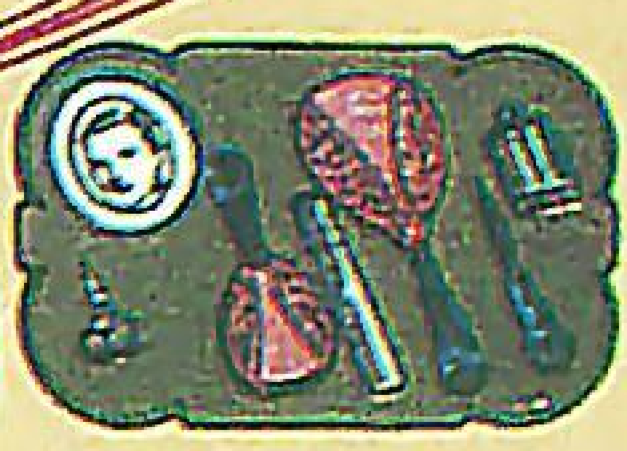
FAMOUS YALE FOOTBALL SET
Official size and weight. Pump given free.



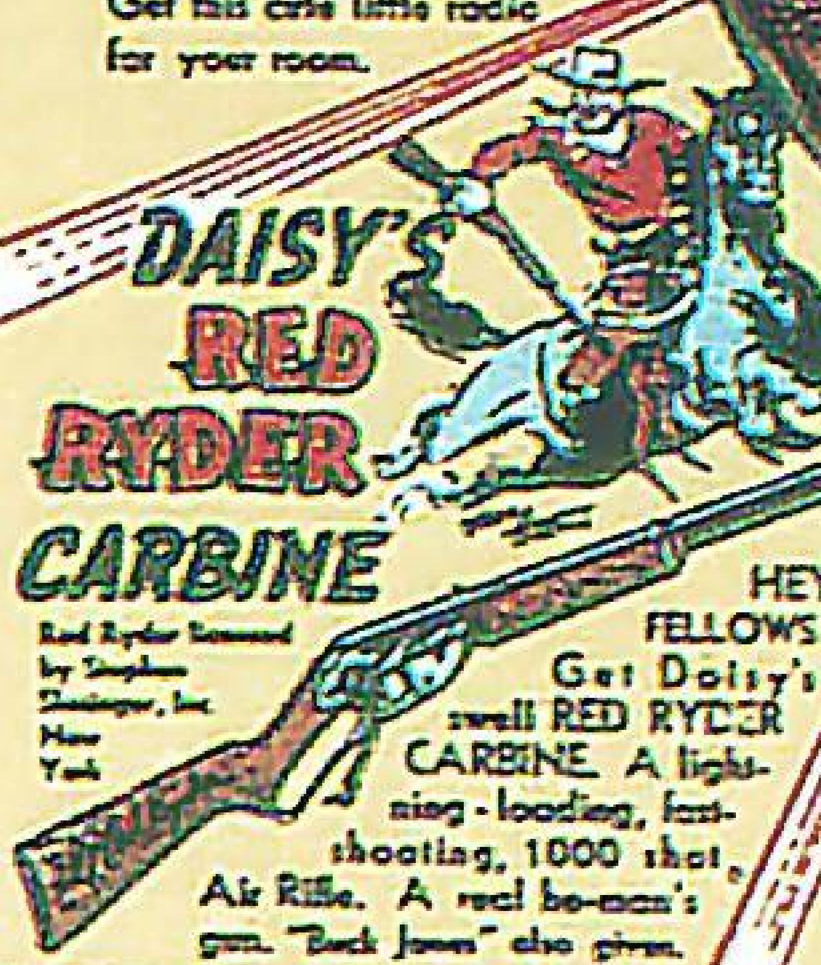
MIDGET RADIO
Get this cute little radio for your room.



GENE AUTRY TWO-GUN HOLSTER SET
You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring FREE.



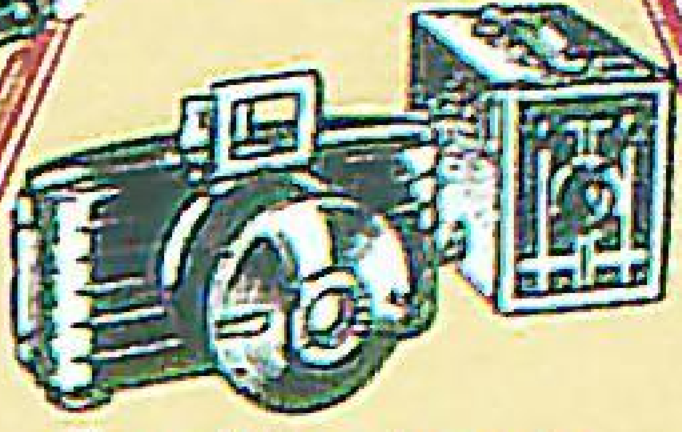
Girls! You'll love this full size **TOILET & MANICURE SET** for your dresser.



DAISY'S RED RYDER CARBINE

Red Ryder Licensed by Stephen Slesinger, Inc. New York

HEY FELLOWS! Get Daisy's swell RED RYDER CARBINE. A lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot, Air Rifle. A real he-man's gun. "Buck Jones" also given.



Your choice of genuine **EASTMAN CAMERAS.** Bullet or Brownie.

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself, and gifts for Mother and Dad — WITHOUT A CENT OF COST.

Any prize shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog is GIVEN WITHOUT COST for selling 40 Xmas packs at 10c each. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas seals in brilliant colors — a big value.

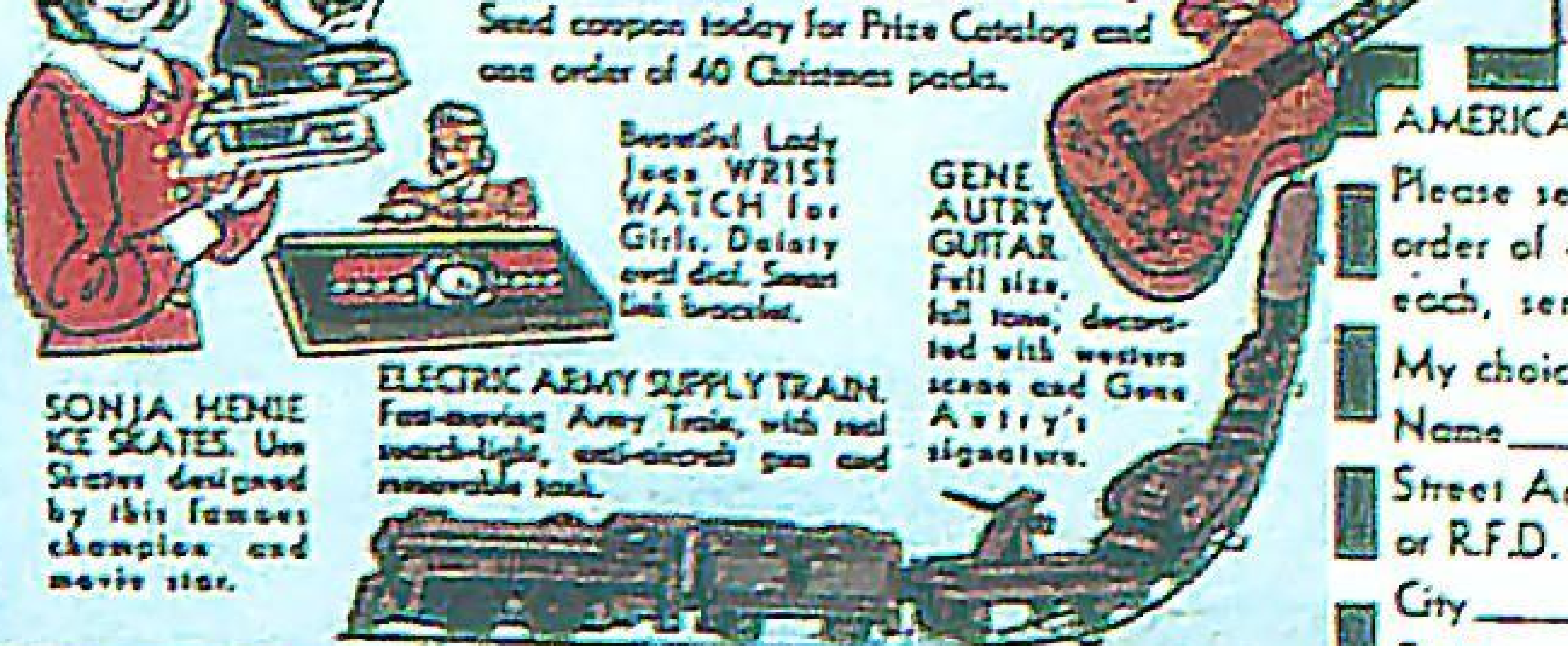
It's easy to sell these Xmas packs to your family, friends and neighbors. When sold, send us the $4.00 collected and choose your prize. It is sent to you at once.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas packs and our Big Prize Catalog — tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO
Dept. 610, Lancaster, Pa.

SUPER VALUE PRIZES

Prizes below given for selling extra orders as explained in our Big Prize Catalog. Send coupon today for Prize Catalog and one order of 40 Christmas packs.



SONJA HENIE ICE SKATES. Use Skates designed by this famous champion and movie star.

Beautiful Lady Jean WRIST WATCH for Girls. Dainty oval dial. Smart link bracelet.

GENE AUTRY GUITAR. Full size, full tone, decorated with western scene and Gene Autry's signature.

ELECTRIC ARMY SUPPLY TRAIN. Fast-moving Army Train, with real search-light, anti-aircraft gun and removable tank.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO. [illegible] 610, [illegible], Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is ____________

Name ____________

Street Address
or R.F.D. Box ____________

City ____________

State ____________